JUNE, 1903.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

A New Leaf.

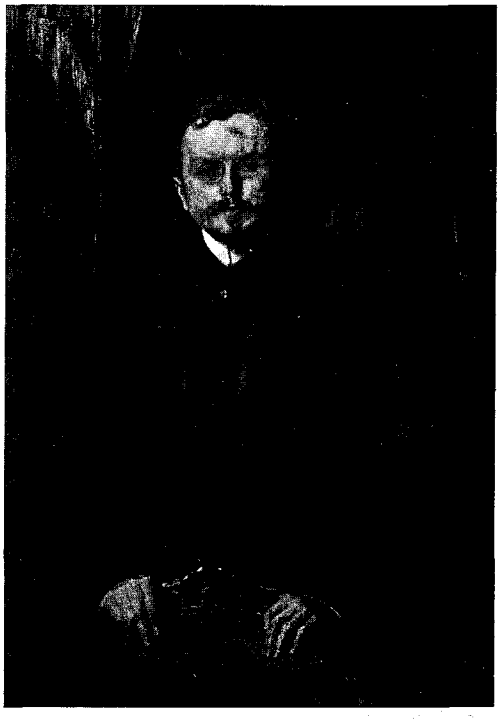
By way of a change, we are going to stop publishing the portraits of literary Mayflies and will-o'-the-wisps that flicker over the surface of the literary pond for a few moments and then vanish into the nothingness whence they came. Two years ago we explained, in answer to a correspondent, that we gave these portraits and the accompanying information about very new authors simply as a matter of current news, and that we did not thereby commit ourselves to optimistic opinions as to the importance of these individuals. But we found that the public failed to understand the matter in this way, but attached a great deal too much weight to these casual mentions and delineations. Perhaps this was not unnatural; for the great majority of the portraits that we reproduced were portraits of those who really count. Hereafter this will be an invariable rule.

M. Hanotaux.

The portrait of M. Gabriel Hanotaux which is here given is from a painting by Benjamin Constant. M. Hanotaux, whose *Contemporary France* will be reviewed next month, has hitherto been best known outside of France as that Minister of Foreign Affairs who made himself responsible for the Madagascar expedition. Americans will remember him as the diplomatic mediator between Spain and the United States during the late war, and especially at the time when the treaty of peace was negotiated in Paris. He is, however, very eminent as a man of letters, and his life-work is to be an elaborate study of Richelieu, upon which he has for a number of years been steadily engaged. In 1897, he became a member of the French Academy.

A Trollope Landmark.

An old landmark closely associated with Anthony Trollope is about to be destroyed. This is the dilapidated farmhouse at Harrow Weald where Trollope lived while a day-scholar at Harrow, to which place he was obliged to walk back and forth four times



M. GABRIEL HANOTAUX.

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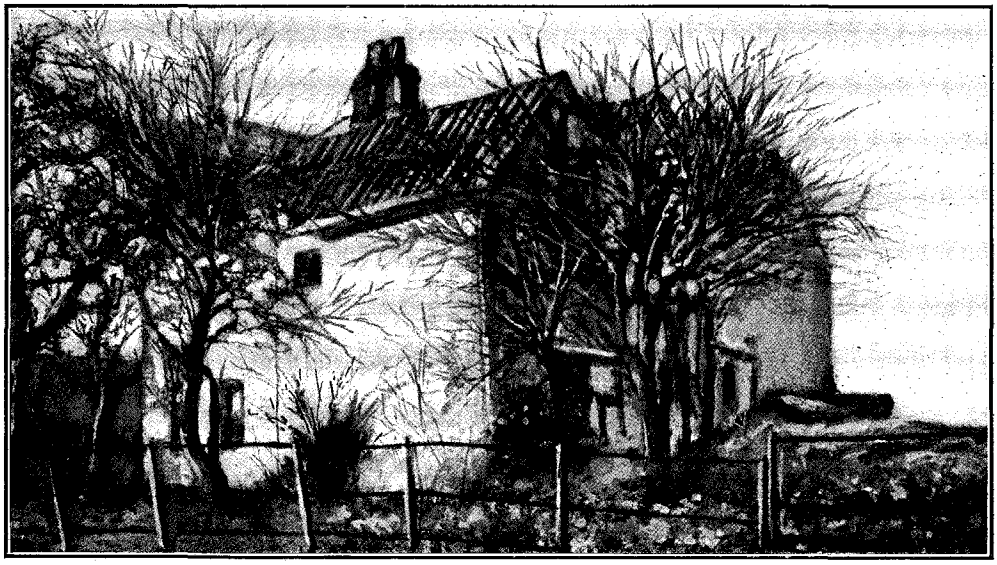
a day—a total distance of some twelve miles. Trollope was then fifteen, and of this time he has written:

> Perhaps the eighteen months which I passed in this condition, walking to and fro on those miserably dirty lanes, was the worst period of my life. I had not only no friends but was despised by all my companions. The farmhouse was not only no more than a farmhouse, but was one of those farmhouses which seem always to be in danger of falling into the neighbouring horse-pond. As it crept downwards from house to stables, from stables to barns, from barns to cow-sheds, and from cow-sheds to dung-heaps, one could hardly tell where one began and the other ended. . . . I was a sizar at a fashionable school, a condition never premeditated. What right had a wretched farmer's boy, reeking from a dung-hill, to sit next to the sons of peers, or much worse, still next to the sons of big tradesmen, who had made their ten thousand a year? The indignities I endured are not to be described. As I look back, it seems to me that all hands were turned against me, those of master as well as boys. I was allowed to join in no plays. Nor did I learn anything—for I was taught nothing.

The one consolation which Trollope had seems to have been the privilege of sitting in the kitchen of the farmhouse, making boyish love to the bailiff's pretty daughter; but it is not likely that even the memory of this mild pleasure would make Trollope himself, were he alive, unwilling to see the destruction of the house, whose very name always recalled to him nothing but misery and humiliation.



WEALDSTONE FARMHOUSE, WHERE ANTHONY TROLLOPE SPENT THE MOST MISERABLE PERIOD OF HIS LIFE.

Le Citoyen Gille.

The third volume of Jaurès's remarkable *Histoire Socialiste* dealing with the events of 1792 and 1793, which has just reached us, contains an amusing document. This is a reproduction of the decree conferring the title of French Citizen upon "Le citoyen Gille, poète allemand." *Le citoyen Gille* here is Friedrich Schiller. The decree was proposed by Anacharsis Clootz, a young German, an enthusiastic follower of Danton, who was a member of the National Convention. He made a great speech in support of his motion, dealing not with Schiller's literary achievements, but with his love for liberty. His pronunciation of French was abominable, like that of most of the South Germans; the *g's* and *ch's*, the *b's* and *p's*, the *d's* and *t's* were mixed by him as only the Germans know how to mix them; so that whenever he said "Schiller," the French audience heard "Gille." Had he said "Shillaire" everybody would have

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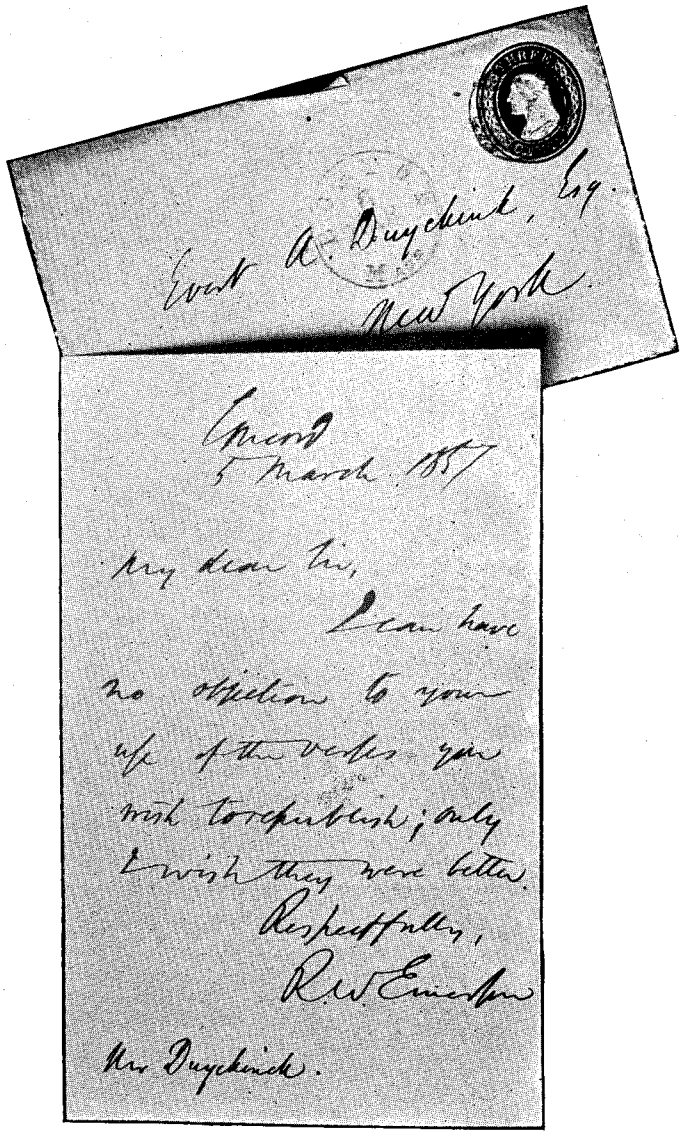
understood him. The result is that the Germans have to this day peddled about as a proof of French ignorance what is simply a demonstration of the South German's inability to mark the distinction between hard and soft consonants.

Ælurophobia.

Dr. Weir Mitchell has excited a good deal of discussion by letting it be known that he is engaged in the study of what he calls "Cat-Fear." By this he means the extraordinary feeling of repulsion which is caused in many persons by the sight, or even by the unseen presence, of a cat. Strictly speaking, this feeling is not properly to be called fear, for it is rather an indescribable loathing, which is sometimes so intense as to produce a cataleptic condition in the one who experiences it. We are sorry to see that Dr. Mitchell has not yet invented a technical term to describe this strange obsession, and we venture to suggest to him the word Ælurophobia, which is a good Greek compound and one



FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER WRITTEN BY EMERSON TO MR. DUYKINCK.

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over whose construction we are modestly complacent. As to ælurophobia itself we have many ideas upon the subject; but as we have already set them down in another place it is perhaps not worth while to repeat them here. Our own theory is that "cat-fear" is only a secondary manifestation of serpent-fear. On second thoughts, and asking our readers' indulgence, we shall quote a little bit from ourselves, because the subject is a rather novel one and has a peculiar interest for those who are either very fond of cats, or who are themselves ælurophobic.

The peculiar loathing which the white man feels for the snake extends in highly sensitive natures to creatures or even inanimate objects which resemble or suggest the snake. Thus, most persons shudder and shrink back when a large eel is thrown writhing at their feet. They know perfectly well that it is not only a harmless creature, but that it is not a snake at all; yet they would not touch it, and few care to eat it. As to inanimate objects, there are many which are sufficiently condemned when they have the adjective "snaky" applied to them. Snaky locks, snaky ringlets, snaky eyes, snaky movements—all these, and a score of other expressions, connote something repulsive. Now the cat is essentially a snaky creature. Most of us do not realise this, because we lack the observing eye and the instinct of comparison, and, moreover, we are not troubled with hyperæsthesia. But just watch a cat as it moves about at ease, as it

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

From an old and very rare daguerreotype, supposed to be one of the earliest portraits of Emerson.

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lies in the sun, or as it curves itself into its usual position when about to sleep. Its stealthiness, its sinuous movements, the undulations of its lithe body—these are closely comparable with what we notice in the serpent. And if the cat have glossy fur, and if it be barred with stripes, there are moments when the resemblance is so striking as almost to make us shiver. Many persons feel this at times, but only in a momentary way. Other persons, however, are conscious of it all the while, or at least are conscious of a feeling of repulsion which they cannot explain, but which in reality represents the serpent dread, the loathing of the snake and of all that suggests the snake, even when the mind is not aware of the underlying reason. This dread is, we believe, the dread to which Dr. Mitchell has given the name of "cat-fear." It may be called "cat-fear," but in the last analysis it is a secondary manifestation of snake-fear.

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Maurice Barres.

The Parisians seem tired of Nationalism. In a number of bye-elections to the Chamber of Deputies and the Municipal Council which have taken place recently seats were won from them by their opponents. Of these elections one attracted more attention than the others. It took place in the fifth arrondissement, and the Nationalist candidate was one of the leading men of letters of the party, Maurice Barrès. He was defeated by his Socialist competitor, Gabriel Deville, after a very sharp contest. He takes his reverse philosophically and returns to his literary pursuits. In this respect it is to be noted that time has already begun to have its sifting effect upon Barrès's productions. He is now always spoken of as *"l'auteur des Déracinés."* His other works, *Le Culte du Moi, Le Jardin de Bérénice,* etc., seem to have been cast entirely in the shade by this, his most ambitious novel.

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There are some advantages in not being a member of the French Academy. For instance, one is thus saved the trouble of choosing successors to Gaston Paris and Ernest Legouvé from the following list: René Bazin, Janssen, Edmond Harancourt, Frédéric Masson and Georges de Porte-Riche. The best known of the candidates is M. Janssen; he has certainly risen higher than any of his competitors, as he has a meteorological observatory at the top of Mont Blanc, where he has to be carried every once in a while (as he is the very reverse of a mountain climber) by a squad of sturdy Alpine guides. He is a great scientist, but his claims to literary fame remain to be known. Porte-Riche has produced at least two very remarkable comedies, *Amoureuse* and *Le Passé;* to Frédéric Masson we owe authoritative works on Napoleon's private life; Harancourt cleverly adapted Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice,* and René Bazin wrote a number of novels which have not dimned the fame of Balzac, George Sand, Daudet and Zola, who never were in the Academy. Readers of THE BOOKMAN will be duly thankful to us for pretermitting this opportunity of mentioning Alexandre Dumas and *Les Trois Mousquetaires.* Waldeck-Rousseau, who had been spoken of as a possible successor to Gaston Paris, does not seem to have come forward as a candidate. Anyhow, the painful ordeal will be over before this meets the eyes of the public.

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A Sherlock Cartoon.

Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Company have brought out a very interesting collection of cartoons by Mr. John T. McCutcheon, selected from his drawings which were originally contributed to the Chicago *Record-Herald.* Opening the book, which is entitled *Cartoons by McCutcheon,* our eye instantly lighted upon a cartoon, which we here reproduce, and which relates to a little transaction of a friend of ours with a member of the Coal Trust. Regarding it we can only say that while Mr. McCutcheon shows a good deal of feeling for his subject, he is not yet completely a Sherlockian. Otherwise, he would not have had the stranger ushered in by the cadaverous flunkey who is here depicted, but would instead have given us another glimpse of the active and indomitable Billy. As for the other cartoons, they include several which have already become famous, both in this country and in England. The best of them relate to Prince Henry's visit to the United States, and to the imaginary visit of Mr. Pierpont Morgan to King Edward, beginning with the one in which Mr. Morgan is entering the

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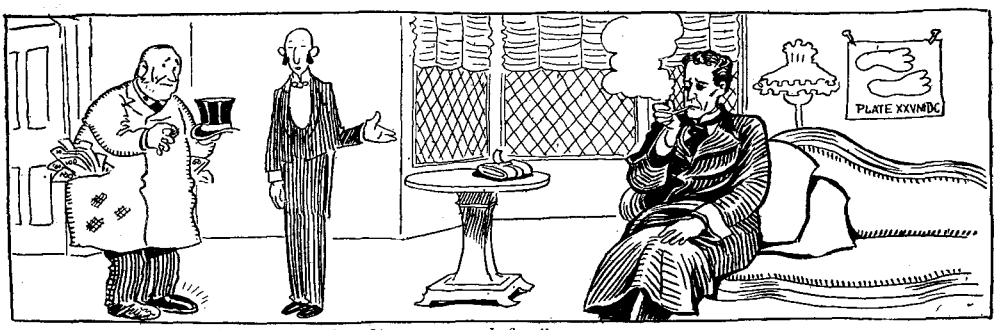
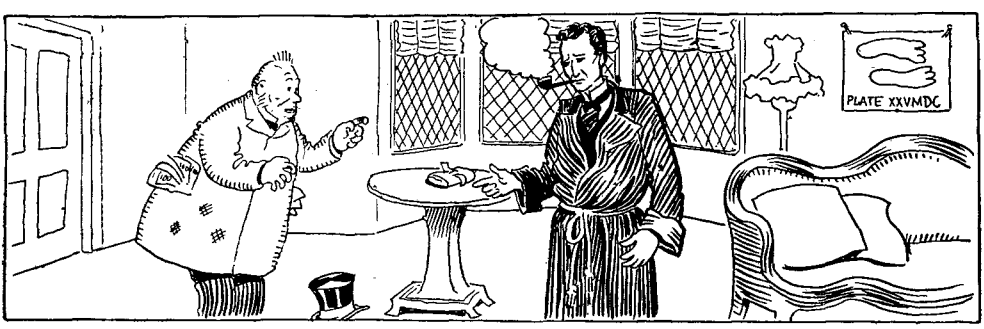
SHERLOCK HOLMES ANALYZES A PERFECT STRANGER



SHERLOCK HOLMES—*"Ah, a stranger whom I've never seen before."*

"How do you do, sir. I observe that you are in the coal trust; also that you have just had a narrow escape; that you have no children; that you were in a great hurry this morning; that you have been writing, and that you shaved with your left hand this morning. Are you going away on the afternoon or the evening train?"



"Why, this is simply marvelous, Mr. Holmes. Everything you've said is true. How in the world did you find out all these things about a man you've never heard of before?"

"By a very simple process of deduction. I can tell by your hands that you are in a trust, and I know it was the coal trust by the hungry way you looked at my purse there on the table, and by the fact that you glanced apprehensively around you as if expecting some one to hit you with a club. I knew that you had just had a narrow escape, by the fact that three bricks grazed you, and the brick dust is still on your coat. You have no children, for if you had you would have some consideration for poor people who have children. I knew that you expected to take a journey, because I understand the grand jury is in session. I also knew that you had shaved with your left hand because your face is cut, and there is ink on your right forefinger, showing that you were writing out an order to whoop the price of coal while shaving with your left. You were in a hurry, because you had time to have only one shoe polished. It's all very simple."

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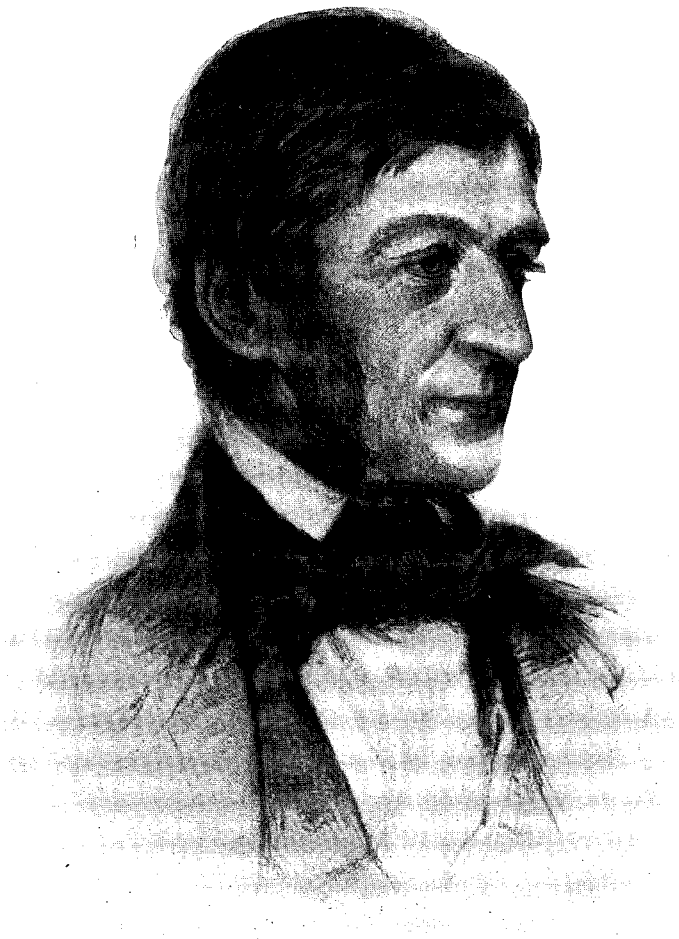
palace only to find the King frantically nailing his throne down tight and putting spikes in the Koh-i-noor.

A Southern Critic on Emerson.

It is with especial pleasure that we publish in this number Professor Trent's estimate of Emerson; for it represents the opinion of a cultivated representative of the South. Emerson has been much bewritten by the critics in New England and those in Old England also, while there exist as well some German appreciations of him. But it is somewhat out of the common to find a good estimate of him from the Southern point of view. Naturally, Professor Trent is less enthusiastic than are most of those gentlemen who have lately been composing eulogies on the Concord philosopher, in connection with the hundredth anniversary of his birth; but as our readers can see for themselves, his judgment is formed with perfect fairness and is based on standards that cannot be called in question.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

From a crayon drawing by Samuel Rowse.

The Strain on Mr. Chesterton.

Paragraphs clipped from the little essays of Mr. G. K. Chesterton appear more frequently than formerly. They are in the same sententious manner, all crackling with

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paradox; but there are signs of late that his style is becoming his method, and his method outrunning his thought. So it must be with any essayist who defies the law of production, which is the law of diminishing returns, applicable alike to crops and authors, with the exception of Mr. Andrew Lang. So especially with the young writer who has a turn for quotable phrases; for the epigrammatic style is the soonest depleted, and like the seltzer bottle will often fizz quite foolishly long after it is empty. Mr. Chesterton has said many things worth quoting, for substance as well as for form, but now that he has ceased to say them, he is quoted more largely than ever. He once chose words for their uses, but he chooses them now for their looks, and he is just as emphatic about nothing as when he had something to say. He admires the writings of Miss Fowler. He disapproves of *Dodo's* treatment of the aristocracy. Unnaturally powerful paragraphs on these great themes have been quoted in both hemispheres. "Aristocracy is dangerous, but it has its beauties, like a tiger." Why compliment it "with having the wings of a butterfly"? Exchange editors care nothing for what he says, but only for the tinkle of his sentences.

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Yet he must know the difference, if they do not; and he is probably young enough and honest enough to break the habit of saying more than he feels. No one should be brilliant any longer than he chooses. The strain of it tells on reader and writer, each of whom relishes his ease. One would rather go home and hear the cat purr than spend his time with a careworn literary acrobat, bent on taking your breath away at every turn. The fear of the platitude is by no means the beginning of wisdom; and in all good writings there are long, peaceful, fallow intervals, which we value in books as in other companions, knowing very well they are human necessities. We want no man to burst a blood-vessel in amusing us. Indeed, the essays we all like best are precisely those which take things as they come, and whose writers we know are not suffering for our sake, or toiling beyond their strength.

Professor Woodberry's "Hawthorne."

Professor Woodberry's volume on Hawthorne, in the American Men of Letters Series, has been described as the most discriminating biography ever written in this country. It certainly is a very solid and admirable piece of work, mingling narrative and criticism in exactly the right proportions. Some have declared it to be too unsympathetic in its tone; but we think that this opinion is wholly incorrect, and is in reality a tribute to the discriminating quality of Professor Woodberry's method, and to his critical detachment. There is so much "sympathy" in these days, so much effervescent and evanescent admiration, so much misplaced praise, and so much unintelligent enthusiasm, that a book like this braces one's intellectual muscles and gives tone to the critical nerves. It must be confessed, that with all Hawthorne's undoubted genius, there is a certain thinness in many of his books, and sometimes an air of unreality that makes them seem as though they had been dreamed and only imperfectly transferred to the printed page. This is most true, perhaps, of *The Marble Faun,* to which so much admiration has been given, but of which Professor Woodberry has spoken the true word in saying that "its structure is weak, not merely in the plot, but in its ethical meaning. If the former is left unwrought, so the latter is left unclarified." And again, the following is very keen: "One loves Donatello, and of no other character of Hawthorne can it be said that it wins affection; and one wishes that, if he must have a soul, he might have come into it in some way of natural kindness, dissociated from a moral theory. This theory—and here is the one discord—is, after all, felt to be an exotic in the Italian air. Donatello has been Puritanised, and though the character may be a perfect symbolic type, it has nothing racial in it; and to be racial was Donatello s charm. . . . It is throughout a Puritan romance, which has wandered abroad and clothed itself in strange masquerade in the Italian air."

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To Hawthorne's one masterpiece, *The Scarlet Letter,* Professor Woodberry does full justice; and in writing of it he shows that genuine sympathy which springs

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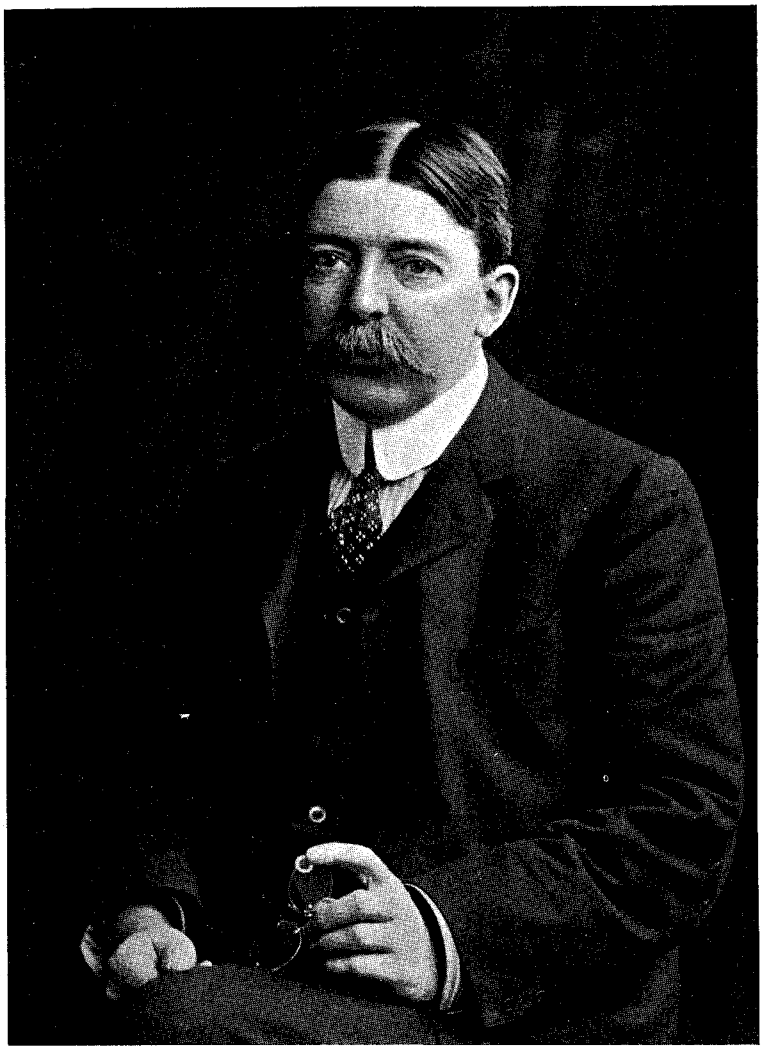

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

from the union of a trained intelligence, with a rare degree of æsthetic intuition. We venture to quote the following as a model of literary interpretation:

The Scarlet Letter is a great and unique romance, standing apart by itself in fiction; there is nothing else quite like it. Of all Hawthorne's works it is most identified with his genius in popular regard, and it has the peculiar power that is apt to invest the first work of an author, in which his originality finds complete artistic expression. . . . It has in itself that decorative quality, which he sought in the physical object—the brilliant and rich effect, startling to the eye and yet more to the imagination, as it blazes forth with a secret symbolism and almost intelligence of its own. It multiplies itself, as the tale unfolds, with greater intensity and mysterious significance and dread suggestion, as if in mirrors set round about it—in the slowly disclosed and fearful stigma on the minister's hidden heart, over which he ever holds his hand, where it has become flesh of his flesh; in the growing elf-like figure of the child, who, with her eyes always fastened on the shame of the letter on her mother's bosom, or the hidden secret of the hand on her father's breast, has become herself the symbol, half revealed and half concealed, is dressed in it; as every reader remembers, and fantastically embodies it as if the thing had taken life in her; and, as if this were not enough, the scarlet letter, at a climax of

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the dark story, lightens forth over the whole heavens as a symbol of what cannot be hid, even in the intensest blackness of night. The continual presence of the letter seems to have burned into Hawthorne's own mind, till at the end of the narrative he says he would gladly erase its deep print from the brain, where long meditation had fixed it. In no other work is the physical symbol so absorbingly present, so reduplicated, so much alive in itself. It is the brand of sin on life.

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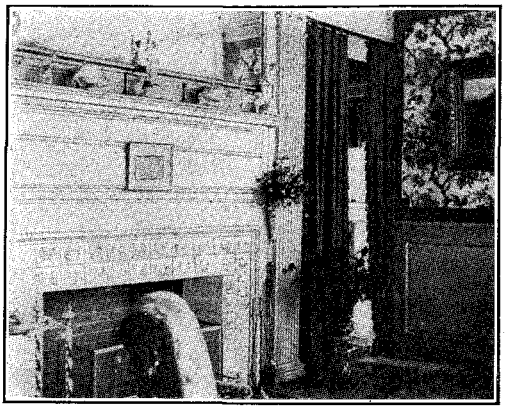
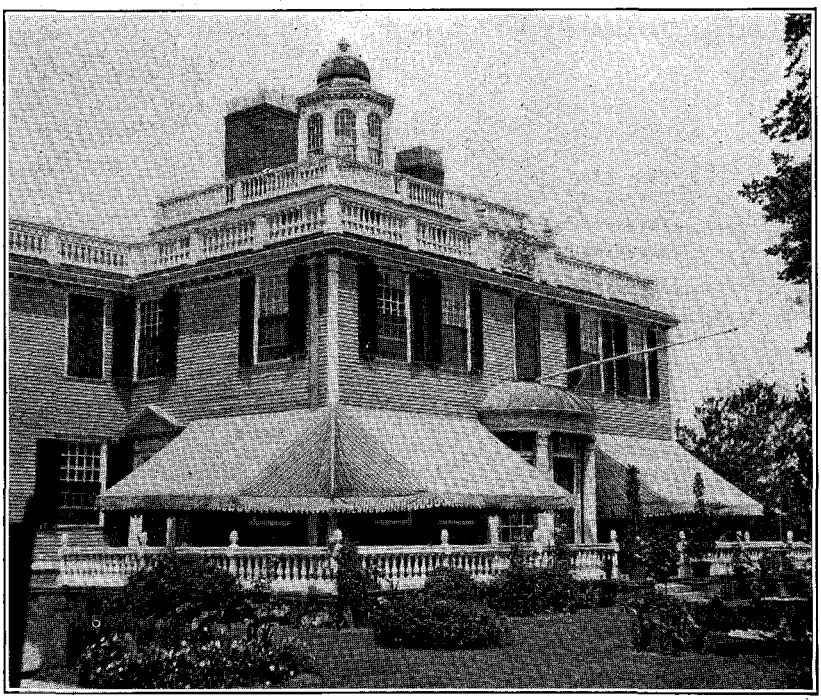
The Tiara of Saitaphernes.

If the oriental King Saitaphernes had, before his death, come in contact with some soothsayer, and through him become apprised of the various phases of the Dreyfus case, he would, no doubt, have felt pretty sure that his name could not possibly be linked with events from which his own life was separated bv a lapse of more than two thousand years. His confidence would have been due simply to the fact that he and his contemporaries were sadly unacquainted with the practices of shady art dealers and modern political pamphleteers.



ROOM IN WHICH EMERSON WAS MARRIED.

The disagreeable plight in which the Louvre Museum now happens to be is known through the whole artistic and archæological world. A few years ago the officers of the Museum were offered a lot of antique, or supposedly antique, works of art, among them a magnificent gold tiara, covered with Greek designs and inscriptions, which was declared to have at one time reposed upon the head of King Saitaphernes.



THE WINSLOW MANSION. THE HOME OF EMERSON'S BRIDE.

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THE TIARA OF SAITAPHERNES.

The price asked for the lot was two hundred thousand francs. The bargain was not easy to strike. The tiara might not be authentic; then, it was toward the end of the fiscal year and the appropriation at the disposal of the Museum for the enlargement of its collections was nearly exhausted. The thing went through, however; eminent archæologists vouched for the authenticity of the antiques, declared to have been dug out near Odessa, on territory having belonged to the old kingdom of Pontus, and friends of the Museum advanced the purchase-money. Thus there was no fear that the precious tiara might adorn the galleries of the British Museum, and remain as a reminder of a new victory of England over France. There were some sceptics, however, who were not quite convinced that the articles purchased by the Louvre were quite so old as they were claimed to be; who believed, even, that their age might be expressed more accurately with one figure, or perhaps with two, than with four. The tiara, however, brilliantly glittered, dazzling the multitude from the top of an isolated pedestal, until the German archæologist Fuertwaengler published over his own signature a dissertation maintaining by the aid of most serious arguments that the famous headpiece was entirely spurious and most humiliatingly modern. The controversy went on for awhile, for the tiara had its defenders as well as its traducers, when suddenly a man appeared who exclaimed: "*Me, me, adsum qui feci!*" His name was Elina, but he was better known under the alias of Mayence. He lived in Montmartre, and claimed that the famous Butte, made illustrious as the home of the Parisian "Chansonniers," had also the glory of having been the birthplace of the much-talked-of tiara. For a while he was the man of the day. But he soon had to retire into ignominious obscurity, for it was demonstrated beyond possible contradiction that, whether spurious or authentic, whether coming from an ancient Eastern palace or a modern junk shop, the costly Louvre purchase had started for its westward voyage from the neighbourhood of Odessa.

It was then that the French Government commissioned one of the leading French archæologists, Monsieur Clermont-Ganneau of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, thoroughly to examine the tiara, and report upon its authenticity. Another claimant had appeared for the fatherhood of the antique, a Russian Jew by the name of Rouchomowski. He was sent for, came to Paris at the expense of the French authorities, and seems to have satisfied the learned Academician that all the designs and inscriptions of the tiara were copied by him from books of archæology, supplied to him by people who, though he was ignorant of their purpose, simply intended to victimise some of the leading European museums. Before he makes his final report, M. Clermont-Ganneau is merely waiting until Rouchomowski, whose tools have also been sent for, has made in his presence some piece of work equalling the artistic finish and archæological accuracy of the tiara. This will be the final test, and of its result there seems to be but little doubt. In the meantime Rouchomowski takes advantage of his unexpected and newly acquired celebrity to treat the Parisians to an exhibition of his truly admirable carvings.

But Dreyfus? Well, it happens that the friend who enabled the Louvre by a loan (shall we call it timely or untimely?) to add the tiara to its collections was

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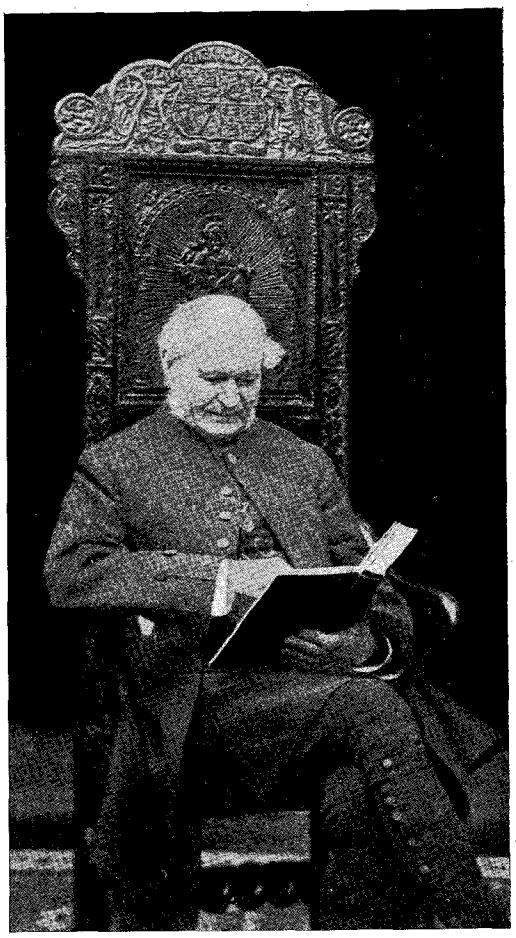
Monsieur Théodore Reinach, the author of a well-known History of Mithridates, that the genuineness of the object was vouched for by his brother, Salomon Reinach, and that both are brothers of Joseph Reinach, whose active campaign in favour of Dreyfus is well remembered. This started Henri Rochefort. The old pamphleteer's temper has been in no way mellowed by his white hair and three and a half score of years. If the Reinachs are in a deal, it can, according to him, but be unholy from top to bottom. What else can be expected from Dreyfusards? Therefore he boldly accuses the Reinachs of having conspired to defraud the French public, and of advancing money to the Louvre only in order to divide with the people from whom the tiara was purchased, Hochman and Vogel!

The Late Dean Farrar.

The late Dean Frederick William Farrar was a most interesting personality. A very widely read man, he wrote on many subjects with fluency and with a display of learning which, perhaps, was somewhat in excess of his actual scholarship. An interesting speaker, his sermons, especially those upon the subject of eternal punishment, excited a vast amount of comment



THE LATE DEAN FARRAR.

in Great Britain. His *Life of Christ* was one of the most successful books of its kind ever published. Somewhat blunt and rough in manner, he had, nevertheless, a strain of Scotch sentimentality in his make-up, which appealed to the multitude and rather repelled the critical. All the notices of his writings that we have seen have omitted one important fact, and that is his authorship of one of the best books for boys that exist in English. This is *St. Winifred's, or the World of School,* which Dr. Farrar first published anonymously, and which is seldom included in any list of his works. To us it is more interesting than *Tom Brown at Rugby,* and some American publisher ought to reprint it; for it is full of life, and mischief, and fun, and can be read with equal interest by male persons of any age.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

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More Sherlock Holmes.

The announcement is made that Sir Arthur Doyle (he calls himself Sir Arthur Doyle in private life and Conan Doyle on the title-pages of his books) is going to write some new short stories containing further adventures of Sherlock Holmes. It is obvious that the publishers have been pressing him very hard, for it is well known that he never intended to continue the Sherlock cycle. If we were Sir Arthur Doyle, we should not attempt the experiment; though personally we are consumed with expectant curiosity to read these further chronicles from the pen of the good Watson. One thing, we trust, will be insisted upon; and that is that in these new stories we shall find narrated those adventures which are only hinted at in the existing memoirs of Holmes, and which have been tantalising us for many years. We append herewith a list of them as casually mentioned by Dr. Watson, and we feel that we have a right to insist that they shall all be narrated at full length:

The Darlington Substitution Scandal.
The Arnsworth Castle Affair.
The Adventure of the Paradol Chamber.
The Affair of the Amateur Mendicant Society.
The Loss of the *Sophy Anderson.*
The Adventure of the Grice Patersons in Uffa.
The Camberwell Poisoning Case.
The Dundas Separation Case.
The Affair of the Reigning Family of Holland.
The Adventure of the Tired Captain.
The Tragedy of the Atkinson Brothers at Trincomalee.
The Trepoff Murder.
The Adventure of the Second Stain.
The Affair of the Netherland Sumatra Company.
The Tankerville Club Scandal.
The Case of Mrs. Etheredge.
The Affair of the King of Scandinavia.
The Manor House Case.
The Tarleton Murder.
The Affair of the Aluminium Crutch.
The Case of Vamberry the Wine Merchant.
Ricoletti of the Club Foot and His Abominable Wife.
The Adventure of the Old Russian Woman.

"The Second Stain."

It will be seen from this list that there is ample material here for at least two more volumes of stories like those in the *Memoirs* and the *Adventures.* What we are most anxious to read is "the Adventure of the Second Stain." The mere title of the story shows genius of a high order and rouses the most intense expectation. How important this chronicle is may be gathered from what Dr. Watson himself has said of it. In the opening lines of the Adventure of the Naval Treaty he speaks of three cases of great interest; the first is the Adventure of the Second Stain. He does not there tell it, however, and for the following reason:

> It deals with interests of such importance, and implicates so many of the first families in the kingdom, that for many years it will be impossible to make it public. No case, however, in which Holmes was engaged has ever illustrated the value of his analytical methods so clearly or has impressed those who were associated with him so deeply. I still retain an almost verbatim report of the interview in which he demonstrated the true facts of the case to M. Dubugue of the Paris police and Fritz von Waldbaum, the well-known specialist of Dantzig, both of whom had wasted their energies upon what proved to be side issues. The new century will have come, however, before the story can be safely told.

As the new century has now come, it is vitally important to our peace of mind that the story should be told.

We reproduce a very characteristic portrait of Mr. Howells, from a painting just completed by Mr. Frank Fowler, N.A.

Rejected MSS.

An occasional contributor to THE BOOKMAN has compiled for us the following paragraphs under the title "The Thorny Path to Fame." They are designed to show that the road to literary success is a difficult one, and that the great majority of writers who have won literary reputations have done so only after arduous labour and many rebuffs. While in

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WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

From the recent painting by Frank Fowler, N.A.

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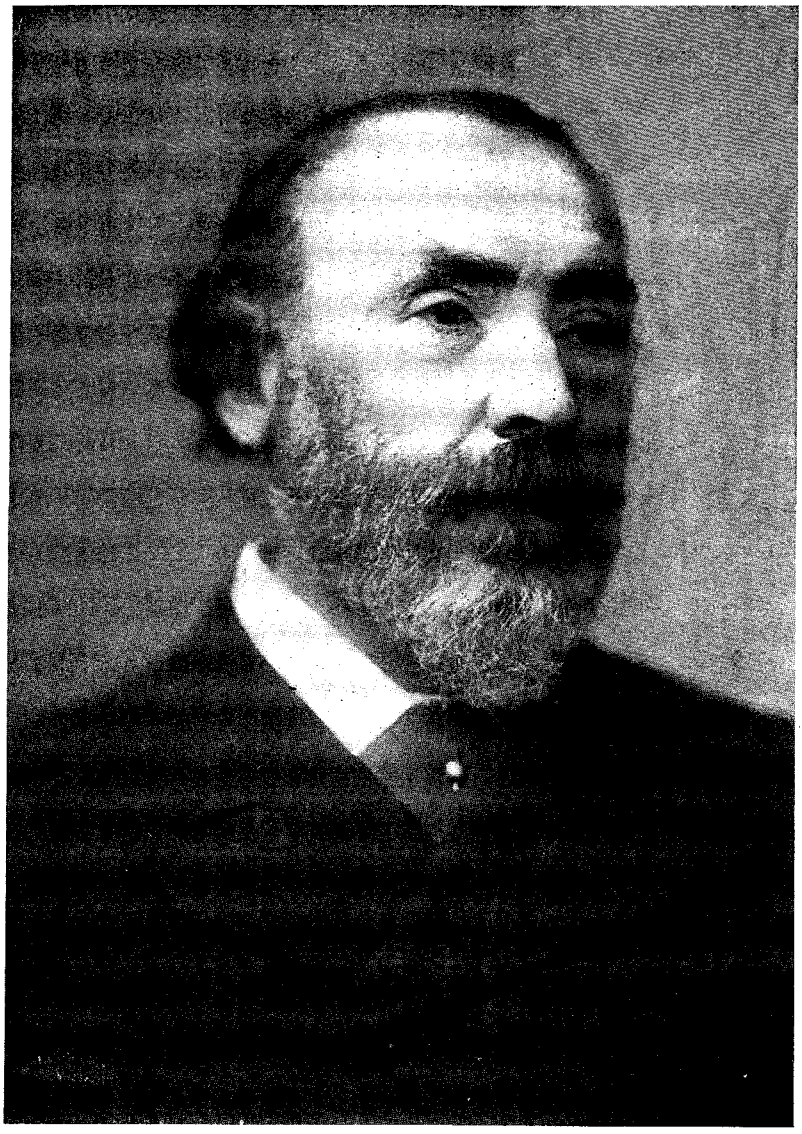

HENRY LABOUCHÈRE, M.P., EDITOR OF "TRUTH."

many cases this has undoubtedly been true, we are going to express, editorially, our conviction that under existing literary conditions no really good novel will long fail to find a publisher. A young literary genius may have to knock at many doors; but he will eventually be let in. Make no mistake about that. With this brief introduction, we are going to print the paragraphs just as they stand, although we have detected one or two little inaccuracies. For instance, Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* did *not* appear in *Frazer's Magazine;* and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe did *not* meet with great difficulty in trying to find a publisher for *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

"A magazine of recent date contains several moderately interesting letters written by Blackmore, for which the publishers undoubtedly paid a good price, yet *Lorna Doone* was offered

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to eighteen publishers before it found acceptance. The original manuscript of 'The Bells,' by Poe, was considered a great bargain when it was purchased a few years ago for two hundred and seventy-five dollars; but 'The Gold Bug,' now so frequently mentioned as a perfect example of the short story, was many times rejected. Thackeray was at first laughed at when he proposed having his printed work republished in book form. Many of his novels, including *Vanity Fair,* appeared in *Frazer's Magazine.* Jane Austen was likewise unfortunate, for it took her ten years to find a publisher for her first three novels. Fielding, too, found difficulty in disposing of *Tom Jones.* Great Britain, however, did not contain all the unappreciative publishers, for Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* and Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* met with similar difficulties in America. Even Charles Dudley Warner's *My Summer in a Garden* was rejected by two Boston publishers.

"To come to more modern instances, Archibald Clavering Gunter's *Mr. Barnes of New York* was rejected by every publisher in America, and England, too, before the author published it himself, in a yellow paper cover, and made a fortune. Many a worse book has appeared since in far more sumptuous binding. Dr. Doyle's apprenticeship lasted ten years; his *Micah Clarke* was declined by Blackwood, Bentley, Cassell and several other publishers before it was accepted by the Messrs. Longman, upon the recommendation of Andrew Lang. 'John Strange Winter' wrote industriously for six years before her first cheque—for ten English shillings—came as a reward. Clara Louise Burnham's first two novelettes were declined. Walter Besant's first manuscript was refused by several publishers, and was finally destroyed by the author in a moment of despair. David Christie Murray's first book met with a similar fate. Barrie's first stories had all been many times rejected before he put them together and tried to sell them under the title *Auld Licht Idylls.* Even then the book manuscript was declined by many publishers. Edna Lyall's *Donovan,* a book that made a fortune for its publisher, was many times rejected. Marie Corelli's *A Romance of Two Worlds* was again and again refused.

"Sarah Grand's first book, *Ideala,* was several times rejected. It was then thrown into a drawer, where it remained undisturbed for seven years before the discouraged author again offered it to a publisher. *The Heavenly Twins* was repeatedly declined. That clever bit of fiction, 'The Tenor and the Boy,' written originally as a short story, was declined by every publisher or magazine editor to whom it was offered; but as a chapter in *The Heavenly Twins* it created a furore. The author has been obliged to explain again and again why that chapter had never appeared as a short story. When Grant Allen first decided to write, he produced about a hundred magazine articles, every one of which was promptly declined by as many editors. He once confessed, too, that it was three years from the time of the publication of one of his stories in a leading magazine before he was again successful in the particular quarter. Maurice Thompson once owned to having one short story that he could not sell, although he had offered it to every important periodical in the States and Canada. Even Mr. Howells's first work went begging; his *Venetian Life* was many times refused; and he, too, owns to holding a manuscript that he once tried in vain to sell. Riley laboured for twenty years to get into one magazine; he was finally successful, but, as they used to say in the concluding chapters of most sensational novels, 'Joy does not kill,' and the Hoosier Poet lived to get into the same magazine again. Perhaps no modern writer is more popular than Anthony Hope, yet all of his first work was rejected; his first five published books were only partially successful before the appearance of *The Prisoner of Zenda.*

"The list of those whose early work was successful at the first intention is brief as yet, but it threatens to outstrip the roll of the unsuccessful great, for every year adds to it a score of new names. There is Mrs. Anna Katherine Green Rohlfs, whose first novel, *The Leaven-*

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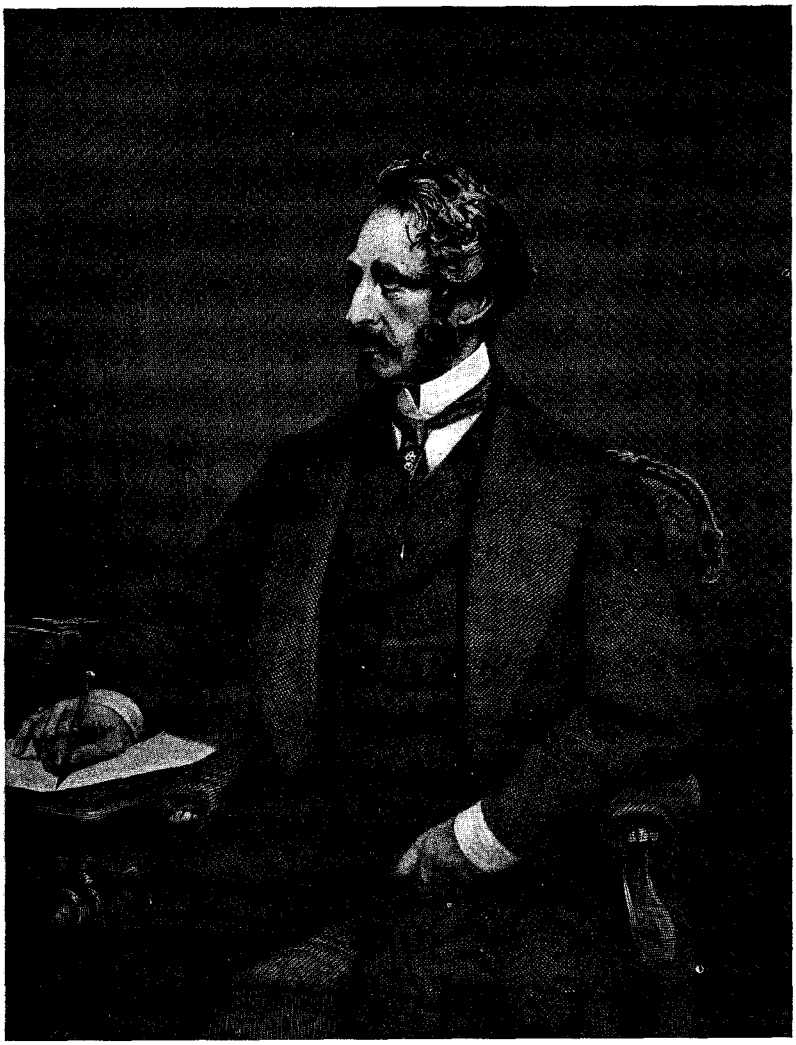

Edward Bulwer

worth Case, was accepted by the first publisher to whom it was offered. The success of Miss Grace King's first story was assured before the story was fairly on paper, Bret Harte's first story, 'The Luck of Roaring Camp,' may be considered an almost instantaneous success, although the publisher of the *Overland Monthly,* of which magazine Harte was the editor, at first doubted, on the grounds of morality, the wisdom of printing the story. 'Pansy's' first book, *Helen Lester,* was successful in a prize competition. Lilian Bell's first book, *The Love Affairs of an Old Maid,* was immediately successful. So, too, was Miss Anne Sedgwick's first novel, *The Dull Miss Archinard.* One of the earliest efforts of Arthur Stanwood Pier, the author of *The Sentimentalists,* and of *The Triumph,* now running in *McClure's,* won a hundred dollar prize in a short-story contest. Winston Churchill received seventy-five dollars from the *Century* for his first bit of fiction. Constance Fenimore Woolson's first manuscript

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was accepted. Louise Chandler Moulton's first poem was published when the writer was only fourteen years of age. The late George Douglas, author of *The House with the Green Shutters,* was immediately successful with his first novel; and so, too was Bertha Runkle. Hall Caine's first literary work was, as he naïvely puts it, the 'autobiography' of another person, for which he received ten pounds."

WOODCOTE, WHERE BULWER LYTTON RESIDED AFTER HIS MARRIAGE.

As the present year is the hundredth since the birth of the first Lord Lytton, we reproduce some illustrations appropriate to the anniversary.

James Weber Linn.

Mr. James Weber Linn, the author of *The Chameleon,* was born in Illinois about twenty-six years ago. After drifting casually through two Western preparatory schools, Mr. Linn found himself, quite by accident, on the quadrangles of the University of Chicago, and as yet no one has been able to drive him away from there. He was graduated in 1897, and since then has taught English composition in that university.

"So many things interest me," says Mr. Linn, "that I am hardly able to choose any one or two in particular. Perhaps I may say that two, in neither of which I have ever participated, interest me most—secondary school teaching of English and general college athletics. I have theories about both and consider both, as at present conducted, very unfortunate in their effect on the young. But I fear that I would rather see a scrub football game than a magnificent sunset; and the most unkind cut I have ever received from a critic of *The Chameleon* was from a gentleman who accused me of not knowing the rules which govern modern football. As in the ten seasons which have passed since I came to the University I have never missed one game of the slightest importance, I passed this statement in high and offended silence."

The Chameleon, as originally accepted, was written in eleven days in the upper room of a stone house on the McCloud River, near Shasta, in California. The Carfax of the novel is no particular town, but to keep the geography uniform, Mr. Linn placed it at a spot upon the map occupied by Dubuque, Iowa. When asked where he got the material for the railroad wreck described in the second and third chapters, Mr. Linn replied that it was a piece of imaginative writing, but that the day following the writing of these chapters his wreck actually came, and was kind enough to duplicate certain incidents which are told in the story.

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An Unsolved Mystery.

Speaking of portraits, we were rather anxious this month to secure a likeness of the author of *The House on the Hudson,* which is to be noticed later. Regarded critically, *The House on the Hudson* is defective in construction, inconsistent in detail and impossible in plot. Nevertheless, there is a rude power in it which affected us rather strangely, and inspired us with a genuine desire to know something about the personality of its author. So we got into communication with the publishers, and found that we had run up against a mystery. The author, it seems, is averse to publicity and does not care to be generally known. This piqued our curiosity; so that, converting ourselves temporarily into a literary Sherlock Holmes, we employed our powers of deduction, having for a clue some casual remark of the book's publishers. We made up our minds: (1) that the author is a woman; (2) that the name on her title page, "Frances Powell," is not her true name, but probably a part of her true name; (3) that she lives in, or very near, New York.

Having deduced this much, we again besieged the publishers, who communicated with the lady, who intimated that she might be persuaded to receive a representative of THE BOOKMAN. Then the Senior Editor, on an impulse, made up his mind that he would go as THE BOOKMAN'S representative. This, however, he did not do, and for reasons which may or may not appeal to our readers. You see, having in mind the peculiar incidents of *The House on the Hudson,* and having lately read all through the Carolyn Wells

BULWER LYTTON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE.

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Library of Mystery, we felt that the eternal fitness of things demanded a very special environment for the author of *The House on the Hudson.* She ought by rights to live somewhere out in the sparsely populated district of The Bronx, in a gloomy house of stone, discoloured and stained by the weather, hemmed in by umbrageous trees, and further secluded by a high wall with spikes on the top. Likewise, within the grounds and near the house there should be a tarn, such as Poe introduced with so much effect in his *Fall of the House of Usher.* Many years ago that tarn of Poe's used to give us the most interesting shudders. We didn't know what a tarn was, but it somehow fitted in with the general atmosphere of mystery and horror; and so we naturally postulated another tarn as a part of the environment of "Frances Powell." Likewise, we had an intense conviction that within the outer wall which guards her seclusion savage hounds ought to be loose and uttering deep-throated bayings. This is why we were so anxious to interview the author of *The House on the Hudson.* But this is also, curiously enough, the reason why we didn't do it. For after having made up our minds that we were going to have an adventure and that our sense of the romantic was for once about to be fully sated, we were unwilling to run the risk of destroying the illusion. Suppose the publishers should arrange the interview for us and we should then discover that the lady was living in an apartment house on Fifty-ninth Street, or (worse still) that she was the châtelaine of a brownstone front on Madison Avenue and that she had "afternoons" and gave pink teas. The shock would be too great. So we concluded to let the matter rest right there and thus to preserve intact our precious ideal of the weather-beaten house and the repellent wall and the savage hounds and the tarn. Especially the tarn.

HELEN KELLER. FROM HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

Every one is familiar in a general way with the remarkable story of Miss Helen Keller. This story she has now told herself in detail, in a volume entitled *The Story of My Life,* which is published by Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Drawing by Ryan Walker.

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CASUS IDOLI.

Like gladsomeness of fragrant buds in spring
Unfolding soft, she came upon my sight
And, beckoning as with promise, drew me near.
A goddess pure she seemed, and fair as when
Soft-fingered morn draws back the folds of dawn
And rosiness spreads over lilies white;
Apart from earth, the substance bright of dreams.
Low at her feet I laid all I had gained
By labours manifold; the noble thoughts
Of Masters old, whose strength and grace were mine
From many years of toil. A woman's smile
Broke o'er her face for pleasure as she took
And touched them with a tender, gracious hand,
Looked deep and meaningful into my eyes
And filled my soul with courage.

Many moons,
In silence gliding, passed us by; we guessed
Their going not, so wrapt was I in rest,
In worship, in the life her presence gave;
And she allowing offerings, goddess-like.
Alone? I had been so in some dim past,
Deep-buried in forgetfulness; had sat
Apart from men, and laboured long in hope
Of this I now had found, despairing, sad.
It pleased me thus to linger near and feel,
Like draughts of balmy, Heaven-sent delight,
The dull-gold opulence of her hair, her eyes
Of sea-wave blueness, deepness infinite,
That seemed to answer in my wish to share
The joys, griefs, hopes I kept from all the world
With her.

But silence met my confidence.
A coldness came upon her, such as eve
In autumn knows, grey, cheerless, desolate;
The deep wells of her sea-wave eyes were closed,
And down upon the sand my idol fell,
To common clay fast crumbled.

Long I stood,
A deep, wild cry of anguish dread gave forth,
Slow nursing down the pain that deep had pierced
My frozen soul just opening into flower.

* * * * * * *

Had I but buried all my *self* for her,
Giving my best, my mind, without the ebb,
The undertone of weariness and strife,
The struggle of the *man* that is his *life,*
Could I have found true happiness in her,
So beautiful and yet so incomplete?
Was this a woman, or a thing of clay,
That all my love outpouring full had clothed
In garments of Divinity? Did I create

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A shadow being, who was not more strong
Than weakest was in me?

Alone am I;
Yet not as if her image never were.
Is not my love come back to me again
As light to sun? Perchance she lives somewhere
Growing in perfectness. The beauty, goodness, love
I lavished, to my being back are come;
Through loss of her in better knowing self,
Loving, no longer worshipping, I go
In Heaven's eternal calmness on my way,
Upward and outward, gaining fuller life,
Freer and purer in a loftier air,
Till she I lost, made human through the pain
I bear for her, shall loving welcome me.

Edna St. John.

TWO WOMEN NOVELISTS.

It may perhaps be said, without unduly stretching facts, that the men of achievement whom England has produced during the last century have come from the upper middle class. Byron and Keats are the exceptions which come at once into the mind, but, nevertheless, it is a fact that the poets, artists, writers and men of science of the last hundred years have been recruited from that class which lies just below the aristocracy, and where the possession of great inherited wealth is not apt to dull the edge of effort.

To this class belong the two women who, more, perhaps, than any writers of fiction, now hold the attention of the English-speaking world. Both write of the society in which they were born, both are members of families distinguished for their literary ability, and there is even a certain facial resemblance between the two.

Mary St. Leger Harrison, better known, perhaps, by her pseudonym of "Lucas Malet," is a daughter of Charles Kingsley, poet, novelist and divine. Both of her uncles were men of distinct literary note. Henry Kingsley's novels, especially his stories of Australian life, are extremely good, and Dr. George Kingsley is still remembered as the joint author with the Earl of Pembroke of *South Sea Bubbles,* a book of travels. Above all things, Charles Kingsley loved people; and he numbered among his friends men like Thomas Hughes, F. D. Maurice, Tennyson, Dean Stanley, Froude, and Max Müller, these last two being connections by marriage. He was also chaplain to the Queen and instructor in history to the (then) Prince of Wales at Cambridge.

In a society like this, Mrs. Harrison grew up, and it is, perhaps, to such surroundings that she owes the fine perception of social values so noticeable in her work. Her delight in country life and her ability to describe it are a direct inheritance from her father, whose love of nature was second only to his love of humanity.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is a niece of Matthew Arnold, perhaps the greatest literary critic that England has ever had, and granddaughter of Thomas Arnold, the great educator, of whose work at Rugby Thomas Hughes has finely said that "his manly piety leavened the whole school;" and not alone Rugby School, but all the public schools of England were to feel and be benefited by that influence.

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Such being the inheritance of these women, it is not surprising that the ethical side of a question appeals so strongly to them, or that in their books we get a picture of what is really best in English society. Their men and women are as different as possible from the noisy crew which represents London "smart" life in many recent novels, but are probably quite as true to nature.

Both of these writers show much skill in the delineation of character, and by this is not meant that wearisome scrutiny into motive or automatic registration of every commonplace act by which some authors try to establish a reputation for character-drawing. At least one thoroughly original character can be credited to Mrs. Ward —that of Langan in *Robert Elsmere*, the man who had lived so long among books that he was not fitted to live with human beings, and who, overcome by this conviction, breaks off his engagement with a beautiful girl. In the character of Helbeck of Bannisdale she has drawn a charming picture of an English Catholic gentleman, which is, perhaps, the more surprising as her own personal views are supposed to be more in accordance with those of Robert Elsmere than with those of a follower of the ancient faith. This shows her power of taking the standpoint of others, not only mentally, but where feeling and emotion are perhaps more concerned than logic, a far more difficult task. Lucy, in *Eleanor*, is also a wonderfully correct portrayal of New England character, especially remarkable when it is considered that Mrs. Ward has never been in this country.

To enumerate Mrs. Harrison's successes in character-drawing would take too much time, but mention must be made of the Fallowfeilds in *Sir Richard Calmady;* the amiable Lord Fallowfeild, with his furtive fondness for his scapegrace eldest son, Lord Shotover, that kindly prodigal himself, the clever younger son Ludovic Quayle, the three daughters, the managing Lady Louisa Barking, the less successful Lady Alicia Winterbotham, and the pretty, but rather feeble-minded, Lady Constance. All these people, as different as members of the same family often are, stand out in clear relief and are distinctly people, not puppets. Mrs. Harrison insists a little too much on the physical eccentricities of her characters; we grow a little tired of Antony Hammond whirling his eyeglass around his finger, and of James Colthurst pulling at his collar; but these are trifles which it would be absurd to magnify into serious blemishes. As regards wit, Mrs. Harrison has the advantage of Mrs. Ward, who possesses apparently very little sense of humour. Mrs. Harrison's books, on the contrary, are filled with trenchant sayings, pithy, brilliant, often cynical, but never sinking to the level of the "clever" or "epigrammatic" school.

That Mrs. Ward's social perceptions are slightly inferior to those of Mrs. Harrison is shown in her description of Julie Le Breton's position in Lady Henry Delafield's house. The "salon" may have existed in Paris a century ago, but it was an institution that never bore transplanting; and Mrs. Ward's picture of a woman under thirty holding Prime Ministers and Ambassadors spellbound by her social gifts and influencing government appointments by her slightest wish is an absurdity.

Both women have a strong artistic sense, which in Mrs. Ward's case leads her to describe some charming interiors. She knows how to depict a room where time, money and taste have done their best, a room which harmonises with the characters she delights in drawing—characters most aptly described by the old-fashioned term of "gentlefolk." Such a room she has given us in her portrayal of Lady Henry Delafield's drawing-room in *Lady Rose's Daughter:*

> It was a stately panelled room of the last century, furnished with that sure instinct both for comfort and beauty which a small minority of English rich people have always possessed. Two glorious Gainsboroughs, clad in the subtlest brilliance of pearly white and shimmering blue, hung on either side of the square opening leading to the inner room. The fair, clouded head of a girl, by Romney, looked down from the panelling above the hearth. A gowned abbé, by Vandyck, made the centre of another wall, facing the Gainsboroughs. The pictures were all famous, and had been associated for generations with the Delafield name. Beneath them the carpets were covered by fine eighteenth-century furniture, much of it of a florid Italian type subdued to a delicate and faded beauty by time and use.

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Mrs. Ward does not often venture upon a description of clothes, which causes us to wonder if she has the traditional Englishwoman's lack of skill in dress. Mrs. Harrison, on the contrary, has a woman's fondness for pretty attire, and her heroines are generally well dressed:

> Her close-fitting blue-grey gown, bordered with beaver, was stiff in front from throat to hem with silver embroidery. Her shadowed fair hair was surmounted by a hat or bonnet —it would be presumptuous to specify which— blue and silver, too, the distinct form of it not unlike that of a little winged helmet.

With Mrs. Harrison's artistic taste may be classed her keen love and appreciation of poetry. One of the most exquisite of modern lyrics is Charles Kingsley's song, "O That We Two Were Maying!" and she gives in a few words a characterisation of it remarkable for its terse appositeness:

> those three short verses by a modern writer in which threefold love—love of lovers, love of nature, love of God—finds as pathetic, yet as simple and chastened, expression as in any verses, perhaps, in our English tongue.

Mrs. Harrison is a writer beloved of her own sex. Women of the most diverse character are united in their love for her books. It may be owing to the fact that she alone of all writers recognises the undeniable fact that in the struggle of life woman has the hardest time, that she is at a disadvantage by reason of her sex. Mrs. Harrison does not attempt to lay the blame for this state of things on "the tyrant man," nor has she any remedy to propose for it—she simply acknowledges it, and there are few women, no matter how happy their own lot may be, who have not at one time or another looked upon the lives of their less favoured sisters and recognised with a shudder what Mrs. Harrison calls "the tragedy of womanhood."

But in one respect the work of these two women is similar. Both emphasise the development of character through suffering, the growth of the moral nature through its struggles. Innumerable instances could be cited from the books of both, but it will be sufficient to speak of David Grieve, Eleanor and Warkworth in the case of Mrs. Ward, while who that has read *The Wages of Sin* can forget the touching, yet thrilling, scene of James Colthurst's farewell interview with Mary Crookenden, where the artist bids his last farewell to the woman whom he loves so deeply and turns from her to minister to the wants of his dying and discarded mistress?

Both of these authors have the merit—the supreme merit in fiction—of being interesting. With the exception, perhaps, of Mrs. Ward's *David Grieve* and Mrs. Harrison's *Gateless Barrier,* it is hard to lay aside one of their books when it is once begun. But it is Mrs. Harrison, perhaps, who goes the deeper into the heart of things, and who with a powerful grasp tears off the covering of conventionality and discloses the primitive passions of the human heart in their nakedness. The superficial reader may find fault with this absence of reserve, but there is much permitted to one who deals deeply and sincerely with life that would be unpardonable in an artist of lighter touch.

Mary K. Ford.

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HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CARICATURE.

By

Frederic Taber Cooper and Arthur Bartlett Maurice

Part Fourth.—The American Civil War

Down to the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the history of American political caricature is a history of lost opportunities. Revolution and war have always been the great harvest times of the cartoonist. Gillray and Rowlandson owe their fame to the Napoleonic wars; Philipon and Daumier, to the overthrow of Louis Philippe; Leach and Tenniel reached their zenith in the days of the Crimean War and the Sepoy Mutiny. It is not the election cartoon, or the tariff cartoon, or the cartoon of local politics, it is the war cartoon that is most widely hailed and longest remembered. Yet of all the wars in which the United States has been engaged, not one has given birth to a great satiric genius, and none but the latest, our recent war with Spain, has received comprehensive treatment in the form of caricature. It is not strange that the Revolutionary War and that of 1812 failed to inspire any worthier efforts than William Charles's crude imitations of Gillray. The mechanical processes of printing and engraving, the methods of distribution, the standards of public taste, were all still too primitive. The Mexican War was commemorated in a number of the popular lithographs of the day; but it was not a prolonged struggle, nor one calculated to stir the public mind profoundly. With the Civil War the case was radically different. Here was a struggle which threatened not only national honour but national existence—a struggle which prolonged itself grimly, month after month, and was borne home to a great majority of American families with the force of personal tragedy, arraying friend against friend, and father against son, and offering no brighter hope for the future than the vista of a steadily lengthening death-roll. There was never a time in the history of the nation when the public mind, from one end of the country to the other, was in such a state of tension; never, since the days of Napoleon, had there been such an opportunity for a real master of satiric art. It seems amazing, as one looks back over the pictorial records of these four years, that the magnitude of the events did not galvanise into activity some unknown genius of the pencil, and found then and there a new school of American caricature commensurate with the fever-heat of public sentiment. The existing school of caricature seems to have been

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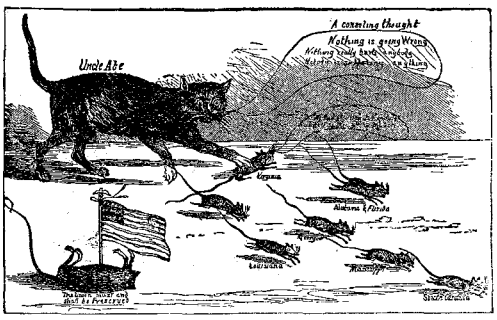

VIRGINIA PASSING.

absurdly inadequate. The prevailing types were a sort of fashion-plate lithograph—groups of public men in mildly humorous situations, their features fixed in the solemn repose of the daguerreotypes upon which they were probably modelled; or else the conventional election steeplechase, in which the contestants, with long, balloon-like loops trailing from their mouths, suggest an absurd semblance to the cowboys of a Wild West show, all engaged in a vain attempt to lasso and pull in their own idle words. Many of the cartoons actually issued at the outbreak of the Civil War impress one with a sense of indecorum, of ill-timed levity. What was wanted was not the ineptitude of feeble humour, but the rancour and venom of a Gillray, the stinging irony of a Daumier, the grim dignity of a Tenniel. And it was not forthcoming. The one living American who might have produced work of a high order was Thomas Nast; but although Nast's pencil was dedicated to the cause of the Union from the beginning to the end, in the series of powerful emblematic pictures that appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, his work as a caricaturist did not begin until the close of the war.

It is interesting to conjecture what the great masters of caricature would have made of such an opportunity. The issues of the war were so clear-cut, their ethical significance so momentous, that an American Gillray, a Unionist Gillray,

Mr MOB LAW Chief Justice — Genl BEAUREGARD — Sec TOOMBS — JEFF DAVIS — Vice pres STEPHENS — THE PRINCE TO HIS CABINET

THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY A FACT !!!

ACKNOWLEDGED BY A MIGHTY PRINCE AND FAITHFUL ALLY

L. Hough Publ. 600 Chestnut Str. Philad^a 4th Story

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would have found material for a series of cartoons of eloquent and gruesome power. It is easy to imagine what form they would have taken: an Uncle Sam, writhing in agony, his limbs shackled with the chains of slavery, his lips gagged with the Fugitive Slave Law, slowly being sawn asunder, while Abolition and Secession guide the opposite ends of the saw; or else the American Eagle being worried and torn limb from limb by Southern bloodhounds and stung by copperheads, while the British Lion and the rest of the European menagerie look on, wistfully licking their chops and with difficulty restraining themselves from participating in the feast. Such a cartoonist would have found a mine of suggestion in *Uncle Tom's Cabin;* he would have crowded his plates with Legrees and Topsies, Uncle Toms and Sambos and Quimbos, fearful and wonderful to look upon, brutal, distorted and unforgettable.

It is equally easy to imagine what a Daumier might have done with the material afforded by the Civil War. Some types of faces seem to defy the best efforts of the caricaturist—smooth, regular-featured faces, like that of Lord Rosebery, over which the pencil of satire

SOME ENVELOPES OF THE TIME OF THE WAR.

seems to slip without leaving any effective mark. Other faces, strong, rugged, salient, seem to invite the caricaturist's efforts; and these were the types that predominated among the leaders of the struggle for the Union. Daumier's genius lay in his ability to caricature the human face, to seize upon a minimum of lines and points, to catch some absurd semblance to an inanimate object, some symbolic suggestion. And when once found, he would harp upon it, ringing all possible changes, keeping it insistently, mercilessly before the public. One can fancy with what avidity he would have seized upon the stolid, indomitable figure of Grant, intrenched behind his big, black, ubiquitous cigar. That cigar would have become the centre of interest, the portentous symbol of Grant's dogged, taciturn persistence. Gradually that cigar would have grown and grown, its thickening smoke spreading in a dense war cloud over the whole series of cartoons, until finally it became the black, shining muzzle of a cannon, belching forth the powder and fire and ammunition that was to decide the issue of the war. What Tenniel would have done is evidenced by what he actually did in *Punch*. The great tragedies of those four years, Gettysburg and Bull Run and the Battle of the Wilderness, would have been pictured with the tragic dignity that stamps his famous cartoon in which he commemorated the assassination of Lincoln.

In view of what might have been done, it is somewhat exasperating to look over the actual cartoons of the war as they have come down to us. Even when a clever idea was evolved none seemed to have the cleverness or the enterprise to develop it. As all the modern cartoonists realise, nothing is more effective than a well-planned series. It is like the

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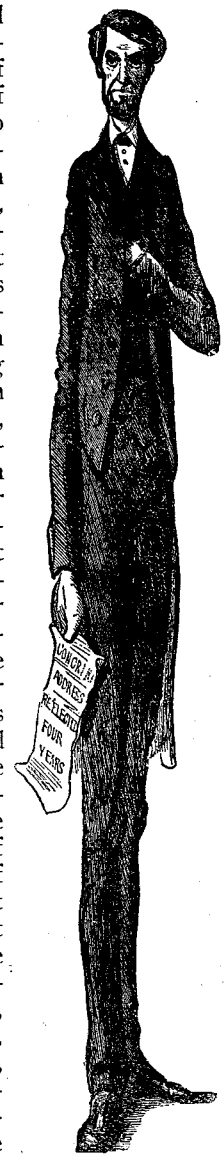
constant dropping that wears away the stone. The most potent pictorial satire has always been the gradual elaboration of some clever idea—the periodic reappearance of the same characters in slightly modified environment, like the successive chapters of a serial story. The public learn to look forward to them, and hail each reappearance with a renewed burst of enthusiasm. The cartoonists of the Civil War do not seem to have grasped this idea. A single example will serve as an illustration. A clever cartoon, entitled "Virginia Pausing," appeared just at the time that Virginia, the last of the States to secede, joined the Confederacy. The several Southern States, represented as young rats, are gaily scampering off, in the order in which they seceded, South Carolina heading the procession. Virginia straggling in the rear, finds herself under the paw of "Uncle Abe," represented as a watchful and alert old mouser, and has paused, despite herself, to consider her next step. The Union, personified as the mother rat of the brood, lies stark and stiff on her back, with the Stars and Stripes waving over her corpse, and underneath, the legend, "The Union must and shall be preserved." Now this idea of the Southern States as a brood of "Secession rats" was capable of infinite elaboration. It might have been carried on throughout the entire four years of the struggle, the procession pressing the same significant order, with South Carolina in the lead, Virginia bringing up the rear, and Lincoln, as a wise and resourceful mouser, ever in pursuit. It could have shown the rats at bay, cornered, entrapped—in short, the whole history of the war in a form of genial allegory. But if the initial cartoon, "Virginia Pausing," ever had a sequel, it perished in the general wreckage of the Confederacy.



The welcome which awaited caricature, even of the crudest sort, at the outbreak of the war is illustrated by the curious vogue enjoyed by envelopes adorned with all sorts of patriotic and symbolic devices—an isolated tombstone inscribed "Jeff Davis alone," a Confederate mule, blanketed with the stars and bars—a slave owner vainly brandishing his whip and shouting to a runaway slave, "Come back here, you black rascal." The latter, safe within the shadow of Fortress Monroe, defiantly places his thumb to his nose, and in allusion to General Butler's famous decision, retorts: "Can't come back, nohow, massa. Dis chile's CONTRABAN'."

It is not surprising to find that Lincoln throughout the struggle was a favourite subject for the caricaturist. His tall, ungainly, loose-knit figure, his homely features, full of noble resolve, seemed to offer a standing challenge to the cartoonist, who usually treated him with indulgent kindness. The exceptions are all the more conspicuous. A case in point is that commemorating Lincoln's first call for volunteers for three months—a period then supposed to be ample for crushing out the rebellion. The cartoonist represents Lincoln as the image of imbecilic dismay, while a Union soldier with a sternly questioning gaze relentlessly presents to him a promissory note endorsed, "I promise to subdue the South in 90 days. Abe Lincoln." A much more typical and kindly cartoon of Lincoln is the one representing him as emulating the feat of Blondin and crossing the rapids of Niagara on a tight-rope, bearing the negro problem on his shoulders, and sustaining his equipoise with the aid of a balancing pole labelled "Constitution."

The really clever cartoons of this period are so few in number and stand out so prominently from a mass of second-rate material, that there is real danger of attaching undue importance to them. Such a plate as "The Southern Confederacy a Fact! Acknowledged by a Mighty Prince and Faithful Ally," which

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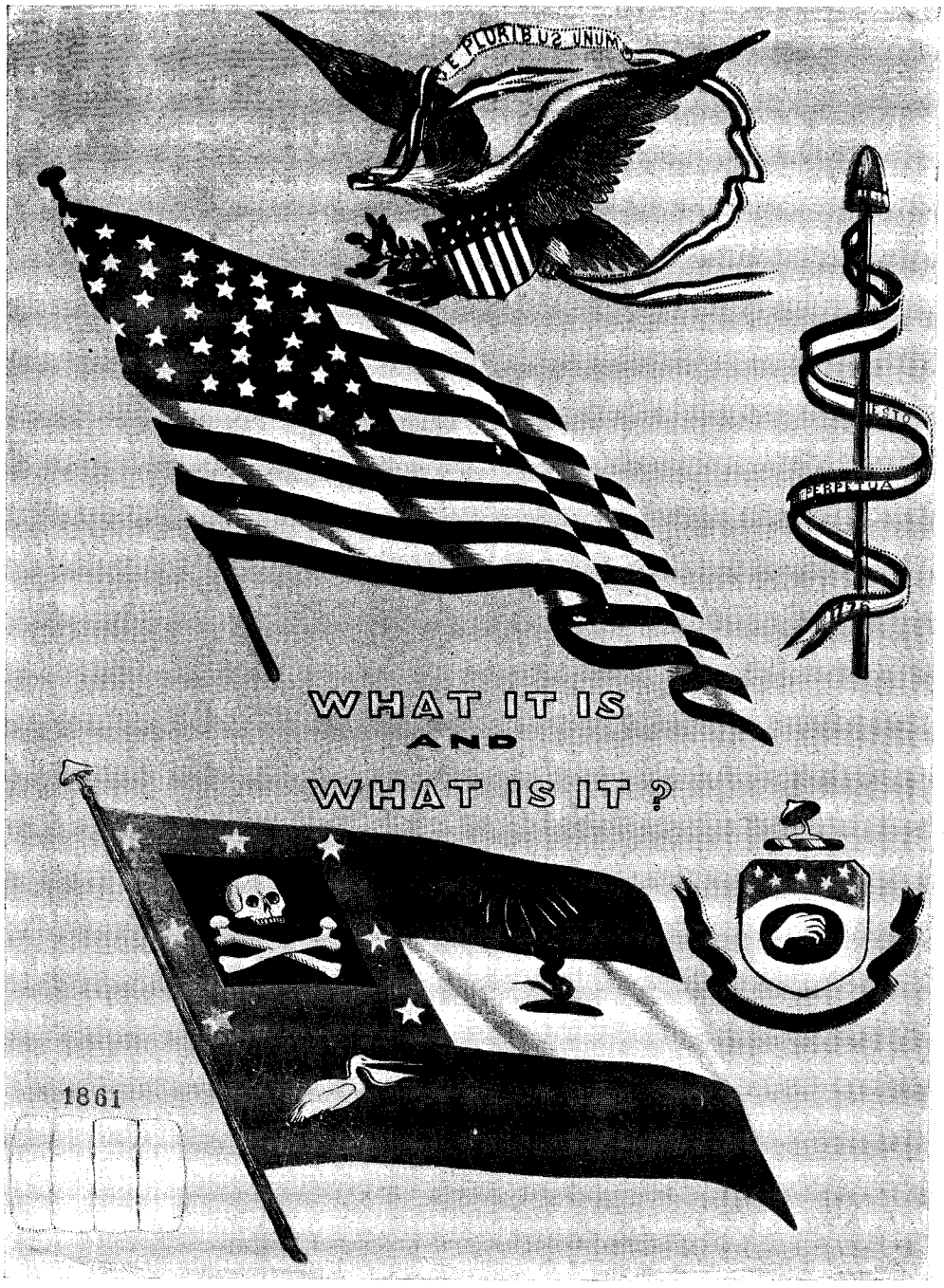

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was issued by a Philadelphia publisher in 1861, although crudely drawn, is one of the very few that show the influence of the early English school. It represents the Devil and his assembled cabinet in solemn conclave, receiving the envoys of the Southern Confederacy. The latter includes, among others, Jeff Davis, General Beauregard, and a personification of "Mr. Mob Law, Chief Justice." They are bearers of credentials setting forth the fundamental principles of the government, as "Treason, Rebellion, Murder, Robbery, Incendiarism, Theft, etc." Satan, interested in spite of himself, is mur-

coils it is crushing out the lives of a number of black women and children. In one corner of the cartoon the figure of a winged satan is hovering gleefully over a mob which is hanging a negro to a lamp-post—an allusion to the Draft Riots in New York. Some of the mob are bearing banners with the words "Black Men have no Rights." In the shadowy background of the picture a slaveholder is lashing his slave, tied to a post, with a whip called "Lawful Stimulant." An unctuous capitalist is talking with a group of Secessionists, seated on a rock called "State Rights." In contrast with

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muring to his companions, "I am afraid in Rascality they will beat us."

An effective allegorical cartoon, which appeared at a time when the cause of the Union seemed almost hopeless, pictures Justice on the rock of the Constitution dressed in the Stars and Stripes and waving an American flag toward a happier scene, where the sun of Universal Freedom is brightly shining. Behind her are hideous scenes of disorder and national disaster. A loathsome serpent, of which the head is called "Peace Compromise," the body, "Mason and Dixon's Line," and the tail "Copperhead," is crawling up the rock seeking to destroy her. In one of its

the dark picture on which Justice has turned her back is the bright vista of the future, "The Union as it will be," into which she is looking. There we see a broad river and a prosperous city. A negress free and happy is sewing by her cabin door, her child reading a book upon her knee.

Many of the best cartoons of the period revolve around the rivalry between General McClellan and General Grant, and the incidents of the McClellan-Lincoln campaign of 1864. "The Old Bulldog on the Right Track" is one of the best products of the war cartoonists. It represents Grant as a thoroughbred bull-

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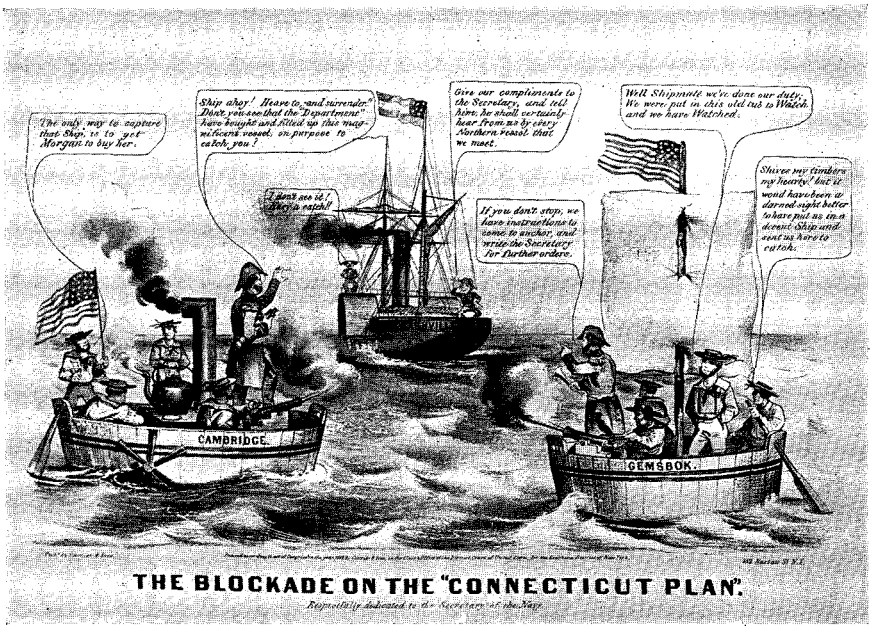
dog, seated in dogged tenacity of purpose on the "Weldon Railroad," and preparing to fight it out on that line, if it takes all summer. At the end of the line is a kennel, labelled "Richmond," and occupied by a pack of lean, cowardly hounds, Lee, Davis and Beauregard among the number, who are yelping: "You ain't got the kennel yet, old fellow!" A bellicose little dwarf, McClellan, is advising the bulldog's master: "Uncle Abraham, don't you think you had better call the old dog off now? I'm afraid he'll hurt these other dogs, if he catches hold of them!" To which President Lincoln serenely rejoins: "Why, little Mac, that's the same pack of curs that chased you aboard of the gunboat two years ago. They are pretty nearly used up now, and I think it's best to go in and finish them."

The conservative policy which marked the military career of General McClellan and his candidacy for the presidency in 1864 is ridiculed in a cartoon entitled "Little Mac, in His Great Two-Horse Act, in the Presidential Canvass of 1864." Here McClellan is pictured as a circus rider about to come to grief, owing to the unwillingness of his two steeds to pull together in harmony. A fiery and stalwart horse represents "war"; while peace is depicted as a worthless and broken-down hack. Little Mac is saying, "Curse them balky horses—I can't manage the Act nohow. One threw me in Virginia, and the other is bound the wrong way." In the background is the figure of Lincoln attired as a clown. "You tried to ride them two horses on the Peninsula for two years, Mac," he calls out, "but it wouldn't work."

Another striking cartoon of this presidential campaign depicts the Republican leaders burying the war democracy. The cartoon is called "The Grave of the Union," and was drawn by Zeke. The hearse is being driven by Secretary Stanton, who commenced, "My jackasses had a load, but they pulled it through bravely." In harness and attached to the bodies of jackasses are the heads of Cochrane, Butler, Meagher and Dickinson. At the head of the grave, a sort of master of ceremonies, is the familiar figure of Horace Greeley, saying, "I guess we'll bury it so deep that it will never get up again." By his side is Lincoln, who is inquiring, "Chase, will it stay down?" to which Chase replies, "My God, it must stay down, or we shall



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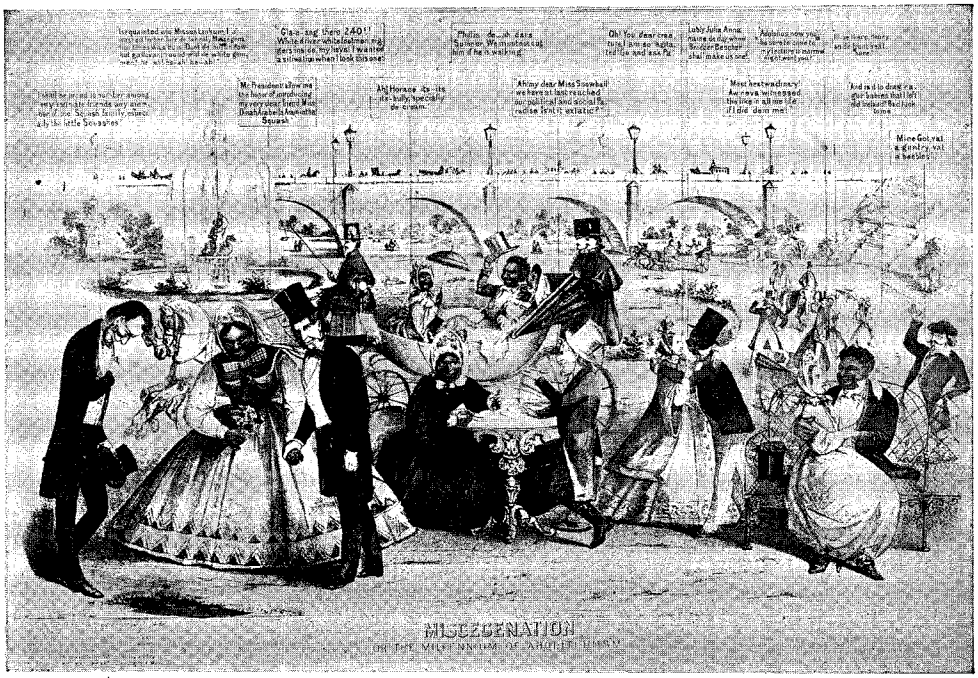
go up." The funeral service is being conducted by Henry Ward Beecher, who is carrying a little negro in his arms. "Not thy will, O Lord, but mine be done." Beecher is reading from the book before him. The coffins about to be lowered into the grave are marked respectively "Free Speech and Free Press," "Habeas Corpus" and "Union."

One of the most striking caricatures suggested by the contest between Lincoln and McClellan for the presidency of 1864 is entitled "The Abolition Catastrophe; or, the November Smash-up." It is really



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nothing more than the old hackneyed idea of the "Presidential Steeplechase" presented in a new guise. The artist, however, proved himself to be a false prophet. It shows a race to the White House between two trains, in which the one on which Lincoln is serving as engineer has just come to destruction on the rocks of "Emancipation," "Confiscation," and "$400,000,000,000 Public Debt." The train in the charge of General McClellan, its locomotive flying the flag "Constitution," is running along smoothly and rapidly and is just turning the curve leading up to the door of the White House. McClellan, watching from his cab the discomfiture of his foe, calls derisively, "Wouldn't you like to swap horses now, Lincoln?" In the coaches behind are the elated passengers of the Democratic train. In striking contrast is the plight in which the Republican Party is shown. Lincoln, thrown up in the air by the shock of the collision, calls back to his rival, "Don't mention it, Mac, this reminds me of a—"—an allusion to the President's fondness for illustrating every argument with a story. From the debris of the wreck of the locomotive peer out the faces of the firemen—two very black negroes. One is calling, "War's de rest ob dis ole darkey? Dis wot yer call 'mancipation?" And the other, "Lor' A'mighty! Massa Lincum, is dis wot yer call Elewating de Nigger?" The passengers behind are in an equally unhappy strait. Secretary Stanton, pinned under the wheels of the first coach, is crying, "Oh, dear! If I could telegraph this to Dix I'd make it out a victory." Among the passengers may be recognised the countenances of Beecher,

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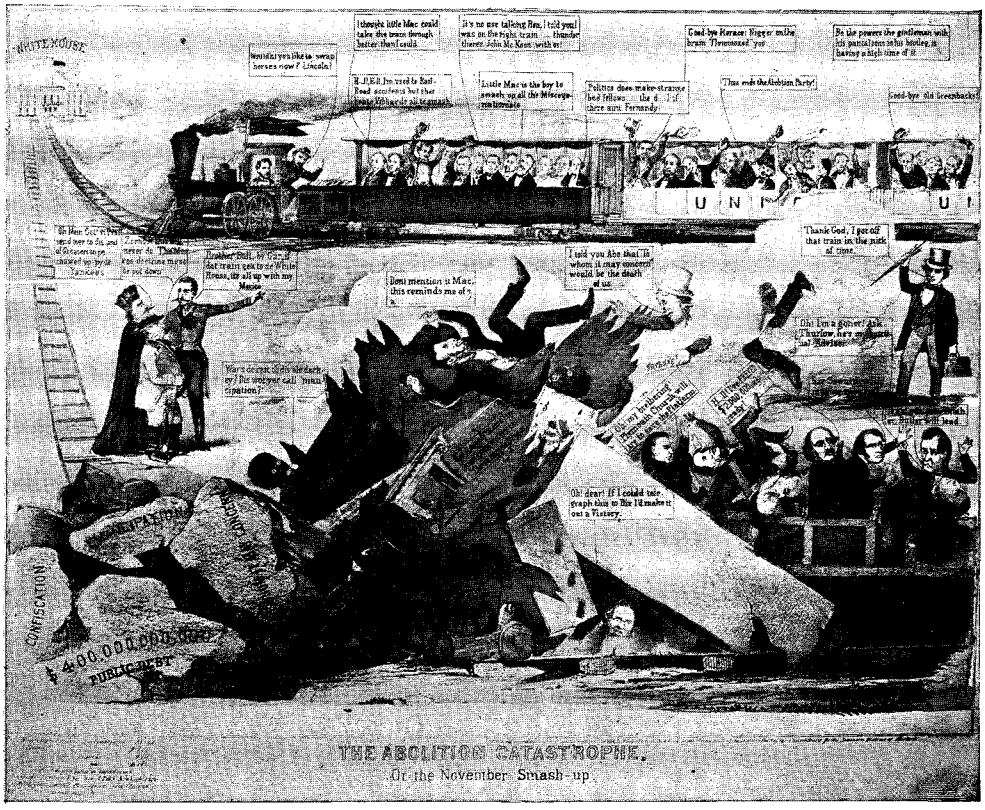
Butler, and Seward, while blown up in the air is Horace Greeley calling out to Lincoln that the disaster only verifies the prediction which had been printed in the *Tribune*. Popular discontent at the unreliability of news of the war found utterance in a skit representing Lincoln as a bartender occupied in concocting a mixed drink, called "New York Press," which he is dextrously pouring back and forth between two tumblers, labelled respectively "Victory" and "Defeat." picture Mr. Lincoln is receiving with great warmth and cordiality Miss Dinah Arabella Aramintha Squash, a negress of unprepossessing appearance, who has as her escort Henry Ward Beecher. At a table near by Horace Greeley is treating another gorgeously attired negress to ice cream. Two repulsive-looking negroes are making violent love to two white women. A passing carriage in charge of a white coachman and two white footmen contains a negro family. In the back-



THE ABOLITION CATASTROPHE.
Or the November Smash-up.

From the Collection of the New York Historical Society.

The ingredients are taken from bottles of "Bunkum," "Bosh," "Brag" and "Soft Sawder."

In the same series as the "Abolition Catastrophe" is a cartoon entitled "Miscegenation; or, the Millenium of Abolition," intended to depict the possible alarming consequences of proclaiming the whole coloured race free and equal. It humorously depicts a scene in which there is absolute social equality between the whites and the blacks. At one end of the ground Englishmen, Frenchmen and others are expressing their astonishment at the condition in which they find American society.

The attempt at escape, the apprehension and the incarceration of the President of the Confederacy are illustrated in a long series of cartoons. Two of the best are "The Confederacy in Petticoats" and "Uncle Sam's Menagerie." The first deals with the capture of Jefferson Davis at Irwinsville by General Wilson's cav-

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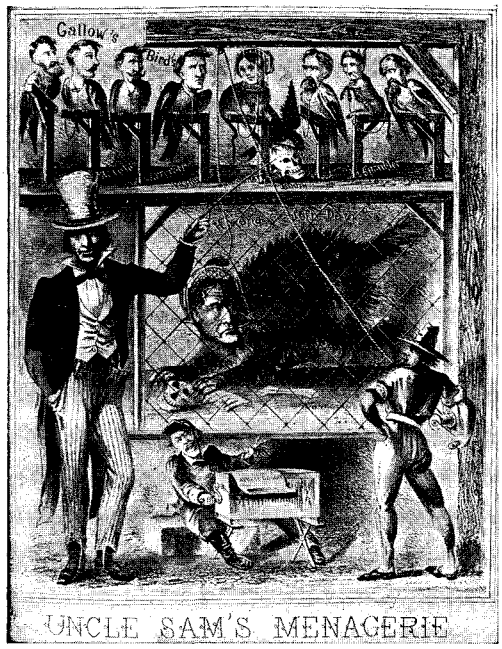

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alry. Davis, attired in feminine dress, is climbing over a fence in order to escape his pursuers. He has dropped his handbag, but he still holds his unsheathed knife. "I thought your government was too magnanimous to hunt down women and children," he calls out to the Union soldiers, one of whom has caught him by the skirts and is trying to drag him back. Mrs. Davis, by her husband's side, is entreating, "Don't irritate the President. He might hurt somebody."

The cartoon "Uncle Sam's Menagerie" shows Davis in captivity at Fortress Monroe. The Confederate president is depicted as a hyena in a cage, playing with a human skull. An Uncle Sam of the smooth-faced type in which he at first appeared is the showman. Round Davis's neck is a noose connecting with a huge gallows and the rope is about to be drawn taut, while from an organ below the cage a musician is grinding out the strain, "Yankee Doodle." In the shape of birds perched on little gallows of their own above the President's cage, each with a noose around his neck, are the figures of the other leaders of the Confederacy. A crow is pecking at a grinning skull under which is written "Booth." To this skull Uncle Sam is playfully pointing with his showman's cane.

Alleged Republican intimidation at the poles in the election of 1864 is assailed in a cartoon representing a Union soldier about to cast his vote for McClellan. A thick-lipped negro stands guard over the ballot box, rifle in hand. He presents the point of the bayonet at the soldier's decorated breast. "Hallo, dar!" he calls

THE CONFEDERACY IN PETTICOATS.

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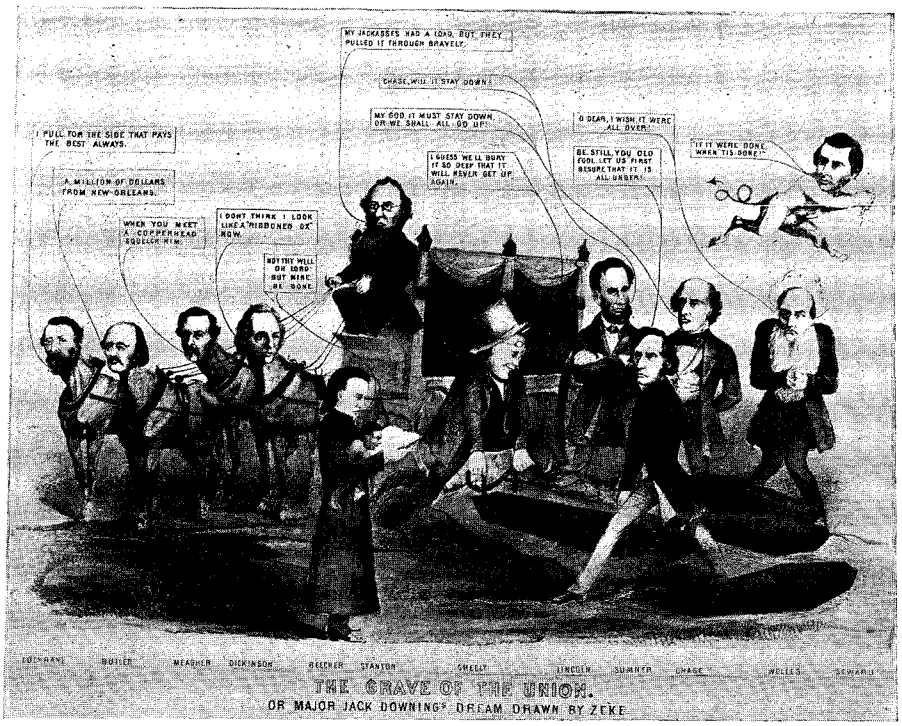
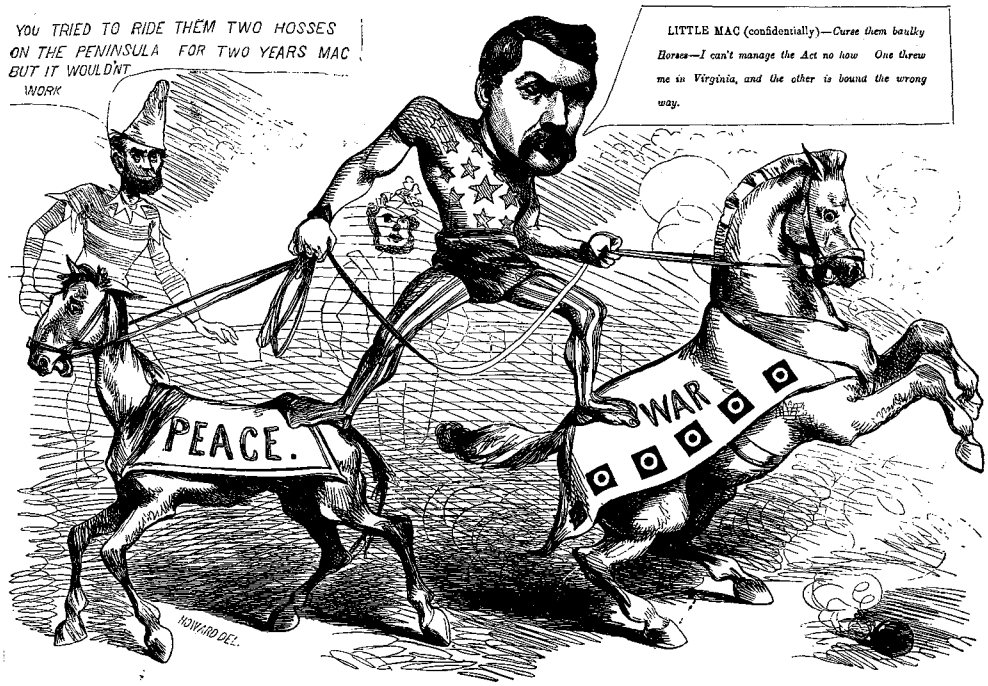


THE GRAVE OF THE UNION.

OR MAJOR JACK DOWNING'S DREAM DRAWN BY ZEKE

From the Collection of the New York Historical Society.



LITTLE MAC, IN HIS GREAT TWO HORSE ACT, IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS OF 1864.

Published by T. W. Strong—60 Nassau Street, New York.

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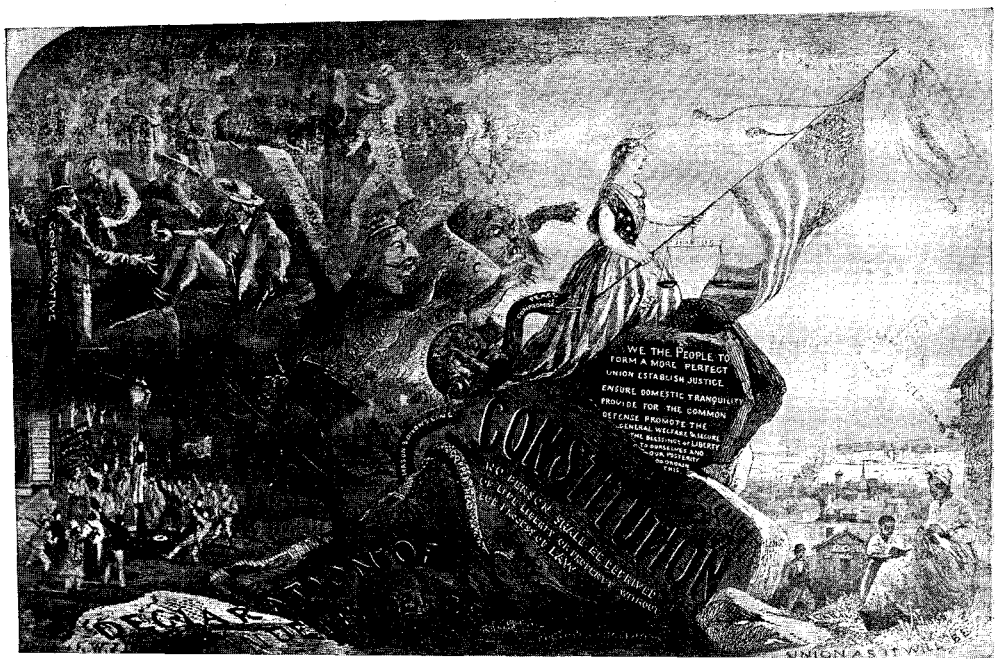

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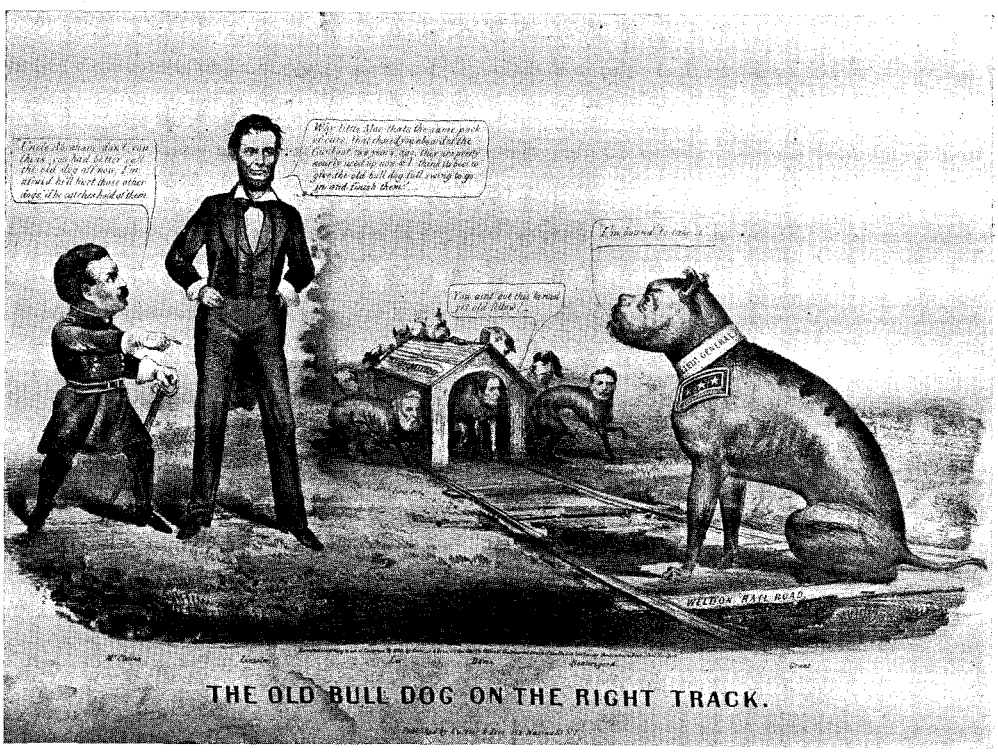

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SOME TYPICAL LINCOLN CARTOONS.

From "Lincoln in Caricature," published by N. M. Ladd.

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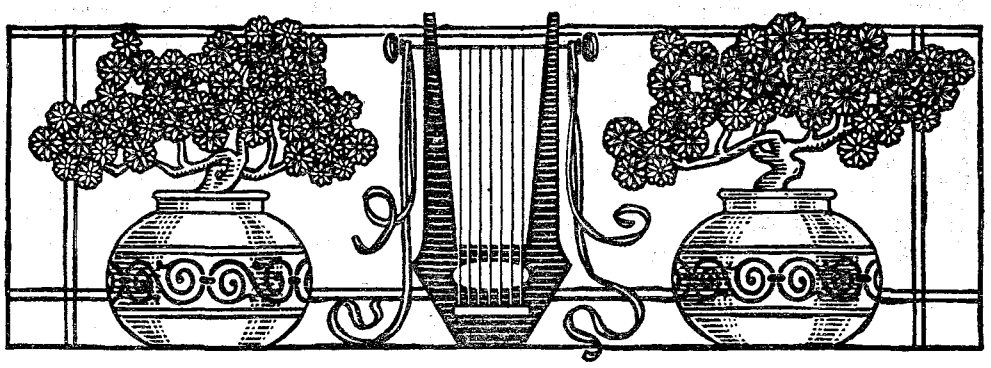
THE NATION MOURNING AT LINCOLN'S BIER. BY TENNIEL IN "PUNCH."

out threateningly, "you can't put in dat, you copper-head traitor, nor any odder, 'cept for Massa Lincoln." To which the soldier sadly replies, "I am an American citizen and did not think I had fought and bled for this. Alas, my country!" A corrupt election clerk is regarding the scene with disquiet. "I'm afraid we shall have trouble if that soldier is not allowed to vote," he says. To which a companion cynically replies, "Gammon him, just turn round; you must pretend you see nothing of the kind going on, and keep on counting your votes."

(*To be continued.*)



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THE HUMAN SIDE OF DARWIN*

Scientists will welcome these further letters of Charles Darwin, not only as contributing important chapters to the history of the development of the evolutionary theory, but as showing the many-sidedness of the great biologist's scholarship. To students of human nature the letters will be fraught with a deeper meaning, providing, as they do, a mirror wherein is reflected the soul of the man. When *The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin* was published some sixteen years ago it was obviously impossible that the portrait of Darwin the man should be complete, for the editor, Mr. Francis Darwin, felt constrained to omit much that had a direct bearing upon the relations between his father and certain persons then alive. It was known, also, that for other reasons important letters were unavailable at that time. Mr. Darwin has since obtained permission to publish these letters, and death has lifted the embargo placed upon the others. The result is a veritable treasure trove of Darwiniana.

Of course, it must be remembered that Charles Darwin was above all things a scientist, and it goes without saying that the letters now made public deal in the main with scientific subjects. Even in the most technical correspondence, however, the close observer may read between the lines and see the Ego peeping forth; may trace, if he choose, the characteristics that combined to make Darwin not alone renowned, but beloved. Of these characteristics the most obvious is kindliness. Darwin was always a kindly man, and never more so than in his dealings with his co-labourers in the pursuit of knowledge. An eloquent tribute to this characteristic is rendered by Professor Judd:

> It is impossible for me adequately to express the impression made upon my mind by my various conversations with Mr. Darwin. His extreme modesty led him to form the lowest estimate of his own labours, and a correspondingly extravagant idea of the value of the work done by others. His deference to the arguments and suggestions of men greatly his juniors, and his unaffected sympathy in their pursuits, was most marked and characteristic; indeed, he, the great master of science, used to speak, and I am sure felt as though he were appealing to superior authority for information in all his conversations. It was only when a question was fully discussed with him that one became conscious of the fund of information he could bring to its elucidation and the breadth of thought with which he had grasped it. Of his gentle, loving nature, of which I had so many proofs, I need not write; no one could be with him, even for a few minutes, without being deeply impressed by his grateful kindliness and goodness.

Darwin could not understand the petty jealousies so often displayed by men of science, the eagerness to belittle the achievements of others. With him it was a point of honour to give credit where credit was due, and in the letters we continually find him acknowledging the assistance received from such men as Hooker, Huxley, Asa Gray and Lyell. His letters to Sir Joseph Hooker are especially noteworthy in this respect. Sir Joseph was probably Darwin's nearest friend, and it is not too much to say that had it not been for him Darwin might not have accomplished so much for botany. But as the editors of these volumes are careful to point out, Sir Joseph did more than supply knowledge and guidance in technical matters; Darwin owed to him a companionship which cheered him to the end of life and sustained him in many weary hours of ill-health.

To Huxley, also, he owed much both in the way of scientific advice and personal friendship. His letters to Huxley make this very clear, and also show how loyal Darwin was to his friends. Nowhere is this loyalty better exemplified than in the correspondence that refers to Sir Richard Owen, the one man who aroused in Darwin's breast a feeling of unappeasable resentment. The Owen letters were wisely omitted from the preceding volumes, for their publication would have been

*More Letters of Charles Darwin. Edited by Francis Darwin, Fellow of Christ's College, and A. C. Seward, Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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extremely painful to the talented naturalist, who is now, however, dead these ten years. His attacks on Darwin were bitterly virulent, and at one time reacted upon himself to such an extent that he was virtually ostracised by men of science. Darwin felt his criticism the more keenly since he and Sir Richard had at one time been warm friends. Probably the most spiteful assault was made in an anonymous article on *The Origin of Species* contributed to the *Edinburgh Review,* which evoked from its victim many savage rejoinders, culminating in a letter to Sir Joseph Hooker:

I liked Rolleston's paper, but I never read anything so obscure and not self-evident as his "canons." I had a dim perception of the truth of your profound remark that he wrote in fear and trembling "of God, man and monkeys;" but I would alter it into "God, man, Owen and monkeys." Huxley's letter was truculent, and I see that every one thinks it too truculent; but in simple truth I am become quite demoniacal about Owen—worse than Huxley, and I told Huxley that I should put myself under his care to be rendered milder. But I mean to try and get more angelic in my feelings; yet I never shall forget his cordial shake of the hand when he was writing as spitefully as he possibly could against me.

After a careful consideration of the Owen letters and of other correspondence dealing with the abuse heaped upon Darwin by clerical as well as by scientific critics, we are firmly convinced that he would never have been so brutally caustic in his treatment of Sir Richard had not the latter seen fit to assail Huxley. It is even possible that, so long as he alone were under fire, Darwin might have remained indifferent to his opponent's spiteful attacks; but once the enemy's guns were trained on his eminent friend, toleration ceased to be a virtue. At an earlier period, speaking of Owen, he had confessed to Huxley that with all his faults he could not help liking Sir Richard, but no such admission was forthcoming from the day the Edinburgh reviewer first besmirched his friend. Nevertheless, we do not find, even in the most bitter strictures upon Owen, any proof of the self-advanced contention that Darwin was by nature a passionate man. He was strong in will and firm of purpose but not passionate. We are insistent upon this because we fear too many will be ready to accept offhand Darwin's estimate of Darwin, and may forget that the so-called passionate ebullitions which he cites with self-reproach were merely the subjective delusions of a mild-mannered genius whose whim it was to persuade himself that he was really very bad-tempered.

Darwin will also live as a prince of optimists, his own opinions to the contrary. Who but an optimist could have faced forty years of almost constant ill-health and have continued, despite his physical sufferings, to look upon the world with a hopeful eye and pursue with unabated zeal his self-appointed tasks? We seldom find him writing complainingly, but often jestingly, of the ills which beset him. Thus, he tells Hooker: "Very far from disagreeing with me, my London visits have just taken to suit my stomach admirably. I begin to think that dissipation, high living, with lots of claret, is what I want and what I had during my last visit." And again, in a letter to Henry Fawcett: "I have returned only lately from a two-months' visit to Torquay, which did my health at the time good; but I am one of those miserable creatures who are never comfortable for twenty-four hours; and it is clear to me that I ought to be exterminated."

It will be remembered by those who read the *Life and Letters* that one thing which troubled Darwin more than his ill-health was his growing distaste for the beautiful in art, music and literature, and his confessed inability to enjoy, as he had enjoyed in earlier years, the works of the great masters. With his characteristic habit of introspection he asked himself why this was and what it betokened:

"This curious and lamentable loss of the higher æsthetic tastes is all the odder, as books on history, biographies and travels (independently of any scientific facts which they may contain) interest me as much as ever they did. My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend I cannot conceive. A man with a mind more highly organised or better constituted than mine

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would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again. I would make it a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.

Some would add that it also enfeebled his spirituality, but to this we must take exception. The highest spirituality is evident in this tender tribute to his wife, addressed to their children:

You all know your mother, and what a good mother she has ever been to all of you. She has been my greatest blessing, and I can declare that in my whole life I have never heard her utter one word I would rather have been unsaid. She has never failed in kindest sympathy toward me, and has borne with the utmost patience my frequent complaints of ill health and discomfort. I do not believe she has ever missed an opportunity of doing a kind action to any one near her. I marvel at my good fortune that she, so infinitely my superior in every single moral quality, consented to be my wife. She has been my wise adviser and cheerful comforter throughout life, which without her would have been during a very long period a miserable one from ill health. She has earned the love of every soul near her.

The home life at Down is in itself ample evidence that Darwin retained spirituality despite his devotion to science. The letters give us but fleeting glimpses at this home life, glimpses sufficient, however, to assure us, even if we had no other testimony, that tranquillity, harmony and peace of mind prevailed in the quiet household. We see the wife devoting herself to her husband's wants, encouraging him, having an abiding faith in him, aiding him in his work, a helpmeet in the truest sense of the word. And we see the children, born scientists like their father, growing up in an atmosphere of love and enlightenment that made them more than his children, made them his comrades and co-laborers. How proud Darwin was of his boys! In a letter to Mr. Anthony Rich, who later left his property to Darwin's children, the paternal love and pride is evident in every line:

Your friend George's work about the viscous state of the earth and tides and the moon has lately been attracting much attention, and all the great judges think highly of the work. He intends to try for the Plumian Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at Cambridge, which is a good and honourable post of about eight hundred a year. I think that he will get it when Challis is dead, and he is very near his end. He has all the great men—Sir W. Thomson, Adams, Stokes, etc.—on his side. He has lately been chief examiner for the Mathematical Tripos, which was tremendous work; and the day before yesterday he started for Southampton for a five weeks' tour to Jamaica for complete rest, to see the Blue Mountains and escape the rigour of the early spring. I believe that George will some day be a great scientific swell. The War Office has just offered Leonard a post in the Government Survey at Southampton, and very civilly told him to go down and inspect the place and accept or not, as he liked. So he went down, but has decided that it would not be worth his while to accept, as it would entail his giving up his expedition (on which he had been ordered) to Queensland, in Australia, to observe the transit of Venus. Dear old William, at Southampton, has not been very well, but is now better. He has had too much work—a willing horse is always overworked—and all the arrangements for receiving the British Association there this summer have been thrown on his shoulders.

It is one of his boys who has given us the pleasure of a better acquaintance with Charles Darwin. We desire to thank him in behalf of the many Darwinian scholars scattered throughout this country, and to assure him that if, as he hints, there may be yet more of his father's letters forthcoming they will be received with the appreciation which they will most certainly deserve.

H. Addington Bruce.

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COMIC OPERA: PAST AND PRESENT

II. Sullivan, Strauss and Others.

The great vogue of opéra bouffe was the incentive for composers in other countries to attempt works of a similar character. After an experimental period, in which poor imitations of Offenbach abounded, these gave place to native products of original and agreeable flavour, which throve luxuriantly.

English operetta owes its origin directly to the inspiration of Offenbach. In 1866 Sir Arthur Sullivan witnessed an amateur performance of *Les Deux Aveugles* and suggested to F. C. Burnand, the editor of *Punch,* that they try something of the kind. They set to work with enthusiasm, and in three weeks had produced *Cox and Box,* a one-act travesty on a current popular farce. While the little piece showed plainly the influence of the French model, it contained within itself the germ of a new school of operetta. It revealed to the composer and to his friends that he possessed a rare gift of musical humour. The very first number is a delightful parody on the old-fashioned type of contrapuntal aria of the days of Bach; and throughout, the fun of the book is accentuated by the music. This flows on clear and limpid from beginning to end, and in the characteristic style familiar to lovers of *Pinafore.* After a few private performances, *Cox and Box* was given publicly, and at once gained the popular favour. It was followed by *La Contrabandista;* and then, busy with other lines of work, Sullivan did nothing further in this direction for five years. In 1871 he met W. S. Gilbert. With *Thespis* they effected the artistic union out of which grew the long and inimitable series of Savoy operas. The history of these works will be found in an article on Sullivan in The Bookman for January, 1901, so it need not be recounted at length in this place. Suffice it to say, for a quarter of a century Gilbert and Sullivan and their stage manager, D'Oyley Carte, who built for them the famous London Savoy Theatre, collaborated in the production of a succession of operettas which captivated the English-speaking world and stamped English operetta as an art form to be considered seriously. *Pinafore, Pirates of Penzance, Patience, Iolanthe, Mikado,* are the strongest vindication this form of musico-dramatic entertainment could have. After the *Mikado,* written in 1885, the collaborators took a somewhat different tack, and in *The Yeoman of the Guard* produced a more serious style of work, the romantic element dominating. In England it was as successful as those that had preceded, and deservedly so. It contains some of Sullivan's best music and Gilbert's prettiest fancy. In America, however, where *Pinafore* had taken the country by storm and every one hummed the *Mikado, The Yeoman of the Guard* and its successor, *Ruddigore,* missed fire. They were thought too serious for comic opera and too light for grand opera—the only recognised classification—and so they failed of effect. After *Ruddigore* there came a reversion to the normal type in the *Gondoliers,* one of the merriest of them all; and thereafter the earlier style continued the pattern.

The Gilbert and Sullivan operetta is as characteristic a form as opéra bouffe. It is as pronouncedly English as the latter is French. To opéra bouffe it owes scarcely anything except its origin. The conventions are entirely new, and the treatment also. The artistic fusion of librettist and composer is complete, but the individual talents of each are allowed free play. The same is not true in the case of opéra bouffe. Offenbach's librettists were clever, but they always subordinated their ideas to the composer's, and if, as he once put it, he was wedded to his librettist during the process of creation of an opera, the marriage was not one of equality. A successful playwright, Gilbert was at the height of his powers when he met Sullivan. He was a born student of the drama, and had even collaborated with other musicians in the hybrid productions of the time; so that he was technically and practically well equipped for his task. On Sullivan, England had built great hopes ever since he carried off the first Mendelssohn scholarship, the youngest of the competitors. Educated at Leipzig under the best masters, he returned with a fin-

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ished musical training. He brought back his incidental music to the *Tempest,* and with it advanced well into prominence and popularity. His talents were soon exercised in many directions, all with equal success, and the felicitous outcome of his experiment in operetta surprised none who knew his great versatility.

Gilbert's bent was satirical. In *Pinafore* he pokes fun at the English navy, in the *Pirates of Penzance* at the police, in *Patience* at the army and the "æsthetic" craze that swept over London in the seventies, in *Iolanthe* at the House of Lords, and so on down the list. Keen and pungent as his satire is, it never wounds and is always tempered by good taste. He created a convention of humour entirely his own. His plots are cleverly worked out and his dialogue, sparkling and witty, gives evidence of careful writing. It is quite impossible to mention more than a few of the musical gems scattered in profusion through the scores. Writing for the general masses and with every temptation to produce commonplace, salable music, Sullivan held his art in too high esteem to abate one jot from what he thought its due. He shunned vulgarity as a pestilence, and the predominating characteristic of his music is refinement of style. With the sure instinct of genius he dared to be simple. In such music as the concerted number "Farewell, My Own," from *Pinafore,* the effect of the harmonies, elementary as they are, is strikingly beautiful. So also the piece "I Hear the Soft Note of the Echoing Voice," from *Patience.* Of sentiment that never descends to sentimentality or maudlin cheapness, the duet in the *Pirates of Penzance,* "Oh, Leave Me Not to Pine," and the Ballad from *Iolanthe,* "He Loves," are excellent examples. The thoroughness of Sullivan's schooling is seen for one thing in the purity of his part writing, such as in the unaccompanied quartettes, "Brightly Dawns Our Wedding Day," from the *Mikado,* "Strange Adventure! Maiden Wedded," from *The Yeoman of the Guard,* and "Joy and Sorrow Alternate," from the *Rose of Persia,* his last completed opera. Specific and quotable instances of humour in these scores are not easily pointed out. The proverbial "What, never?" episode in *Pinafore* owes certainly as much to the musical treatment as to the words. The quartet from the *Gondoliers,* "In a Contemplative Fashion," with its alternating slow and quick movements and effective climax, is one of the most humorous bits in operatic literature. The Handelian chant of the usher in the early comic cantata *Trial by Jury* is a funny touch, while the fugue that introduces the learned Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe* is a stroke of genius. Finally, everything is helped by the exquisite orchestral finish which makes Sullivan's scores a boon to the musical student. He was a past master of instrumentation, and wrote in a pure, clear manner that recalls Mendelssohn, whose influence he readily acknowledged.

While Gilbert and Sullivan were practically the originators of English operetta, and its foremost exponents as well, the beginnings are to be traced to the so-called German Reed Entertainments. The outcome of a protest against the "Frenchiness" and other objectionable features of the theatrical performances of the middle of the last century, these entertainments were originated by Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, excellent artist-musicians, in the endeavour to provide light and wholesome dramatic amusement. They presented deodorised versions of Offenbach's works and others, and likewise encouraged native talent. The first of the home-made productions were colourless and scarcely accomplished their object of entertaining; but gradually matters improved and the repertory was strengthened with original pieces of real merit, half operatic, half farcical. Burnand, Gilbert, T. W. Robertson and others collaborated with Clay, Brough, Molloy and Cellier in the production of these musical pieces—rather formless, but nevertheless agreeable and popular. Frederic Clay was a musician of undoubted and refined talent. As early as 1862, while opéra bouffe was yet young, he had written a light musical work for the stage, full of promise, entitled *Court in a Cottage.* It was received with considerable favour, and was followed by a number of others, some of which the German Reeds performed. Among them *Ages Ago* and *Happy Arcadia,* librettos by Gilbert, may be mentioned as the cleverest and musically strongest. But until Sullivan had stamped

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English operetta with definite formal qualities, all these light musical pieces lacked outline and character. In his later years, Clay built on the Sullivan model. In America, completely overshadowed by his countryman, he is practically unknown. Sullivan himself speaks of him in the following terms: "In all his work Mr. Clay shows a natural gift of graceful melody and a feeling for rich harmonic colouring."

Alfred Cellier is another Englishman who followed in the path of Sullivan. He, too, had earlier written for the German Reeds. Of his operettas, the *Sultan of Mocha* (1874) and *Dorothy* (1886) contain the most pleasing music. The latter enjoyed a long run when first produced, and is not entirely unknown here. Cellier did not have the strength, musically speaking, to found a school; but in following Sullivan he exhibited his talents in their best light. Edward Jakobowski, whose *Erminie* won a wide success some seventeen years ago, and has been revived from time to time for the delectation of large audiences, may be mentioned in this place. That operetta, the only successful one from his pen, is the prototype of *Robin Hood* and other American works, of which more anon. The music is light and graceful, though lacking in individuality. Finally, the name of Edward Solomon suggests itself. His *Billée Taylor,* a frank imitation of *Pinafore*—and a good one too—had a flattering run, and Solomon bid fair to establish himself as one of the foremost writers of light opera music. But he later devoted himself to pieces of the nondescript sort so prevalent to-day here and in England—pieces which owe their existence largely to the theatrical managers who foster them under the delusion that the public must be "written down to." The only English writer of operetta of prominence at the present time is Edward German, on whom Sullivan's mantle may be said to have fallen. He wrote the greater part of Sullivan's posthumous work, *The Emerald Isle,* and at once proved his ability to carry on the traditions of the elder composer. His melodic vein is productive and his sense of dramatic purpose well developed. An excellent example of his style is "The Song of the Devonshire Men," from the opera just named, a rousing, typical English ballad. *Merrie England,* the successor of *The Emerald Isle,* still holds the boards at the London Savoy Theatre. It is said to contain excellent comic opera material.

Turning from England to the Continent, one finds that Offenbach's seed fell on fruitful soil in Austria. He was emulated there by Franz von Suppé and Johann Strauss. Suppé well earned his sobriquet of the "German Offenbach." Born in 1820, one year later than Offenbach, Suppé displayed precocious musical gifts. He enjoyed the advantages of a thorough musical education and early made his mark. In 1847 he brought out his first dramatic work, *Das Mädchen vom Lande,* which met with wild success. From that time forward, operas, masses, vaudevilles and compositions of all varieties flowed from his pen and kept him constantly before the public. Outside of Austria and Germany, he is known as the composer of *Fatinitza* (1876), *Boccaccio* (1879), and the ever-popular overture *Poet and Peasant,* of which over fifty arrangements for different combinations of instruments exist. But in his own country, many of his operas are in the active repertories, and overtures and excerpts still figure prominently on the programmes. Suppé's resemblance to Offenbach is mainly in the fluency and animation of his music and in its theatrical quality. The last is a noteworthy characteristic. The composer does not attempt much in the way of parody or caricature. His frequent use of the conventions and artificialities of French and Italian grand opera is not meant to be taken, as Offenbach's always was, in a jocular way, but seriously; though at times he does exaggerate the absurdity of some device to the point of humour. Like his French prototype, Suppé wrote melody that seemed to have its root in the soil, so genuine, unaffected and folk-song like it is. But it is the homely and sentimental German folk-song, not the saucy, *sans culotte* type of the Parisians. A good example is the ingratiating melody which constitutes the slow movement in *Poet and Peasant* overture, and another is the "Ständchen" from *Boccaccio.* Suppé wrote rousing marches. His orchestration is sonorous, brilliant and effective, albeit sometimes vulgar. His later operas show the influence of Strauss; not so much in matter

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JOHANN STRAUSS.

as in manner. For Strauss really gave to Viennese operetta its individual and characteristic stamp.

The atmosphere of Vienna is very similar to that of Paris, and it is natural to find the popularity of Offenbach in his adopted home duplicated in the Austrian capital. Three theatres filled their doors nightly with a repertory consisting entirely of his opéras bouffes. Their gayety, vivacity and piquancy found a responsive chord in the Viennese breast. At the time of the Offenbach invasion of Vienna the most popular composer of the day was Johann Strauss, whose fascinating waltzes were world-known. The furore over the French opéras bouffes induced him to enter the field. This step was viewed doubtfully by many of his most ardent admirers; and their misgivings were not altogether removed by his first attempt, *Indigo,* produced in 1871. It was little more than a potpourri of waltzes and polkas strung on a very slender thread. The hand of the waltz king was poorly concealed. But there were possibilities in Strauss still unrealised. He was more than a writer of dance music in the narrow sense. His waltzes are not mere dance tunes, but real tone poems. The introductions and codas show imaginative painting full of grace, charm and originality, and his compositions deservedly won the praise and admiration of the greatest musicians of his time. Once in the domain of operetta, he soon felt the greater opportunities for the exercise of his powers, and steadily gained in the appreciation of stage effects and in the freedom with which he handled them.

But a few words as to the facts of his life. He was born at Vienna in 1825, the oldest of three brothers, who all inherited musical talent from their father. The elder Johann had commenced his profes-

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sional career as a violinist in a little band organised by Edward Lanner, which played at one of the restaurants in Vienna. Lanner was noted for his skill as a leader and for his characteristic waltzes. On one occasion, being rather pressed for time, he asked his young colleague to supply a waltz for the evening's concert. This gave Strauss his opportunity, and he showed himself quite equal to the task. Lanner's orchestra soon had more engagements than they could meet. Strauss then divided the labours by conducting one section of the band, while Lanner took the other. His orchestra, later an independent organisation, was more and more sought after. He travelled through Europe, exciting everywhere the greatest enthusiasm, especially in the performance of his own music. Despite his happy experience as a professional musician he opposed his son's desire to take up the same career; but the boy insisted. Upon his father's death in 1849 Johann the younger took charge of his orchestra, and with it travelled all over the Continent and to America. He followed his father's custom of introduc-

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

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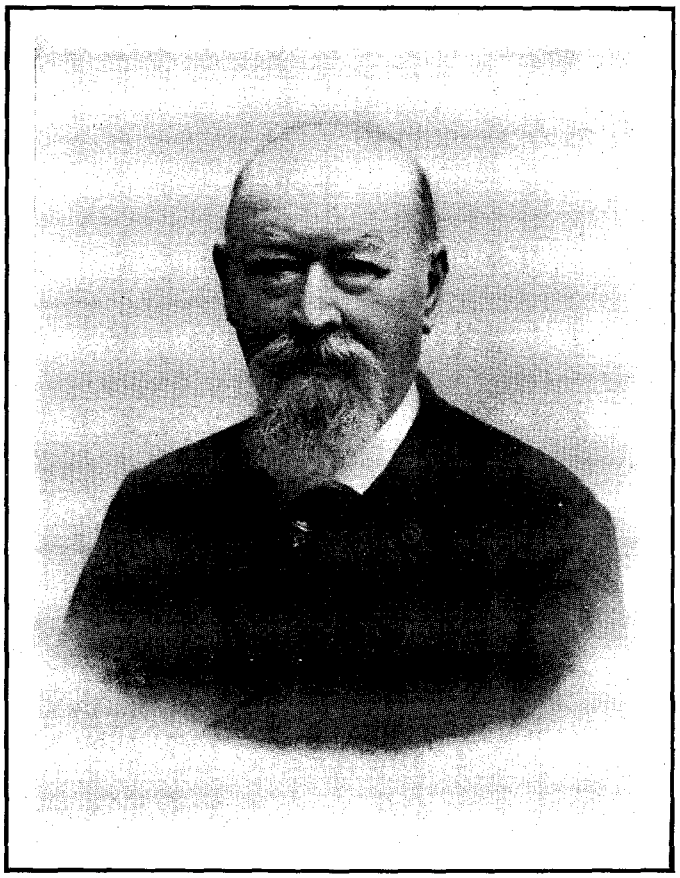
ing original compositions of his own; and the name of Johann Strauss, already famed, took an added lustre when the second bearer of it won the title of "Waltz King." In all, he wrote over four hundred pieces of dance music. The most popular, the "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz, originally a vocal chorus, has become almost a second Austrian national hymn. The rhythmic swing which penetrates to the very marrow of a Strauss waltz is more easily recognised than described. Its charm lies in its subtlety. It is superfluous, however, to dwell upon the characteristics of the Strauss waltz. Fortunately the present generation has almost as intimate an acquaintance with it as the last. It may be said in leaving the subject that Strauss did for the orchestral waltz what Schubert, Chopin and Brahms have done for the pianoforte waltz. It is a real work of art, an imaginative tone poem, and withal unsurpassed as dance music.

Strauss followed *Indigo* with *Der Karneval in Rom, Die Fledermaus, Der Lustige Krieg, Prinz Methusalem, Der Zigeunerbaron* and a number of others. They achieved immediate success and soon made their way over the whole globe. There is a wealth of melody, bright, gay and "catchy," in these operettas. The concerted numbers and finales are often ambitious, but never overweighted or too pretentious for their surroundings. The insistent Viennese swing is kept up from first page to last, and the barren spots are few. But it must be admitted there is a certain monotony growing out of the constant succession of dance tunes, which is not altogether concealed or relieved by the little episodic passages interspersed between, charming as these are. One misses the rhythmic



FRANZ VON SUPPÉ.

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variety found in Offenbach's and Sullivan's music. There is, too, at times a feeling of "patchiness," as though the successive movements did not completely join on to each other. Rounded ballads are rare, and those that there are seem for the most part to lack spontaneity. Strauss seldom stays to work out or elaborate a theme. He writes a phrase—eight or sixteen bars, as the case may be—and then commences another. If there is a repetition, it is literal. Of course, there are parts of the operettas against which these criticisms cannot hold, for example, the "Du und du" finale to the second act of *Die Fledermaus,* a very skilful and effective operatic close. But as a general proposition it may be said that Strauss, with the instincts of a dramatic composer, lacked the *theatrical* aptitude necessary to a composer for the stage. He was first and foremost a writer of dance music. Compare his operas with those of Offenbach and the superiority of the latter as works for the stage is manifest. Offenbach and the other Frenchmen showed this theatrical aptitude in a remarkable degree. For example, the waltz ending to the second act of Lecocq's *Madame Angot* is peculiarly suited to stage surroundings. It is employed purely in a theatrical manner and to illuminate the text. Strauss's operatic waltzes, on the other hand, are identical in pattern with those he wrote simply as dance music. In point of fact, Strauss often took them bodily out of the operas for use as dance music.

It is natural to conclude that the Strauss operetta, the pioneer and form-giver of Viennese operetta—for those of Suppé's works that preceded Strauss's had the conventional form of Italian opera—differs materially from the French and English type; and so it is. Strauss originated an entirely new school. That it has vitality is proven by the large number of his followers. As in his works, so in them all, the dance is the basis. Everything leads up to the principal waltz number. The music is always pleasing and piquantly scored, graceful and has plenty of snap. But there is little humour in it. One notable exception occurs in the opening of the third act of *Die Fledermaus.* The hero enters bowed down with the cares of "Katzenjammer," and the music faithfully reflects his mental disturbance with irresistibly droll effect. One is reminded of a similar scene in Wagner's *Die Meistersinger,* where Beckmesser, wounded in body and spirit by the events of the preceding night, enters Sach's house. Touches such as this, rare in Strauss, are scarcely to be found at all in the operettas of other German composers.

Among Strauss's collaborators, perhaps the best was Richard Genée. Like the Italian Boito, who worked so successfully with Verdi, Genée was a musician, too, and tried his skill at operetta. *Nanon,* produced in 1877, his best-known work, is a good example of the later Viennese operetta. Carl Millöcker, composer of *Der Feldprediger,* or *The Black Hussar,* as its English title is, *Der Bettelstudent, Der Armer Jonathan* and numerous others, combined a good knowledge of musical writing with a vein of tuneful melody. He has vied in popularity with Strauss, though by no means his peer. Carl Zeller, who wrote *Der Vogelhändler* and *Der Obersteiger,* also deserves mention for his sprightly music. Other names might be added, but the list is already long.

Viennese operetta never took firm root in America, although in Germany and Austria Suppé, Strauss, and Millöcker are almost as popular as ever. American operetta, what there is of it, is based on the English type, more particularly that of *Erminie.* DeKoven's *Robin Hood,* produced in 1890, and several of Victor Herbert's works have distinct merit, but for the most part there is little to be said of it. The librettos were from the start inferior. *Wang, The Lion Tamer* and *El Capitan* were in their way pleasing, but colourless and unoperatic; and the fortunes of American operetta, never very firm, have steadily declined, until to-day there is practically nothing worthy of the name. English musical comedy as represented by *The Geisha, The Circus Girl, Florodora* and *The Silver Slipper* has at least the negative merit of claiming to be no better than it is. Then there are the now rampant burlesques and farces with scattered musical numbers and minus plot—a development of the Weber and Fields type. In their place they are unobjectionable, but they are not substitutes for the operettas of yore. But when it comes to "comic operas," such as *The Sultan of*

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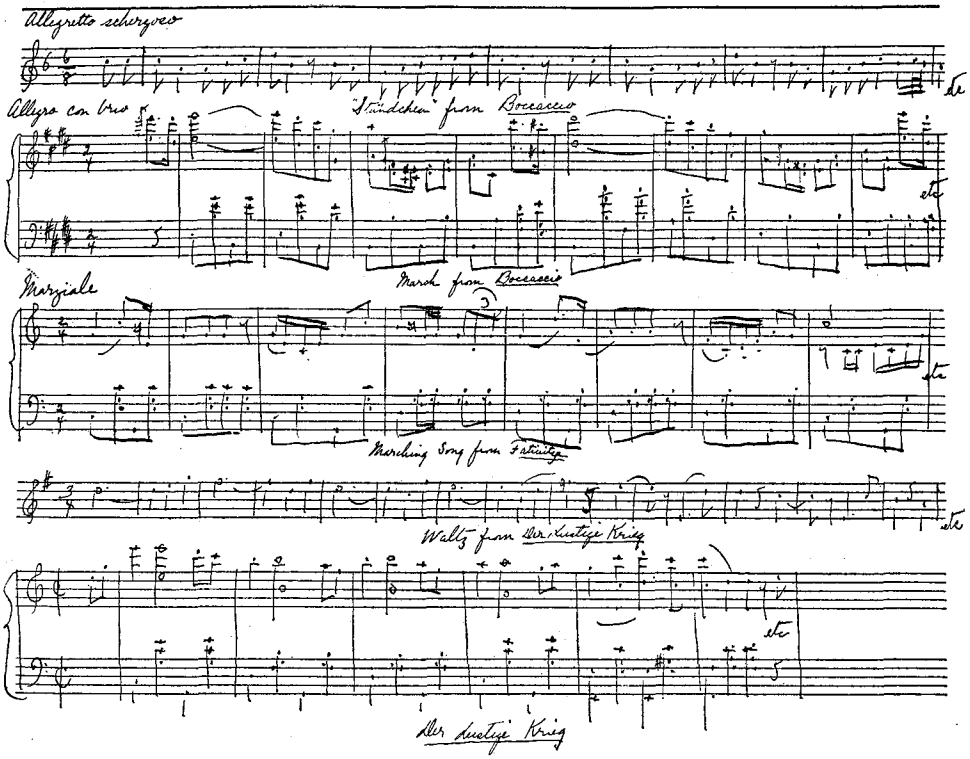

Sulu, et id omne genus, it is time for the musical critic to lay down his pen. They have no musical style, no dramatic value, no formal excellence—nothing to bring them within the pale of art. Their utter frivolity makes serious consideration out of place.

This is, perhaps, the wrong time to predict the future of comic opera. To-day is certainly the low-water mark in its history. Is it going to perish altogether? The emphatic success of the Castle Square Opera Company, one-half of whose activities consists in the revival and production of the operettas here under consideration, shows that a public for these works still exists. But the ultimate salvation of comic opera would seem to lie in that very circumstance which has apparently caused its present decline. If, as suggested in the former of these papers, the desire for novelty has led the masses thus far away from the operetta of two decades ago, this same desire may lead them back. Thus should the whirligig of time bring in his revenges. The day is near when musical comedy and burlesque will no longer satisfy the public's hunger for something new. In their further quest they may easily light upon the operettas of the past and adopt them once more as genuine novelties. The requirements are simple—a few years to give people the opportunity to forget Offenbach, Sullivan and Strauss—and they are rapidly doing so—and an astute manager to prepare at the proper time an elaborate revival. *Lewis M. Isaacs.*

THE ROAD TO FAME TO-DAY

(*With due acknowledgment to the distinguished author of "Mandalay."*)

By the old Encyclopædia, in those bulky tomes I see,
There's a bright historic setting, and that setting is for me;
For the wind is in that quarter, and the publishers exclaim:
"Lay it back, you budding author; lay it back for hopes of fame."

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That's the road to heights of fame,
Where the lucre pays the game;
Can't you 'ear the bloomin' dramatist a-beggin' of the same?
O, the dizzy heights of fame
Where the publishers exclaim:
Can't you let us 'ave—well, anythink—that bears your honoured name?"

They will bring one out in yellow; out in green the next they'll bring;
Those faithful pictures of the times of every risqué king,
An' we see their swords a-slashin' of their enemies, an' then
See 'em give un-Christian kisses to the wives of other men.
That's the way to wield your pen;
Makes you feel that they *were* men;
Then write another chapter just to tell it all again.
That's the road to heights of fame. . . .

When the modern was the rich field, and its sale was fairly free,
We'd git our little stipend from "The Mighty Powers That Be;"
For a tale about our village, and its humble daily train,
An' we useter snatch a livin' an' pile up a modest gain.
Givin' fancy freest reign
In a quiet country lane,
When the plot of every novel wasn't 'arf way back to Cain.
But
That's the road to heights of fame. . . .

But that's all shove be'ind us long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain't no checks a-waitin' fur the modernist to-day;
An' I'm learnin' of the lesson, that the yearly fiction tells:
"If you 'ear the Past a-callin', you won't never need naught else."
No, you'll not need nothin' else,
If you take what History tells
Of the courtin' an' the fightin' of those old historic swells.
That's the road to heights of fame. . . .

Pick me out one of the Louis'; they will like the worst the best;
One who broke the most Commandments, and who rather cracked the rest;
For the wind is in that quarter, an' it's there I'll make a name,
By the old historic setting runs the rapid road to fame.
That's the road to heights of fame,
Where the lucre pays the game;
Can't you 'ear the bloomin' dramatist a-beggin' of the same?
O, the dizzy heights of fame
Where the publishers exclaim:
Can't you let us 'ave—well, anythink—that bears your honoured name?"

Beatrice Hanscom.

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THE SHERRODS

By George Barr McCutcheon

CHAPTER VI.

THE GIRL IN GREY.

For days after the fight Jud caught himself stealing surreptitious glances at his wife, with the miserable feeling that some time he would take her unawares and detect scornful pity in her eyes. He was sure she could not respect a man who had been forced to submit to defeat, especially after he had vaingloriously forced the conflict upon an unwilling foe.

But Justine loved him more deeply than ever. In her eyes he was a hero. For her sake he had fought a desperate man in the face of certain defeat.

At the house as she tenderly bathed his swollen face, "Jud," she said, "you won't fight him again, will you?" A lump rose in his throat. He felt that she was begging him to desist merely because she knew his shameful incompetency.

"You won't fight him again, will you?" she repeated earnestly.

"I can't whip him, Justine," he said humbly. "I thought I could. How you must despise me!"

"Despise you! Despise *you!* Oh, how I love you, Jud!" she cried. He looked into her eyes, fearing to see a flicker of dishonesty, but none was there.

"I won't fight him until I know I can lick him fair and square. It may be never, but maybe I'll be man enough some day. He's too much for me now. He'd have killed me if it hadn't been for you, dear. Good God, Justine, I thought I was dying. You don't know how terrible it was!"

The story of the fight was soon abroad. The fact that Jud's face bore few signs of the conflict struck the people as strange. 'Gene had told wondrous tales of his victory. On the other hand, 'Gene's face was a mass of cuts and bruises. It was hard for them to believe, but the farmers soon found themselves saying that Jud Sherrod had whipped 'Gene Crawley. Even when Jud acknowledged that 'Gene had whipped him, every one said that Jud was so magnanimous that he "couldn't crow over 'Gene."

"Now, mebby 'Gene Crawley 'll take back what he said 'bout Jed an' Jestine las' spring," said James Hardesty, down at the toll-gate, in the presence of a large audience. "He'll keep his dern mouth shet now, I reckon. He cain't go 'roun' here talkin' like that 'bout our women folks. Gosh dern him, ef he ever opened his head 'bout my wife I'd knock him over into Butter Township, Indiany. What 'n thunder 's the use bein' afeared o' 'Gene Crawley? He's a big blow an' he cain't lick nobody 'nless he gets in a crack 'fore the other feller 's ready. Good gosh, ef I was as young as some o' you fellers, I'd had him licked forty-seven times 'fore this."

So 'Gene's reputation as a fighter suffered. But not for long. Harve Crose, Joe Perkins and Link Overshine undertook, on separate occasions, to "take it out'n his hide" for old-standing grievances and 'Gene re-established himself in their estimation. Link Overshine was in bed for a week afterwards.

The winter passed rather uneventfully. In a few of the simpler country gatherings, Jud and Justine took part, but poverty kept them pretty closely at home. The yield of grain had not been up to the average and prices were low. It was only by skimping almost to niggardliness that they managed to make both ends meet during the last months of the winter. Justine's school teaching was their salvation, notwithstanding the fact that the township was usually in arrears. Jud chopped wood for an extra dollar now and then. Justine made frocks for herself.

She always wore plain colours and plain material. The other girls wondered why it was that Justine Van—they always called her Justin Van—looked "so nice in them cheap little calicoes." The trimness and daintiness of her dress was refreshing in a community where the taste of woman ran to ribbons, rainbows and remnants. No girl in the neighbourhood considered herself befit-

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tingly gowned for parade unless she could spread sail with a dozen hues in the breeze, the odour of perfume in the air and unblushing pink in her cheeks. Society in Clay Township could never be accused of colour-blindness. The young gallants, in their store clothes, were to be won by ribbons and rouge, and, as the sole object of the girls was to get married and have children, the seasons apparently merged in an everlasting Eastertide. Justine, then, aroused curiosity. In the winter she wore a rough, black coat and a featherless fedora. In the spring her modest gowns would have been sniffed at had they covered the person of any one less dainty. A single rose in her dark hair, a white trifle at her throat, or a red ribbon somewhere, made up her tribute to extravagance.

Jud sketched her adoringly. He had scores of posings, even when spring came, and they began to plant. In the midst of privation they found time to be happy. It was on one of their Sunday afternoon sketching expeditions that an incident occurred which was to change the whole course of their lives. They had walked several miles across the hills, through leafy woodland, to Proctor's Falls. Here the creek wriggled through a mossy dell until it came to a sudden drop of twenty feet or more, into a pool whose shimmering surface lay darkly in the shade of great trees that lined the banks. It was one of the prettiest spots in the country and Jud had long meant to try his skill in sketching it.

This day he sat far down the ravine, facing the Falls, and rested his back against a tree. She nestled beside him, leaning against his shoulder, watching with proud eyes the hand that fashioned the picture. To her, his art was little short of the marvellous; to a critic, it would have shown crudities enough, though even the faults were those of genius. Her eye followed his pencil with a half-knowing squint, sending an occasional glance into Nature's picture up the glen, as if seeing blemishes in the subject rather than in the work of the artist.

"What a pity there is not more water coming over the rock," she said regretfully. "And that log would look better if it were turned upside down, don't you think, Jud? Goodness, how natural you have made it, though. I don't see how you do it."

Presently she ventured, somewhat timidly: "Don't you think you might sell some of your pictures, Jud, dear? If I were rich, I know I'd like to have them, and I——"

"They're yours, anyway," he interrupted, laughing. "Everything I draw is yours. You don't have to be rich."

"I mean, I'd like to have them if I was somebody else, somebody who wasn't anything to you. They'd look so nice in frames, Jud. Honestly, they would. Dear me, they're much nicer than those horrid things 'Squire Roudebush paid a dollar and a quarter apiece for."

"Nobody would want to buy my things, Justine. They're not worth the paper they cover. Now, who the dickens is there in this county that would give me a dollar for the whole lot? I couldn't give them away—that is, excepting those I've made of you. Everybody wants one of you. I guess I must draw you better than anything else."

"You make me look so much prettier than I really am," she expostulated.

"No, I don't, either," he responded. For a long time she forgot to look at his pencil. Her eyes were bent reflectively upon the brown, smooth face with the studious wrinkle in the forehead, and she was not thinking of the picture. Suddenly she patted his cheek and afterwards toyed in silence with the curls that clustered around his ear.

An elderly lady, a slender young woman in a modish gown of grey, and a tall, boyish chap slowly approached the point from which Proctor's Falls could best be viewed. Their clothes and manner proclaimed them to be city people. The boy, over whose sullen forehead tilted a rakish travelling cap, seemed to be expostulating with the young woman. From his manner it was easy to be seen that he did not regard further progress into the wilds as pleasant, profitable or necessary. The elder lady, who was fleshy, evidently supported the youth in his impatience, but the grey gown was enthusiastically in the foreground and was determined to push its very charming self into the heart of the sylvan discovery.

When they had come within a hundred feet of the big tree that sheltered the artist and his companion, the little bit of

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genre in their landscape attracted them. The visitors halted and surveyed the unconscious couple, the young lady showing curiosity, the young man showing disgust, the old lady showing indecision. Their brief discussion resolved itself into a separation of forces. The young lady petulantly forsook her companions and picked her way through the trees toward the Falls.

"Let 'em alone, sis," objected the youth, as she persisted in going forward; "it's some country jay and his girl and he'll not thank you."

"Oh, go back to the train, Randall," interrupted the young maiden. "He won't eat me, you know, and one can't see that pretty little waterfall unless one gets out there where your lovers sit. If you won't go with me, let me go alone in peace. Wait here, mamma, until I come back and don't let little Randall sulk himself into tears."

"You make me sick," growled the youth wrathfully.

The girl in grey soon came to the edge of the little opening in which Jud and Justine sat, pausing some twenty feet away to smile admiringly upon the unsuspecting pair. It was a charming picture that lay before her and she was loth to disturb its quiet beauty. With a sudden feeling that she might be intruding, she turned to steal away as she had come. A twig crackled under her shoe. The other girl startled, looked up at her with amazement in her eyes, her ripe lips apart as if ready to utter an exclamation that would not come. The youth's eyes also were upon her. The intruder, feeling painfully out of place, laughed awkwardly, her cheeks turning a brilliant pink.

"I did not mean to disturb you," she stammered. "I wanted to see the Falls and—and—well, you happened to be here."

Jud recovered himself first and, in visible agitation, arose, not forgetting to assist to her feet his wife, who in all her life had seen no such creature as this. To her the stranger was like a visitor from another world. Her own world had been Clay Township. She did not dream that she was the cause of envy in the heart of the immaculate stranger, who, perhaps, for the first time in her short, butterfly life, was looking upon a perfect type of rural health and loveliness.

"You don't disturb us," said Jud quickly. "I was only trying to draw the Falls and I—we don't mind. You can see very well if you will step over here by the tree."

"But you must not let me disturb you for the tiniest second. Please go on with your drawing," said the stranger, pausing irresolutely. She was waiting for an invitation from the vivid creature at Jud's side.

"He has it nearly finished," said Justine, almost unconsciously. The new arrival was charmed more than ever by the soft, timid voice.

"Won't you let me see the picture, too?" she asked eagerly. "Let me be the critic. I'll promise not to be harsh." But Jud, suddenly diffident, put the picture behind him and shook his head with an embarassed smile.

"Oh, it's no good," he said. "I don't know anything about drawing and—"

"Let me judge as to that," persisted Grey Gown, more eager than before, now that she had found opposition. "I am sure it must be good. Your modesty is the best recommendation." She held forth her small gloved hand appealingly. Justine looked upon that hand in admiration. It was so unlike her own strong brown hand.

"It isn't quite finished," objected Jud, pleased and almost at ease. She was charmingly fair and unconventional.

"This is the first time he ever tried to get the Falls," apologised Justine, and her smile bewitched the would-be critic. She was charmed with these healthy, comely strangers, found so unexpectedly in the wilds. They were not like the rustics she had seen or read about.

"Then I'll watch him finish it," she said decisively. "Will it take a very long while?"

"Just a few more lines," said Jud. "But I can't work with any one looking on."

"Wasn't this young lady looking on?"

"Oh, but I am different," cried Justine.

"I know," said the other delightedly, "you are—are sweethearts. Of course, that does make a difference. Now, aren't you sweethearts?" The two flushed unreasonably and exchanged glances.

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"I guess it's not hard to guess that," said Jud lamely. "You probably saw us before we saw you."

"Show her the picture," murmured Justine, dimly conscious that she and Jud had seemed amusing to a stranger. Jud reluctantly held up the sketching board. The stranger uttered a little cry of amazement.

"Why!" she cried, looking from the picture to the Falls up the glen, "this is clever!" Then a quizzical expression came into her eyes and she looked from one to the other with growing uncertainty. "Pardon me, I thought you were—I mean, I thought you lived near here. You must overlook my very strange behaviour. But you will admit that you are dressed like country people, and you are tanned, and—" Here she checked herself in evident confusion.

"And we are country people," said Jud blankly. The young lady looked bewildered.

"Are you in earnest?" she demanded doubtingly. "Are you not out here from the city?"

"We have lived all our lives within five miles of this spot," said Jud, flushing.

"And I have never seen a big city," added Justine, first to divine the cause of the stranger's mistake. The critic thought herself to be in the presence of a genius from some city studio. It was a pretty and unfeigned compliment to Jud's picture.

"I cannot believe it," she cried. "You may live here, sir, but you have studied drawing. I have never seen a more perfect sketch."

"I have never taken an hour's instruction in my life," said Jud, his voice trembling with joy.

"Oh, now I know you have been trifling with me," she cried, flushing slightly.

"It is the truth, isn't it, Justine? I thought anybody could see that I know nothing about drawing. I only wish I could go to an art school."

"You really are in earnest?" the stranger asked, looking from one to the other. "Then, you must tell me all about yourself. A man with your talents should not be lost in these wilds. You have a wonderful gift. Truly, I can hardly believe even now that you are not deceiving me."

The two glanced at each other rather helplessly, not knowing how to reply.

"You have looked at the Falls," stammered Jud at last. The girl in grey laughed and her eyes went to Justine's rich, warm face as if expecting her to join in the merriment at his expense. Justine, however, was too deep in admiration to think of smiling. Caught by the gaze of the stranger, she was at last forced to smile vaguely

"I haven't time for the Falls," said the stranger. "I am only interested in you. You are worth cultivating. Dear me, if I had you in Chicago I'd make a lion of you. How long have you been hiding this talent out here in the woods?"

Then Jud proceeded to tell her in a disjointed, self-conscious manner how he had been drawing ever since he was a child; how his mother had assisted him; how Justine had encouraged him; how much he longed to be an artist. At the end of his brief biography the listener abruptly asked:

"Will you sell me this picture?"

"I—I—if you'd really like to have it, I—I—will give it to you. I could not ask you anything for it. It's not worth a price. Besides, you've been so kind to me. Won't you accept it as a gift?" he answered, beginning awkwardly but ending eagerly. Justine's eyes were pleading with the young lady to take it.

"But you must let me pay you for it. You don't know me, nor I you; you are under no obligation to me. And I would rather pay you for it. You see, it may be your start in life."

"It's not worth anything," objected Jud.

"I know what it is worth. Fifty dollars is cheap."

Before she had finished speaking she was counting the money from her purse. Thrusting five bills into Jud's hand, she snatched up the picture and said:

"It's a bargain, isn't it? You can't take back the picture, because you have accepted payment."

"Good heaven!—I mean, I can't take all of this!"

"But you can and shall," she cried, delightedly. "It is not enough, I'm sure, but it is all I have with me. Some day, when you are famous, I shall have a valuable picture. Now I must be going. My mother and brother are probably in

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convulsions. See them? Don't they look angry? Our train had to wait three hours over at the other side of the woods until they could repair the engine. We had a break-down."

"I wish you wouldn't force me to—" Jud began.

"Don't object, now!" she cried. "I am the gainer. Save that money to give to your sweetheart on your wedding day. That's a very pretty idea, isn't it? I know she will approve—" and here she came to Justine and kissed her. "I know I should like you very much," she said honestly. Justine felt a queer sensation in her throat and her heart went out more than ever to the girl in grey.

"Remember, it is to be your wedding present when the sweet day comes."

Jud and Justine glanced sheepishly at each other, but before either had found words to tell her they were already married she was hastening away.

"Oh, by the way," she cried, turning back, "what is your name?"

"Dudley Sherrod."

"It would be well for me to know it when you are famous. Good-bye!" she called cheerily.

Jud hesitated an instant.

"Won't you tell me your name?" he cried. Justine clasped his arm in mute astonishment.

The receding girl turned, smiled and held up her card, hastily withdrawn from its case. It fluttered to the grass and she was gone.

CHAPTER VII.

LEAVING PARADISE

Jud hurried down the slope and snatched up the piece of cardboard. His eyes sought the name, then the departing enchantress. His heart was full of thankfulness to the stranger whose grey figure was disappearing among the oaks.

"She seems just like the fairy queen in the stories we used to read, Jud," said Justine. Looking over his shoulders, she read aloud: "'Miss Wood'. Oh, dear; it doesn't give her first name. How I wish I knew it!"

"And it don't say where she lives," said Jud slowly.

"Chicago, I'm sure. Don't you remember what she said about wishing she had you there? Dear me, what could she do with a country boy like you in that great place? Harve Crose says there are more people there than there are in this whole county. But wasn't she nice, Jud, wasn't she nice? And did you ever see such a beautiful face?" Here Jud's sober, thoughtful eyes looked so intently upon his wife's brilliant face that she blushed under the unspoken compliment. "And her clothes, Jud! Weren't they grand? Oh, oh, I never saw any one like her!"

The two walked slowly homeward, excitedly discussing the fair stranger and her generosity. All the evening she and the fifty dollars so unexpectedly acquired were the topics of conversation. Jud insisted upon buying a new dress for Justine—as a "wedding present"—but she demurred. The money was to go into the bank the next day, she insisted, and she ruled.

He was lying beneath a big tree in the yard, looking up at the stars, reflectively drawing a long spear of wire grass through his teeth. She sat beside him, her back against the tree, serene, proud and happy. It was he who broke the long silence, dreamily.

"I wonder if I could make it go in Chicago?"

She started from her reverie and her hand fell upon his arm. For an instant her big eyes narrowed as if trying to penetrate some shadow. In another moment they opened wide again and she was earnestly seeking to convince him that he could succeed in the great city.

The months sped by and side by side they toiled, she with love and devotion in her soul, he with ambition added. As the winter came he slaved with his pencil and pen, his heart bound to the new hope. The prediction at Proctor's Falls had inspired him; the glowing blue eyes had not lied to him even though the lips might have flattered. She had praised his work and she knew! She *must* have known what he could do!

Justine shared the enthusiasm that had been awakened by Miss Wood. She looked upon that young woman as a goddess who had transformed her husband into a genius whose gifts were to make the world fall down in worship.

As the spring drew near Jud began

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to speak more often of the city and his chances for success there. He could see the pride and devotion in his wife's eyes, but he could also see a certain dim, wistful shadow in the depths. He knew she was grieving over the fear that some day he would desert their happy, simple home and rush out into the world, leaving her behind until he had won a place for her. She knew that he could not take her with him at the outset. He was to try his fortune in the strange, big city, and she was to stay in the little cottage and pray for the day to come speedily that would take her to him.

With him, ambition was tempered by love for her and the certainty that he could not leave her even to win fame and fortune. When he allowed himself to think of her alone in the cottage, looking sadly at the stars and thinking of him in the rushing city, he said to himself: "I can't leave her!" Both knew, although neither spoke it aloud, that if he went, he would have to go alone.

Justine understood his hesitation and its cause. She knew that she was holding him back, that she alone kept him from making the plunge into the world, and her heart was sore. Night after night she lay awake in his arms, her poor heart throbbing against his ambitious heart, writhing beneath the certain knowledge that she was the weight about his neck.

One day, late in the fall, when the strain upon her heart had become too great, she broke the fetters. It was at dusk and, coming around the corner of the cottage, she found him sitting on the doorstep, his gaze far away, his dejection showing in the droop of the broad shoulders. A little gasp of pain came from her lips—pain mingled with love and pity for him. She stood for a moment, reading his thoughts as if they were printed before her eyes—thoughts of fame, honour, success, trial, chance! How good, how handsome, how noble he was! She was the weight, the drag! The hour had come for her to decide. He would never say the word—that much she knew.

"Jud," she said, standing bravely before him. He looked up, shaking off his dream. "Don't you think it about time you were trying your luck in Chicago? You surely have worked hard enough at your drawing, and I don't see why you put it off any longer."

For a moment he was unable to speak. Into his eyes came a blur of tears.

"But, Justine, dear, how are we to live there? They say it takes a fortune," he said. There was a breath of eagerness in his voice and she detected it.

She sat beside him and laid her arm about his shoulder. He turned his face to hers, wondering, and their eyes met. For a long time neither spoke by tongue, but they understood. A sob came into his throat as he lifted her hand from her lap and drew her to him almost convulsively.

"Justine, I can't do that! I can't go away off there and leave you here alone. Why, sweetheart, I'd die without you," he cried.

"But when you are able, dear, to take me to you in the great city, we can be the happiest people in the world," she said huskily. "I'll be lonesome and you'll be lonesome, but it won't be for long. You will succeed. I know it, dear, and you must not waste another day in this wilderness—"

"It is the sweetest place in the world," he cried passionately. "Wilderness? With you here beside me? O Justine, it will be wilderness if I go away from you."

"Surely, *surely*, Jud, it is for the best. I know you can't take me now, but you can come after me some day, and then I'll know that I have lost nothing by letting you go. You will be a great—you *will* succeed! Why, Jud, you draw better than any one I ever knew about. Your pictures even now are better than any I have ever seen. They can't help liking you in Chicago. You must go—you must, Jud!" She was talking rapidly, excitedly.

"You love me so much that you are blind, dear. Up in Chicago they have thousands of artists who are better than I am and they are starving. Wait a minute! Suppose I should fail! Suppose they should laugh at me and I couldn't get work! What then? I have no money, no friends up there. If I don't get on, what is to become of me? Did you ever think of that?"

"Haven't you me and this little farm to come back to, Jud? I'll be here and I'll love you more than ever. And I'll die here on this old place with you beside me, and never be sorry that you couldn't do for me everything you wish," she said

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solemnly. Then she went on quickly. "But you won't fail—you can't, Jud, you can't. Don't you remember what pretty Miss Wood said about your work? Well, didn't she know? Of course, she did. She *lives* in Chicago and she knows."

"If I knew where to find her or to write to her, she might help me," said he, a new animation in his voice. "But there's no one I can write to. I don't know how to go about it."

"Go about it like other boys have done. Lots of them have gone out into the world and won their way. Now, Jud, when will you go?" The moment of decision came too suddenly. He was not ready to meet it.

"I—I—oh, we can talk about this later on," he faltered.

"We must settle it now."

"Do you want me to go?" he asked, after a moment.

"Yes, I do, Jud."

"How queer you are! I'd rather die than leave you, and yet you want me to go away from you," he said inconsistently.

"Don't say that! I love you better than my life! Don't you see that is why I want you to go? It is because I love you so, oh, so much and I know it is for the best. It's not like losing you altogether. We'll be with each other soon, I know. You can come home to see me every once in awhile, don't you see? And then, when you feel that you can do so, you will take your poor little country girl into the great city to live with you. You'll be great then; will you be ashamed of me?"

"Ashamed of you!" he cried.

For a long time he held her in his arms in the twilight, and pleaded with her to let him remain. To her courage, to the breaking of her heart, was due the step which started him out into the world to seek his fortune and hers.

The day was set for his departure. She drew from the bank the fifty dollars his first picture had brought and pressed it into his reluctant hands. It was she who drove him to the village. In the pocket of his Sunday clothes he carried the names of newspaper artists, so familiar to him; they were the men he was to see —the strangers who were to be his Samaritans. If they lent him a helping hand all might go well.

She was to live without him in the little paradise, with old Mrs. Crane and Caleb Spangler's boy as companions. They were to conduct the affairs of the farm through the winter months, while he fought for a footing in another universe.

It was a sobbing girl who lay all that night in the broad bed, thinking of the boy whose curly head was missing from the pillow beside her, whose loving arms were gone, perhaps forever.

'Gene Crawley knew of Jud's intentions long before his departure. In fact, the whole township was aware of the great undertaking, and there was more or less gossip and no end of doubt as to the wisdom of the step. It was generally conceded that Jud was a bright boy, but still "he wuzn't much to git ahead, even out in the country, so how in tarnation did he expect to make it go in the city?" A few of the evil-minded saw signs of waning love in the Sherrod cottage; others slyly winked and intimated that 'Gene Crawley had something to do with it, and the whole neighbourhood solemnly shook hands with Jud and "Hoped he'd come back richer'n Vanderbilt."

Crawley saw them drive away to the station in the village and he saw the dejected young wife come slowly homeward at dusk. That night while she rolled and sobbed in her bed he sat on the fence across the lane from the dark cottage until long after midnight.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST WAS A CRIMINAL

Jud's first night in Chicago was sleepless, even bedless. The train rolled into the Dearborn Street station at ten o'clock and he stumbled out into the smoky, clanging train sheds among countless strangers. It was all different from the station platform at Glenville, or even the more pretentious depot in the town that had seen his short college career. Sharp rebuffs, amused smiles and sarcastic rejoinders met his innocent queries as he wandered aimlessly about the station, carrying his ungainly "telescope." Dismayed and resentful, he refrained from asking questions; at last, and for more than an hour, he sat upon one of the un-

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friendly benches near the gates. Once he plucked up enough courage to ask a stranger when he could get a train back to Glenville.

"Never heard of Glenville," was the unfeeling response.

The crowds did not interest the new arrival; he saw the people and the novelties of a great city through dim, homesick eyes, and thought only of the old, familiar, well-beloved fences, lanes and pastures and Justine's sad face. His ambition waned. He realised that he did not belong in this great, unkind place; he saw that he was an object of curiosity and amusement; keenly he felt the inconsiderate stares of passers-by, and indeed he knew that his own strangeness was an excuse for the smiles which made him shrink with mortification. An old gentleman stopped at the news-stand hard by and selected a magazine. He stood beneath a dazzling arc light and turned the pages, glancing at the pictures. Jud was attracted by the honest kindliness of his face, and approached him. The old gentleman looked up.

"Excuse me, sir, but I am a stranger here and I'd like to ask a favour," said Jud. He found that his voice was hoarse.

"I have nothing for you," said the old gentleman, returning to the magazine.

"I'm not a beggar," cried Jud, drawing back, cut to the quick.

"Don't you want enough to get a bed or something for a starving mother to eat?" sarcastically demanded the old gentleman, taking another look at the youth.

"I have had nothing but hard words since I came into this depot and God knows I've tried to be respectful. What am I that every one should treat me like a dog? Do I look like a beggar or a thief? I know I look just what I am, a country boy, but that oughtn't to turn people against me." Jud uttered these words in a voice trembling with pent-up anger and the tears of a long-tried indignation. Suddenly his eyes flashed and he blurted forth the real fierceness of his feelings in a savage and, for him, unusual display of resentment: "For two cents I'd tell the whole damn crowd to go to hell!"

It was this intense and startling expression that convinced the stranger of Jud's genuineness. There was no mistaking the sincerity of that wrath.

"My boy, you shouldn't say that. This in a big and busy city and you must get used to the ways of it. I see you are a good, honest lad and I beg pardon for my unkind words. Now, tell me, what can I do for you? My train leaves in ten minutes, so we have no time to spare. Tell me what you are doing here."

Jud's heart leaped at the sound of these, the first kindly tones he had heard, and he poured forth the disjointed story of his ambitions, not once thinking that the stranger could have no personal interest in them, and indeed, he had won an attentive listener

"You're the sort of a boy I like," exclaimed the grey-haired Chicagoan, grasping the boy's hand. "I'll be back in Chicago in three or four days and I'll do all I can to help you. Get along here as best you can till next Friday, and then come to see me. Here is my card," and he handed forth an engraved piece of cardboard. "Don't forget it, now, for I am interested in you. Damn'd if I don't like a boy who talks as you did awhile ago. I feel that way myself sometimes. Good-bye; I must get this train. Friday morning, Mr.—oh, what is your name?"

"Dudley Sherrod, sir, and I'm much obliged to you. But I wanted to ask a favour of you. Where can I find a place to sleep?"

"Good Lord, was that all you wanted?" And then the old gentlemen directed him to a near-by hotel. "Stay there to-night, and if it's too high priced, hunt a cheaper place to-morrow. There goes my train!" Jud looked after him as he raced down the yard and drew a breath of relief as he swung upon the rear platform of the last sleeper, awkwardly but safely.

Then he read the card, "Christopher Barlow," it said, "Investment Broker." It seemed promising, and with a somewhat lighter heart he made his way to his cumbersome valise, so unlike the neat boxes carried by other travellers, and prepared for the walk out into the lamplights of a Chicago street. He found the hotel, but had to occupy a chair in the office all night, for the rooms were full. A kind-hearted clerk gave him permission to remain there until morning, observing his fatigue and his loneliness. He even checked the boy's valise for him and told him where he could "wash up."

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It was Tuesday morning when he started forth for his first walk about the streets of Chicago. The clerk recommended a cheap lodging house, and he found it without much difficulty and began to feel more at home. Some one told him how to reach the *Record* office, and he was soon asking a youth in the counting-room where he could find a certain artist. Here he encountered a peculiar rebuff. He was told that the artists did not go to work until nearly noon. To Jud, who had always gone to work at four in the morning, this was almost incomprehensible. In his ignorance, he at once began to see the easy life he could lead if ever he could obtain such a position.

All the morning he wandered about State and Clark Streets, Wabash Avenue and the Lake Front. Everything was new and marvellous—from the lowly cot in the lane to the fifteen-story monsters in Chicago; from the meadows and cornfields to the miles of bewildering thoroughfares; from the occasional vehicle or passing farm-hand of the "pike" to the thousands of rushing men and women on the congested sidewalks; from the hay-racks and the side-boarded grain wagon to the clanging street cars and the "L" trains; from the homely garb of the yokel to the fashionable clothes of the swell. It is a striking transition when it comes suddenly.

In the afternoon he was directed to the room of the newspaper artist. He carried with him his batch of drawings and his heart was in his shoes. Already he had begun to learn something of the haste of city life. How could he hope to win more than the passing attention of the busy man? Several girls in the counting-room giggled as he strode by, and his ears flamed red. He did not know that more than one of those girls admired his straight, strong figure and sunburnt face.

The artist was drawing at his board when Jud entered the little room facing Fifth Avenue. There was no halo of glory hovering over the rumpled head, nor was there a sign of the glorious studio his dreams had pictured. He found himself standing in the doorway of what looked like a junk shop. Desks were strewn with drawing boards, cardboard, pens, pads, weights, thumb-tacks, unmounted photographs and a heterogeneous assortment of things he had never seen before. The cartoonist barely glanced at him as he stepped inside the doorway.

"Morning," remarked the eminent man, and coolly resumed work on the drawing. Jud was stricken dumb by this indifference, expected as it was. He forgot the speech he had made up and stood hesitating, afraid to advance or retreat.

"Is this Mr. Brush?" he asked at length, after his disappointed eyes had swept the untidy den from floor to ceiling. Was this the room of a great artist? Shattered dream! The walls were covered with flaring posters, rough sketches, cheaply framed cartoons and dozens of odds and ends such as one sees in the junk shops of art.

"Yes," was the brief response. "Have a chair. I'll talk to you in a minute." Jud sat in a chair near the door, his fingers spasmodically gripping the humble package of drawings he had brought all the way from the fields of Clay Township to show to this surly genius whose work had been his inspiration.

"Fine day," said Mr. Brush, his head bent low over the board.

"Yes, sir," responded the visitor, who thought it one of the most dismal days in his life. After fully ten minutes of awkward silence, during which Jud found himself willing to hate the artist and that impolite pen, the artist straightened up in his chair and for the first time surveyed his caller.

"Do you want to see me about something?"

"I want to show you some of my drawings if you have time to look at 'em—them, sir," said Jud timidly.

"Oh, you're another beginner who wants a job, eh?" said the other a trifle sardonically. "Let's see 'em. I can tell you in advance, however, that you'll have a devil of a time finding an opening in Chicago. Papers all full and a hundred fellows looking for places. Live here? Oh, I see—from the country—" this after a swift inspection of his visitor's general make-up. "I am a little busy just now. Can you come in at six o'clock?"

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry I bothered you," said Jud, glad, in his disillusionment, to find an excuse for leaving the crowded workshop. The artist, whimsical as are

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all men of his profession, suddenly fell to admiring the young man's face. It was a strong type, distinctly sketchable.

"Wait a minute. I have an engagement at six, come to think of it. I'll look at 'em now," he said, still gazing. Jud reluctantly placed the package on the table and proceeded, with nervous fingers, to untie the string which Justine had so lovingly but so stubbornly knotted. Every expression of the eager, embarrassed face impressed itself upon the keen eye of the watcher. It was with little or no interest, however, that Mr. Brush took up the little stock of drawings. This boy was but one of a hundred poor, aspiring fellows who had wearied him with their miserable efforts.

"Did you draw these?" he asked, after he had looked at three or four. Even Jud in all his embarrassment could see that his face had suddenly turned serious.

"Yes, sir, certainly," answered Jud.

"Didn't copy them?"

"No, sir. They are pictures of places and objects down in Glenville."

"Where is that?"

"In Indiana. You don't think they are copies, do you?"

"Drew 'em from life?" asked the other incredulously.

"Of course I did," said Jud with acerbity.

"Don't get mad, my boy. How long have you been drawing?"

"Since I was a boy—'knee-high to a duck'—as we say down there."

"Ever have any instructions?"

"No, sir. I haven't been able to afford it. I want to go to an art school when I have raised the money."

The artist looked through the pack without another word and Jud fidgeted under the strain. He was anxious to have the critic condemn his work so that he could flee and have done with it.

"Here's a pad of paper and a pencil. See how long it will take you to sketch that elevated track and the building across the street. Sit up here near the window," commanded the artist.

Jud's nerve fled as he found himself called upon to draw beneath the eye of an expert, and it was only after some little urging that he was induced to attempt the sketch. He felt uncertain, incompetent, uncomfortable, mainly because he was to draw objects entirely new to his eyes. It was not like sketching the old barns and fences down in Clay Township. Closing his jaws determinedly, however, he began the task, wondering why he was doing so in the face of a decision he had reached but a moment before. He had come to the conclusion that it was not worth while to try for a place in Chicago and had made up his mind to go back to the farm, defeated. In twenty minutes he had a good accurate outline of all that met his keen gaze beyond the window-sill, and was beginning to "fill in" when the artist checked him.

"That's enough. You can do it, I see. Now, I believe that you drew all these from life and nature. What's your name?"

"Dudley Sherrod."

"Well, Mr. Sherrod, I don't know you nor do I know where Glenville is, but I will say this much to you: a man who can draw such pictures as these is entitled to consideration anywhere. It kind o' paralyses you, eh? You may rest assured that I am sincere, because we don't praise a man's work unless it is deserving. What are you doing up here? Looking for work?"

"I want to earn enough at something to give me a start, that's all. Do you really think I'll do, Mr. Brush?" His eyes were actually snapping with excitement.

"You can be made to do. It's in you. Try your hand at newspaper illustrating and then sail in for magazine work, etching, paintings—thunder, you can do it, if you have the nerve to stick to it!"

"But how am I to get work on a paper?"

"There are twenty-five applicants ahead of you here, and we are to lose a man next month—Mr. Kirby, who goes to New York. I'll see that you get his place. In the meantime, you'll have to wait until the first of the month and, if you like, you may hang around the office and go out with the fellows on some of their assignments, just for practice. You won't get much of a salary to begin with, but you'll work up. I'm darn glad you came here first."

"How do you know I came here first?"

"Because you wouldn't have got away from another paper if you'd gone there. Have you any friends in the city?"

"No, sir—yes, I did meet a gentleman

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at the depot last night. I'm to call on him next Friday. Do you know him?" Sherrod gave him Christopher Barlow's card. The artist glanced at it and, without a word, picked up a photograph from his desk.

"This the man?"

"Why, yes—isn't it funny you'd have it?"

"And here is his daughter." This time he displayed the picture of a beautiful girl. "And his wife, too." Jud held the three portraits in his hand, wondering how they came to be in the artist's possession. "Mrs. Barlow committed suicide this morning."

"Good heavens! you don't mean it. And has Mr. Barlow come home?"

"That's the trouble, my boy. You'll have a good deal to learn in Chicago and you can't trust very much to anybody. You see, old man Barlow, who has been looked upon as the soul of honour, skipped town last night with a hundred thousand dollars belonging to depositors and he is now where the detectives can't find him."

Jud was staggered. That kindly old gentleman a thief! The first man to give him a gentle word in the great city a fleeing criminal! He felt a cold perspiration start on his forehead. What manner of world was this?

His first day in Chicago ended with the long letter he wrote to Justine, an epistle teeming with enthusiasm and joy, brimming over with descriptions and experiences, not least of which was the story of Christopher Barlow.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ENCOUNTER WITH CRAWLEY.

Justine received his letter at the end of the week. The three days intervening between his departure and its arrival had seemed almost years. Since their marriage day they had not been separated for more than twelve consecutive hours. It was the first night she had spent alone—the night which followed his departure. In her brief, blissful married life it was the only night she had spent without his arm for a pillow.

The days were bleak and oppressive; she lived in a daze, almost to the point of unconsciousness. The nights brought dismal forebodings, cruel dreams and sudden awakenings. She felt lost in strange and unfriendly surroundings; where love, tenderness and joy had been the reigning forces there was now only loneliness. No object seemed familiar to her. Everything that had given personality to the little farm was gone with the whistle of a locomotive, the clacking of railway coaches, the clanging of a bell. The landscape was not the same, the sky was no longer blue, the moon and stars were sombre. Yank, the dog, moped about the place, purposeless, sad-eyed and with no ambition in his erstwhile frisky tail.

Jud had been gone more than half a day when curious neighbours pulled up their horses at the gate.

"Heerd from Jed? How's he gittin' 'long in Chickawgo?"

"I haven't heard, Mr. Martin, but I am expecting a letter soon. How long does it take mail to get here from Chicago?"

"Depends a good deal on how fer it is."

"Oh, it's over a hundred miles, I know."

"Seems to me y' oughter be hearin' 'fore long, then. Shell I ast ef they's any mail fer you down to the post-office?"

"I have sent Charlie Spangler to the toll-gate, thank you."

"Git ep!"

Mail reached the cross-roads post-office twice a day, carried over by wagon from Glenville. Little Charlie Spangler was at the toll-gate morning and evening, at least half an hour before Mr. Hardesty drove up with the slim pouch, but it was not until the third morning that he was rewarded. Then came a thick envelope on which blazed the Chicago postmark. Every hanger-on about the toll-gate unhesitatingly declared the handwriting to be that of Jud Sherrod. It was addressed to Mrs. Dudley Sherrod. The letter was passed around for inspection before it was finally delivered to the proud boy, who ran nearly all the way to Justine's in his eagerness to learn as much as he could of its contents. Jim Hardesty had promised him a bunch of Yucatan if he brought all the news to the toll-gate before supper time.

Justine knew the letter had come when she saw the spindle-shanked boy racing up the lane. She was awaiting the messenger at the gate.

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"Is it from Jud?" she cried, hurrying to meet him, her face glowing once more. He was waving the epistle on high.

"That's what they all say," he panted, as he drew near. "Jim says he'd know Jud's writin' if he wrote in Chinese."

The poor, lonesome girl read the long letter as if it were the most thrilling novel, fascinated by every detail, enthralled by the wonderful experiences of her boy husband in the great city. His descriptions of places, people and customs, as they appeared to his untrained, marvelling eye, were vivid, though disconnected. Then came the narration of his experience with the artist, supplemented by playful boasting, and the welcome news that he was to have employment on the great newspaper.

Justine had not from the first doubted his ability to find work in the city. While she glowed with pride and happiness, there was a little bitterness in her lonely heart. In that moment she realised that there had existed, unknown and unfelt, a hope that he would fail and that the failure would send him back to gladden the little home. Afterward the bitterness gave way to rejoicing. Success to him meant success and happiness to both; his struggle was for her as well as for himself and the end would justify the sacrifice of the beginning. It could not be for long—he had already clutched the standard of fame, and she knew him to be a man who would bear it forward as long as there was life and health. She had supreme faith in his ambition—the only rival to his love.

She read certain parts of his letter aloud to Mrs. Crane and Charlie, glorying in their astonished ejaculations, widespread eyes and excited "ohs." Within herself she felt a certain wifely superiority, a little disdain for their surprise, a certain pity for their ignorance. With a touch of self-importance, innocently natural, she enjoyed the emotions of her companions, forgetting that she had just begun to break through the chrysalis of ignorance that still bound them.

Before "supper time" Charlie Spangler was in possession of the Yucatan and Jim Hardesty's place was ringing with the news of Jud's success. Long before the night was over certain well-informed and calculating individuals were prophesying that inside of five years he would be running for the presidency of the United States.

"'Y gosh!" volunteered Mr. Hardesty, "thet boy's got it in him to be shurriff of this county, ef he'd a mind to run. 'F he stays up there in Chickawgo fer a year er two an' tends to his knittin' like a sensible feller 'd oughter, he'll come back here with a record so derned hard to beat thet it wouldn't be a whipstitch tell he'd be the most pop'lar man in the hull county. Chickawgo puts a feller in the way of big things, an' I bet three dollars Jed wouldn't have no trouble 't all gittin' the enomination fer shurriff."

"Shurriff, thunder! What'd he wanter run fer shurriff fer. Thet's no office fer a Chickawgo man. They run fer jedge or general or senator or somethin' high-falutin'. I heerd it said onct thet there has been more presidents of the United States come from Chickawgo than from airy other State in the West. What Jed'll be doin' 'fore long will be to come out fer president or vice-president, you mark my words, boys." Thus spake Uncle Sammy Godfrey, the sage of Clay Township. He had been a voter for sixty years and his opinion on things political was next to law.

'Gene Crawley soon heard the news. He had been awaiting the letter with almost as much impatience as had Justine. If such a creature as he could pray, it had been his prayer that Justine's husband might find constant employment in Chicago. The torture of knowing that she was another man's wife could be assuaged if he were not compelled to see the happiness they found in being constantly together. He could have shouted for joy when he heard that Jud was to live in Chicago and that she was to remain on the farm, near him, for a time, at least.

"Well, Jed's gone, 'Gene," said Mrs. Hardesty meaningly, as he leaned over the greasy counter that evening. "'Spose you don't keer much, do you?"

"Don't give a damn, one way or t'other," responded he darkly, puffing away at his pipe. Despite his apparent calmness, his teeth were almost biting the cane pipe stem in two. "Has he got a job?"

"He's goin' to draw picters fer a newspaper up there, an' they do say the pay's immense."

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"How much is he to git?"

"He says in his letter he's to start out with $15 a week an'll soon be gittin' twict as much."

"You mean a *month.*"

"No; a week, 'Gene. Thet's what the letter said."

"Aw, what you givin' us! Him to git $15 a week? Why, goldern it, I'm only gittin' $18 a month, an' I've allus been counted a better hand 'n him. Who said that was in the letter?"

Jealousy was getting the better of 'Gene.

"Charlie Spangler heerd Justine Van read it right out loud, an' he's a powerful quick-witted boy. He gen'rally hears things right."

"He's the cussedest little liar in Clay Township," snarled 'Gene.

"You know better'n that, 'Gene Crawley. You're jest mad 'cause Jed's doin' well, thet's what you air, an' you know it," cried she.

"Mad? What fer?" exclaimed he, trying to recover his temper for the first time in his life.

" 'Cause you're jealous an' 'cause he's got her, thet's what fer," she said, conscious that she was stirring his violent nature to the boiling point. But, to her surprise—and to his own, for that matter—he gulped and laughed coarsely.

"Well, he's welcome to her, ain't he?" he asked. "Who's got a better right?"

"Thet ain't the way you talked a year ago," she said meaningly.

"You know too dern much," he said and walked away, leaving behind him a thoroughly dissatisfied woman. But Mrs. Hardesty did not know how deeply she had cut nor how he raged inwardly as he hurried homeward through the night.

Several days later he boldly climbed the meadow fence and, for the first time since the fight, started across Justine's property on a short cut to the hills. What his object was in going to the hills in the dusk of that evening he himself did not clearly understand, but at the bottom of it all was the desire to intrude upon forbidden ground. Beneath the ugliness of his motive, however, there lurked a certain timidity. He was conscious that he was trespassing and he knew she would not like it. But if she saw him cross the meadow, he never knew it. His intention had been, of course, to attract her notice, and he was filled with disappointment. Late in the night he walked back from the hills. There was a light in one of her rear windows and he peered eagerly from the garden fence, hoping to catch a glimpse of her. When Yank began to bark he threw stones at the faithful brute and stood his ground, trusting that she would come to the door. He cursed when old Mrs. Crane appeared in the yard, calling in frightened tones to the dog. Then he slunk away in the night. The next day and the next he strode through the meadow. With each failure, he grew uglier and more set in his purpose, for he had a fair certainty that she saw and avoided him.

One evening he ventured across the meadow, his black eyes searching for her. Suddenly he came upon her. She was driving a cow home from a far corner of the pasture leisurely, in the waning daylight, her thoughts of Jud and the future. She did not see Crawley until he was almost beside her, and she could not restrain the gasp of terror. Hoping that he would not speak to her, she hurried on.

"Have you heerd from Jud ag'in, Justine?" he asked, his voice trembling in spite of himself.

"How dare you speak to me?" she cried, not checking her speed, nor glancing toward him.

"Well, I guess I've got a voice an' they ain't no law ag'in me usin' it, is there? What's the use bein' so unfriendly, anyhow? I'll drive the cow in fer you, Justine," he went on, with a strange bashfulness.

His stride toward her brought her to a standstill, her eyes flashing with resentment.

" 'Gene Crawley, you've been ordered to keep off of our place and I want you to stay off. If you ever put your foot in this pasture again I'll sic' Yank on you. Don't you ever dare speak to me again." She drew her form to its full height and looked into his face.

"If you sic' Yank on me I'll kill him, jest as I could 'a' killed *him* when we fit over yander by the crick. I let him up fer your sake an' I've been sorry fer it ever sence. Say, Justine, I want to be your friend—"

"Friend!" she exclaimed scornfully. "You're a treacherous dog and you don't

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deserve to have a friend on earth. If you were a man you'd keep off this place and quit bothering me. You know that Jud's away and you are coward enough to take the advantage. I want you to *go*—go at once!"

"You ain't got no right to call me a coward," he growled.

"Do you think it brave to say what you did about me and to make your boasts down at the toll-gate? Is that the way a man acts?"

"Somebody's been lyin' to you—" he began confusedly.

"No! You did say it and there's no use lying to me. I loathe you worse than a snake and I wouldn't trust you as far. 'Gene Crawley, I've got a loaded shotgun in the house. So help me God, I'll kill you if you don't keep away from me."

She was in deadly earnest, and he knew it. The rage of despair burned away every vestige of the brutal confidence in which he had intruded upon her little domain.

"I'm not a bad feller, Justine," he began, with a mixture of defiance and humbleness in his voice. It was now dark and they were alone, but she commanded the situation despite her quaking heart.

"You lie, 'Gene Crawley!" she exclaimed. "You are a drunken brute and you don't deserve to be spoken to by any woman. You are not fit to talk to—to—to the hogs!"

He clenched his fists and an oath sprang to his lips. "I've a notion to—" he hissed, but could not complete the threat. The suppressed words were "brain you."

"I expect you to," she cried. "Why don't you do it, you coward?" He glared at her for a moment, baffled. Suddenly his eyes fell, his shoulders trembled and his voice broke.

"I wouldn't hurt you for the whole world, Justine." He turned and walked away from her without another word.

'Gene Crawley never touched liquor after that night. "Not fit to talk to the hogs," "a drunken brute," were sentences that curdled in his heart, freezing forever the lust of liquor. He was beginning to crave the respect of a woman. Deep in his soul lay the hope that if he could only cease drinking he might win more than respect from her.

(*To be continued.*)

PSALM

Silver and silk in the mad morning sunlight
Glimmer the cobwebs, half lace and half dew.
Straightway my soul breasts the glad air to you
Just because all the sweet world is so bright.
Here, while the hour and the glory bear glory,
Come I victorious out of the night.

This is my psalm: I have touched my way through
Darkness. Now though there be death in the world,
Just to know passionate joy in that pearled
Satin petal is not to have failed. This I knew
When I first heard my soul sing at your window.
Laurelled am I by the petals and you.

Zona Gale.

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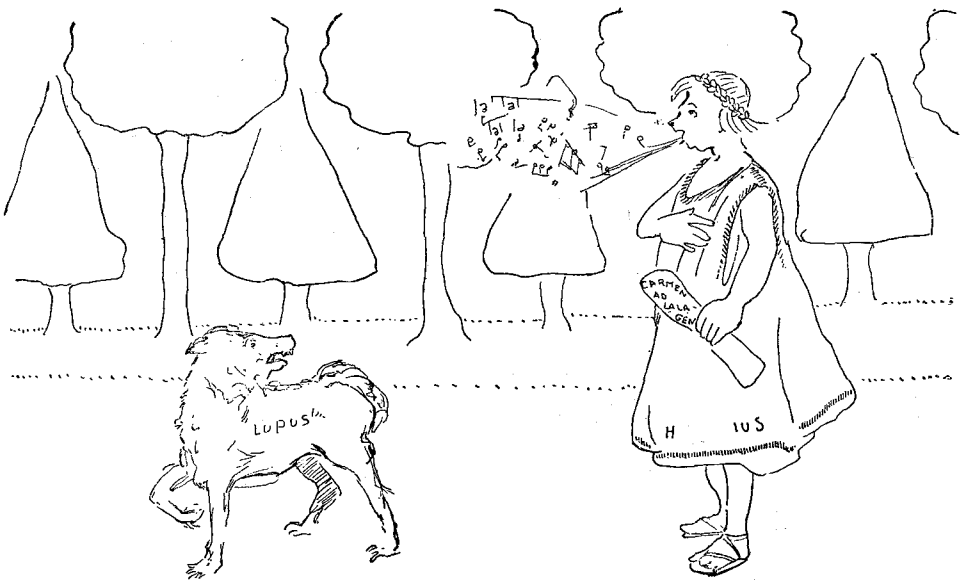
ELUCIDATIONS OF HORACE

Tecum Philippos et celerem fugem
Sensi, relicta non bene parmula,
Cum fracta virtus et minaces
Turpe solum tetigere mento.



Namque me silva lupus in Sabina
Dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis
Fugit inermem.

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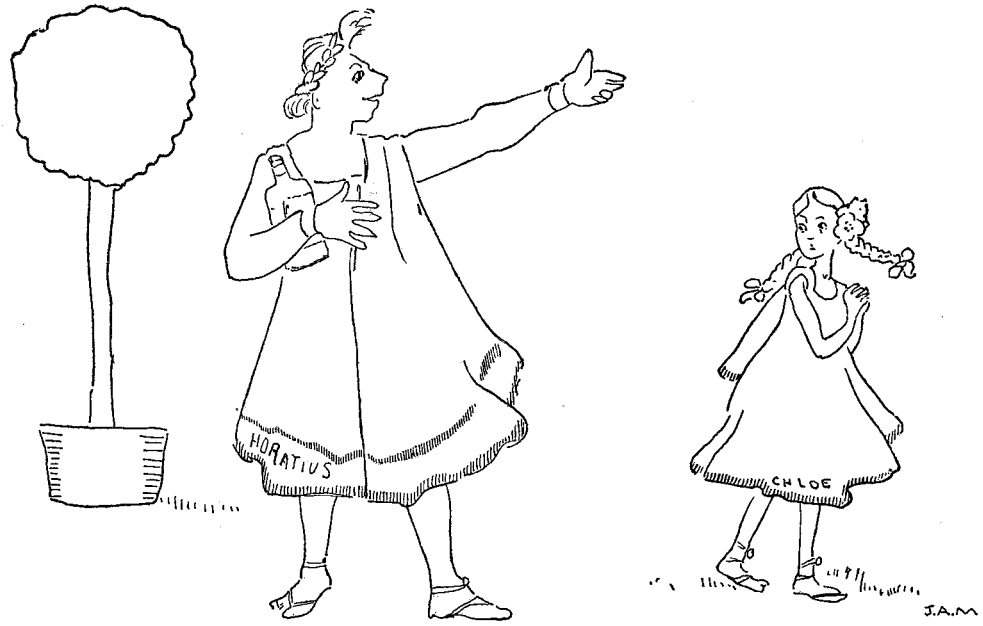

Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloë.

Oblivioso levia Massico
Ciboria exple!

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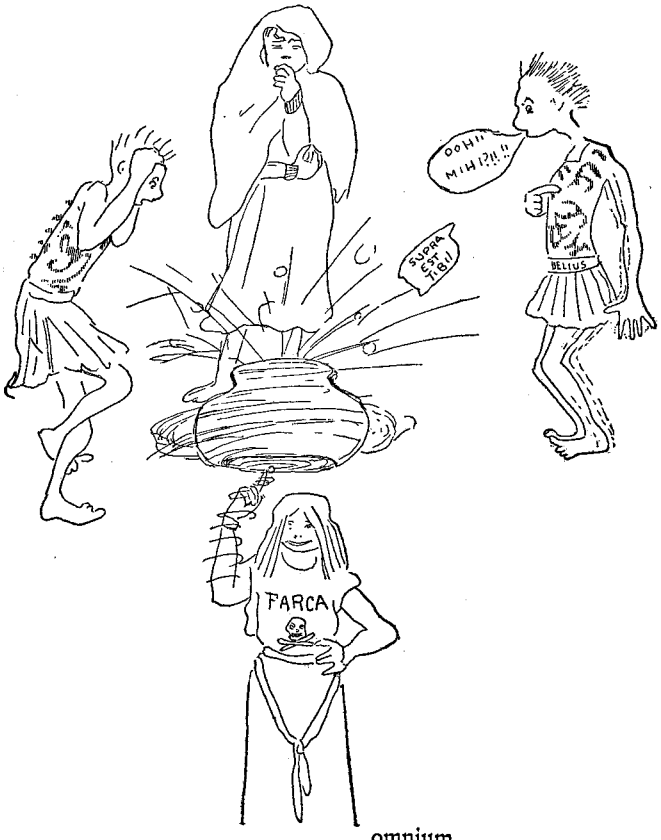
Odi Persicos, puer, apparatus.



. . . omnium
Versatur urna serius ocius
Sors exitura,

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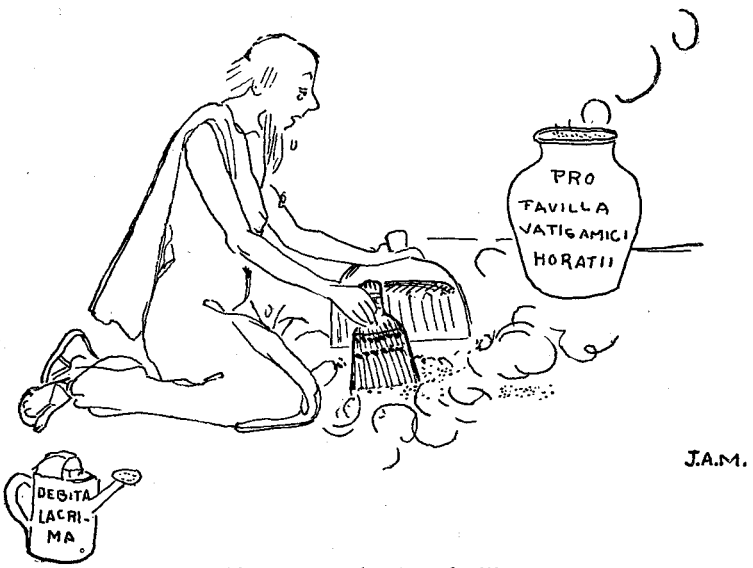
Sublimi feriam vertice sidera.



Debita sparges lacrima favillam
Vatis amici.

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IN ARCADY.

By Hamilton W. Mabie.

I.

THE PIPES OF THE FAUN.

The tenderest green was on the foliage, the whitest clouds were in the sky, and the showers were so sudden that the birds were hardly dry of one wetting before there came another. These swift dashes of rain seemed to fall out of the clear blue, so mysteriously did the light clouds dissolve into the depths of heaven after every rush of pattering drops in the woods. It was the first spring day. The season had come shyly up from the south, as if half afraid to trust its sensitive growths to the harsh airs and rough caresses of the northern winds. And sky and woods wore their happiest smiles for the laggard season, and were bent on the gayest revels, now that the guest had come.

The last traces of the snow had hardly vanished and there were damp, cool places in the shadow of rocks, where winter still waited to be driven out by those searching fingers of light which leave no hidden leaf or buried root untouched. The woods that morning were like an empty stage upon which the curtain has been rolled up. There were no moving figures, but there were murmurs of sound, mysterious noises, stirrings of things out of sight, which made one aware that the play was about to begin. There were signs of impatience in the great, silent theatre, as if the first lines had already been delayed too long. The sky and the earth were getting more intimate every hour; secret forces, mysterious influences, were moving in the depths of air, and over the surface of the world there played a subtle and elusive softness, the first faint breath of summer; the softest sigh of returning life.

Last year's leaves lay dull red in the hollow between the low hills, and the black trunks of oaks made the light, slender clusters of white birches stand out with bright distinctness on the slopes. The green on the birches was so delicate that, looking from a little distance, it seemed more like a shading than a colour; but the clean blue of the sky, blurred at times by slowly passing clouds dark with rain, or of such whiteness that they seemed to be erasing every trace of the momentary blackness, confirmed the faint evidence that spring had come.

So, at least, thought the Faun, sitting at ease with his back against an oak, his pipe in his hand and his eye wandering curiously through the open spaces of the wood. So entirely at home was he that solitude or society was alike to him, and the speech of men or of animals equally plain. There were hints of wildness about him; for he was brother to the folk in fur and feather that lived in the wood, although the light in his eye and the pipe in his hand showed that he had travelled far from the old instincts without having lost them. There were hints of human fellowship in his air of seeing the world as well as being a part of it; although the absence of all thought about himself, all questioning of the sky and earth, made one aware that if he held converse with men he talked also with the creatures that slept in the fields and hid in the woods.

He was stretched at ease in a world about which he had never taken thought, being born into it after the manner of the creatures that live in free and joyous use of the things of Nature without any thought of Nature herself. In him, however, the instinctive joy in life had become articulate; he spake for the strange and wild instincts of his kind, although he could not speak of them. In his careless, unconscious, unthinking life all the instincts and appetites and activities of the living things that were fed and housed by Nature played freely, joyfully, without consciousness. He had, however, the gift of speech; and the silent, secretive, sensuous world became articulate on his lips and he was the interpreter of that world to men. Idle, smiling, content

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alike with the sun and the cloud, the Faun was so much a part of the streaming life about him that he did not see its beauty or feel its mystery; he was without apprehension or curiosity; he had no tasks or duties; there was no law for him save obedience to his own nature, which was simple, sensuous, without thought or care or obligation. When he put his pipes to his lips and blew a few clear notes there were no echoes of human emotion or experience in them; they might have rained down from the clouds with the song of the skylark, which has the quality of the solitude of the upper air in it, or they might have been borne gently in from a distance, like the tones of the waterfall over the hill. And yet there was something in them which no bird or animal nor any stirring of water or air could have put there; a sense of the mounting life of the world, growing and straining and rushing on to fruition; the stir and murmur and hum of bird and branch and bee; the simple animal joy of sharing the gift of life with all creatures, without a hint of its uses, its meaning, its end, it was the song of life when it knows that it is life and all the instincts, passions and desires awake and fulfil themselves.

These notes, clear, solitary, penetrating, came like an invitation to the boy who had entered the wood without thought or care or desire, save to feel the warmth of the sun and to take what the day offered him. He had never heard such sounds before, but they seemed so much a part of the place and the time that he accepted them as if they were human speech. The Faun himself, visible now through the light growth of the birch trees, brought no surprise; he, too, belonged to the hour and the scene. Instead of shyness a sense of fellowship grew on the boy as he came nearer the pipe and the strange figure which held it. The Faun did not cease his fitful, vagrant music; he, too, seemed to accept the boy as of a piece with the season.

There was a deeper kinship between the two than appeared at the moment. Each had a past strangely different from the other; the roots of the boy's nature reaching back through long generations of thinking, questioning, responsible creatures like himself; the roots of the Faun's nature deep in the unrecorded experience of thousands of generations of living things that know all the ways of the wood and field and stream and air, but had never thought, questioned or had a duty laid upon them. The Faun had climbed to the point where all this vast, confused, instinctive life had become conscious that it lived; the boy had gone far on into a world in which instinct had become intelligence, passion weakness or power, appetite and desire master or servant. On that spring morning, however, they stood on the same plane of being; for the Faun was happy in the sense of life and the boy was just awakening to the desire of the eye and the joy of the muscles and the bliss of the perfect body in the world which plays upon it as the wind on the harp. He did not know what stirred within him, but he felt as if he had come to his own at last.

The notes of the pipe floated through the wood and were sent back in echoes from the hillside, with bird-notes intermingled, and the soft murmurs of tree tops gently swayed, and the faint tones of water falling from rock to rock hidden by a press of ferns and softened by mosses. The boy threw himself at the Faun's feet and listened; and as he listened the whole world seemed to come to life about him and move together in sheer delight in the cherishing of the sun and the caressing of the clouds. The woods were full of nesting birds; through the trees delicate patterings of feet were heard, as if the creatures who lived in the coverts and hidden places were abroad without fear. The boy seemed to hear a low, far, continuous murmur as of growing things in the ground shyly reaching slender tendrils up for the touch of the sun which was to lift them out of the darkness of birth into the bright mystery of life, as of tiny leaves slowly unfolding on innumerable branches. The whole world seemed to be moving in a vast beginning of things; creeping, shining, expanding, climbing in universal warmth and light. Nothing seemed complete, everything was prophetic; the tide was beginning to ripple in from the fathomless deeps of being; its ultimate sweep and volume, foaming in the vast channels through the mountains and tossing its crested waves to the summits, was still far off in the summer to which all things

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moved, but of which there was neither thought nor care on that first day of spring.

It was the stir of life which the boy heard, and the frank, free, unquestioning joy in it which made riot in the mind of the Faun; the mystery and wonder of it were far from the thought of these two creatures of the season, the Faun who had come up the long ascent of animal life, and the boy who stood for a moment with the Faun at the place where joy in the sense of life is at the full. The ways of these two creatures met for one hour that morning in early April, they were comrades in a world given over to lusty strength and mounting gladness in tree and flower and living creature.

To the merry piping of the Faun the boy laughed gleefully; here was the wild playmate who could take him deeper into the woods than he had ever ventured and show him the shy creatures who were always eluding his eager search. And the Faun, who was nearer his brothers of the wood than his brothers of the thatched roof and the vine trained against the wall, saw in the boy a fellow of his own mind; to whom the wind was a challenge to kindred fleetness and the notes of the birds floating down the mountain side invitations to adventure and action.

The boy might have been twelve or thirteen; the Faun seemed to be of no age; he had never thought and time had left no trace on his brow or in his eye; he might have been born with Nature, or he might have come with the spring. To-day the boy was his fellow; next spring he would be so far away from him that the sounds of the pipes might never reach him again. Of this gulf to widen between them the Faun knew nothing; it was the kinship of boy with boy that prompted him to hold out the pipes to the sensitive hand which showed the vast divergence of history between the two. The boy raised the pipes to his lips and blew loudly through the rude jointure of reeds, and then hung on the far-travelling sounds which he had set loose. There was a strange compelling power in them as they seemed to penetrate further and further into the wood, and seizing the hand of the Faun the two ran together up the wooded hill and over its crest into a world of which the boy had only dreamed before.

He had seen the world a thousand times before, but now it flowed in upon him through all the channels of his senses; a rushing, singing, tumultuous tide swept him along, and with the jubilant stream the joy of life flooded his mind and heart. A wild exultation seized him, swept him out of himself, and carried him on with the power and sweep of a resistless torrent. He ran, shouted, laughed as if some hidden and inarticulate force within him had suddenly broken bounds. He was fellow with the bird that sang on the bough and comrade with the shy creatures who had never suffered his approach before.

If he had known what was happening within him he would have understood the ancient frenzy of the Bacchic worshippers; the surrender to the spell of the life of the world, rising out of deep springs in the heart of things, calling with the potency of ancient witcheries to his instincts, taking possession of his quickening senses, and mounting with intoxicating glow to his imagination.

The pipe of the Faun drew his feet far into the secret places of the woods, and with every step he seemed to be breaking some imprisonment, finding some new liberty. The Faun could have told him much of that ancient world which was old before man began to look, to wonder, to comprehend; but the wild music of those few notes, so inarticulate but so full of the unspoken life of hidden and fugitive things, spoke to his senses as no words of human speech could have spoken. They were full of echoes of a dateless past, of which no memory remained save that which was deposited in instinct and habit; the earliest and oldest form of memory. He was recovering the lost possession of his race; the primitive experiences that lay behind its childhood and made a deep, rich, warm soil for its ancient divinations and for those dreams of an older world which haunt it and are always luring its poets to the forgotten springs of life and secret homes of that beauty which embosoms the youth of men and fills them with infinite longing and regret when spring comes flooding up the shores of being after the long silence and desolation.

In that far-off world the Faun still lived, and when he blew on the reeds its

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echoes set the very heart of the boy vibrating with a joy whose sources were far beyond his ken. Through the soft splendour of the spring day, so tender with the fertility of immemorial years, so overflowing with the gladness of the births that were to be, the boy ran, without thought or care; every sense flooded with the young beauty and joy of the season; his feet caught in the rhythm of unfolding life, his imagination aflame with a thousand elusive intonations of pleasure, a thousand salutations from trees and birds and restless creatures keeping time and tune with the rhythm of the creative hour in wood and field and sky.

In later days, when the spell had dissolved, what he saw on that day lay like a golden mist behind him, and what he heard lingered in faint, inarticulate echoes that set his pulses beating; but he recalled no definite glimpses and remembered no articulate words; he only knew that he had entered into the joy of life, and had been given the freedom of the world. Never again did he hear a song in the woods without pausing in hushed silence because he stood on the verge of an older world; never again did he catch a sudden glimpse of the trunks of trees black against a dull red background of oak leaves or a wintry sky without a throbbing of the heart, which made him aware that he was in the presence of the oldest mysteries.

When night fell and a low murmur of innumerable creatures, sheltering in familiar places, filled the woods, the boy looked in vain for the Faun; but far off he heard the wild notes, softened by the hush of the hour, like the sounds of dreams dreamed when the world was young.

(To be continued.)

FOUR BOOKS OF THE DAY

I.

Mrs. Carlyle's "Letters."*

These new letters of Mrs. Carlyle, chosen from those left unpublished by Froude, put an aspect on Carlyle's attitude to his wife quite different from that shown by Froude. Consequently the controversy that has never been suffered to die, as to whether Froude had a right—a moral right—to publish documents which, in the opinion of most people, belittled the teachings of a great philosopher by showing up the infirmities of the man, no longer touches the vital point. It is Froude's honesty, not his taste, that is now in question.

It is no surprise to find that he has been guilty of trickery. The opinion held of him by such contemporaries as Green and Freeman, as well as the evidence of his own historical work, had already prepared one for the discovery. In their eyes he was just a common liar. In the Carlyle publications, however, he has shown himself rather an uncommon one. He twisted and distorted and misannotated and condensed and omitted and misinterpreted and guessed until the letters served his purpose of establishing the theory that Thomas Carlyle, philosopher and reformer, neglected, scolded and ill-treated his wife to such a degree that the years after her death were spent in an

*New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Annotated by Thomas Carlyle, and edited by Alexander Carlyle, with an introduction by Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D. New York: John Lane.

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agony of remorse. As to how far Froude believed this fiction we cannot now tell; we can never discover whether his perceptions were in fault or whether he was a sensation hunter, regardless of truth. It is oftentimes hard to distinguish between a partisan and a liar. Did Froude believe in his own whitewashed Henry the Eighth? One wonders.

The conviction of Froude's dishonesty in the Carlyle publications is reached in spite of the new editor, Alexander Carlyle, rather than through him. It is unfortunate that a second mistake should have been made in the choice of an editor. The letters now published speak for themselves; the animosity against Froude, though perfectly natural, should have been suppressed, not paraded in schoolboy fashion. "So you thought you'd get ahead of us, did you, Mister Froude? But you weren't so smart as you thought you were!" represents the tone of the notes, which is undignified, ungenerous and small-minded, antagonising the reader. The notes also make an uncomplimentary assumption of ignorance in the reader. Surely it need not have been explained that the authoress of *Jane Eyre* was Charlotte Brontë and that L. E. L. stood for Letitia E. Landon; the simplest French phrases need not have been translated.

The stilted style of the preface is also to be criticised, the pedantry that makes use of such unfamiliar words as *adscititiously, sphericity, absinthine, flagitious, metastatic* and *viability*. It seems as if its author were trying to follow in the steps of his namesake and fellow doctor, Sir Thomas Browne.

The impression of Carlyle left by these new letters is that he was a kindly, affectionate old fellow after all; that Froude's distortion of old Mrs. Carlyle's saying that her son was "gey ill to deal wi'" into "gey ill to live wi'" was not the truth. The phrase might more accurately be applied to Carlyle's wife. On the other hand, one's opinion of her is changed for the worse. Her faults seem intensified and hardened, more indissolubly a part of the woman. To be sure, she was a great sufferer; there can be no conceivable doubt of that. Rumour says that she was afflicted with a disease that means unmitigated and incessant torture, a disease that could presumably have been cured, if she had lived at the present day, poor woman! The great allowance that must be made for her is not, however, great enough to make one quite forgive her egoism, her—what one must call spitefulness, for lack of a less highly coloured word, her disloyalty to many of her friends.

Hers was a singularly interesting character, clever, original, with great strength of individuality, and great personal attractiveness. Among these new letters is a sketch called "The Simple Story of My Own First Love," showing such marked literary talent that we wonder more than ever at her not turning her mind to literature, especially as she mentions receiving an offer for an original novel from Chapman the publisher. She speaks of herself in a letter to Carlyle: "You, as well as I, are 'too vivid'; to you, as well as to me, has a skin been given much too thin for the rough purposes of human life. They could not make ball-gloves of our skins, dear, never to dream of breeches." This last is an allusion to Carlyle's French Revolution, and the passage is from Froude's collection of the letters. Her intense sensibility wears her out when she is still a young woman. People of her temperament never can be well, no matter how padded their lives may be. It is, therefore, idle to argue the question whether, as Froude tried to prove, she killed herself with household drudgery for an unappreciative husband.

The horror with which English people look on the performance of household duties is amusing to the American woman, into whose life so much of this sort of thing comes as a matter of course. To many of us it is as little distasteful as it was to Mrs. Carlyle. She shares with us the joy of accomplished effort, seldom as apparent in any other pursuit. She herself says of housework: "God defend me from ever coming to a fortune (a prayer more likely to be answered than most of my prayers!); for then the only occupation that affords me the slightest self-satisfaction would be gone!" There is a satisfaction in doing the necessary work of the world well, such as one does not find in any made-up occupation; there is a delight in uplifting and refining the drudgery of life.

The Froude letters make out Mrs. Car-

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lyle's life one long, distasteful orgy of housecleaning and repairing, from which Carlyle was selfish enough to run away, leaving her frail shoulders to bear the whole burden. The truth is that the Carlyle house was not cleaned any oftener than any one's else. The impression of continuity is because it was always undertaken during Carlyle's summer vacation, when most of her letters to him were written. The time was expressly chosen to coincide with his holidays, for reasons any housekeeper will appreciate. Mrs. Carlyle wanted the whole house for her operations; she did not want the interruption of having regular meals prepared, or the sense of disturbing her husband's work. Not even a brain-worker with a good digestion can do satisfactory work in the midst of confusion. Froude—to dwell on this subject as typical of his methods—has shown only the dark side of the periodic upheavals, only the setbacks and annoyances. He has suppressed Mrs. Carlyle's expressions of pleasure in her work, her evident enjoyment of the chaos she has stirred up. Once she goes to Ryde in the midst, but comes hurriedly back, preferring the fascinating process of reconstruction. Perhaps this taste is honestly inconceivable to an Englishman; it is not to an American woman of the same domestic turn of mind as Mrs. Carlyle.

This article is written from the point of view of people in general, who found in Froude's presentation of Carlyle the dethronement of an idol. In the eyes of a minority the great man suffered little at Froude's hand, for what he lost in immaculateness he gained in humanity. Some of us have always felt with Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of the *Rubáiyát*, who writes that before he read the Carlyle biographies, he admired Carlyle, but that after reading them he loved him. The man with his faults confessed and regretted in exaggerations that Froude makes us interpret literally, is far dearer than any lofty-pinnacled abstraction of virtue. He seemed to teach us a great lesson, a great truth—so great a truth that it is almost with regret we discover him to have been less like the rest of us, who, for all our lofty aiming, yet drop our arrows on the ground.

Elizabeth Knight Tompkins.

II.

Villari's "Invasions of Italy."*

Signor Villari, in the preliminary words of his preface, modestly asserts that "it is an undeniable fact that since the Kingdom of Italy has been established we (the Italians) have made much progress in historical research." We are ready not only to endorse this statement, but to supplement it with a recognition of our author's own *pars magna* in this Renaissance, as shown in his study of the times of Savonarola and Machiavelli. To his work on Florence he now adds an account of the barbarian invasions of Italy, and the fact of its translation into English may be regarded as an evidence of the successful accomplishment of the author's task.

Regretting the lack in his own country of books supplying narratives of past events in a simple, easy, readable style; understanding how essential national histories suited to the general reader are to the formation of the moral and political character of one's country; and, on the other hand, recognising the bad effect which inexact notions and judgments as to Italy's history, due to the partial spirit of foreign writers, have in the formation of too low an estimate of his own people, our author suggested the publication of a series of volumes treating in a popular style of the various periods of Italian history, including also the histories of other civilised nations. The present work forms the third of the series, the first of which is a revision of Count Balzani's *Italian Chronicles* and the second *The Liberation of Italy*, by Professor Orsi of Venice. This, then, is the author's purpose, which we have stated in full, as it is essential to a proper criticism of the work and to an understanding of its scope. With gratifying candour Signor Villari declares that "it is neither a learned nor scholastic book, nor is it a philosophic study of universal history, such as Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire* or Quinet's *Italian Revolution*. I merely narrate events in chronological order, without

*The Barbarian Invasions of Italy. By Pasquale Villari. Translated by Linda Villari. With frontispiece and maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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commenting or descanting on them, doing my best to avoid dryness."

To the many who, with a feeling akin to despair, have been lost in the intricate mazes of the period of the barbarian invasions of Italy, this is a very attractive programme, but the reader need not assume that Signor Villari has not been scholarly in his treatment of his subject and that he has simply made a compilation from earlier works. He declares that he has consulted Bury, Malfatti, Bertolini, Dahn, Mühlbacher, Hartmann, and, above all, Hodgkin, and has "recurred" to elder authorities, such as Gibbon, Tillemont and Muratori, with a reference to original documents. The result is a most readable history in well-arranged narrative form. In fact, Signor Villari treats his subject in a very natural and human way. He accomplishes in us that which is essential to a proper understanding of history, namely, an appreciation of the unity of the human race and of the human mind. As Emerson says: "When we read history we must become Greeks, Romans, Turks, priest and king, martyr and executioner; must fasten these images to some reality in our secret experience or we shall see nothing, learn nothing, keep nothing." The historian who does this represents his characters as speaking simply and acting simply, and employs that which gives the charm to old literature which, as the same philosopher says, stirs our admiration, not because it is old but because it is natural. Our author arranges his work in four books, entitled "From the Decline of the Roman Empire to Odovacar," "Goths and Byzantines," "The Longobards" and "The Franks and the Fall of the Longobard Kingdom." The opening chapter of the first book deals with the fall of the Empire. Contrary to the declared purpose of the author, we find here a philosophic consideration of the causes and character of the decline of Roman power. It is true that the Romans were corrupt and enfeebled by corruption, but this was a consequence, not a cause for the difficulties in the way of a complete assimilation as conquest widened the boundaries lead us to wonder that the Empire existed so long. "When the Empire reached to the Rhine and the Danube it no longer possessed any real kernel of unity corresponding with its outer shell. The Empire was neither a state nor a nation; it was a compound of different races held together by force, and subject to the same civilisation." The endeavour to maintain the nation demanded an army which, however, was separate and alien to the power to which it owed allegiance, and which was maintained at enormous expense and by taxation of the middle class, upon whom, as magistrates, fell the burden, and by whom public office was anxiously shunned. "Thus private interest formerly identical with public good was now opposed to it, which in all states of society is an unfailing symptom of moral decadence and weakness." Other sources of disintegration were the ever-increasing number of slaves and the formation of a class of great landowners and the consequent agrarian problems. Christianity also had its part in the disintegrating process, for by its teaching "everything constituting the grandeur of Rome, i.e., the social fabric, patriotism and glory, the very aim of its existence and all that it held most dear, were now reduced to a nullity. It was a question not of the substitution of one religion for another, but of demolishing the fundamental principles of philosophy, of literature, of all the civilisation of a whole world, to erect others in their places." It is with such reasonable and thoughtful reflections that our author opens the first book of his history. This book closes with the downfall of Orestes and the rise to power of Odovacar upon the deposition of Romulus Augustulus. This event marks the first real submission of the Roman element to the barbarian element, inasmuch as hitherto, as in the downfall of Stilicho, Aëtius and Ricimer, men to whom the Roman Empire at one time owed its preservation, there was submission on the part of the barbarian element. The second book opens with—as our author terms it—the preliminary history of the Middle Ages and of the history of Italy, and closes with the death of Justinian and Belisarius, so that it covers in its scope the reign of Theodoric and the contest between the Goths and Byzantines. The third book is assigned to the Longobards—a form of the word to which our author does not consistently adhere—and traces their invasion of Italy and their conflict with the Church, ending in the appeal of the Pope to the Franks. In this

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portion of the book Signor Villari turns aside to make a strong contradiction of the once prevalent view that the Longobards, as the first barbarians who proclaimed laws of their own in Italy, reduced the Italians to a state of semi-servitude, if not to actual slavery. The last book begins with a description of the Merovingians and the origin of the Carolingian dynasty, and, passing to the history of Pépin and the descent of the Franks into Italy, closes with the crowning of Charlemagne in Rome on Christmas Day 800 A.D. Our historian feels the importance of this event, and declares that "the constitution of the Frankish Empire was the chief and central achievement of the Middle Ages. For a time it welded many very different countries and peoples into a firmly united whole, assisted the fusion of conquered and conquerors, of Roman and Teuton, of the Germanic spirit with the spirit of Greek and Roman culture, while—provisionally, at least—it promoted the harmony of the State with the Church to which Charles was so munificent."

A most interesting phase of this work of an Italian historian is his delicate handling of the questions associated with the history of the Church. Signor Villari abides by his intention expressed in the preface, i.e., to be neither a Guelph nor a Ghibelline. In other words, he is determined to be an impartial historian, recognising the importance of the Church, but studying religion and the history of theology because of the close connection of the religious life of the people of Italy with its political, literary, artistic and civil life. Nevertheless, we find full recognition of the great part performed by the Popes in the development of the history of Italy, and much attention is given to the history of the establishment of the Papacy. We must remember that the writer is an Italian, and with this in mind we marvel at the impartial way in which this most difficult subject is handled. To support this view, we have only to turn to his words on Pope Leo I., whom he describes as perhaps "the greatest man of his century, whose exalted Christian spirit was interfused with the spirit of ancient Rome;" and again, as to St. Benedict, "in whom genuine goodness was combined with a profound knowledge of human nature and of the tendencies of his age;" and, finally, in his chapter on Gregory the Great, whom he criticises for his famous letter to Phocas, "that monster of cruelty," and yet explains without justifying it by pointing out that to Gregory "the triumph of the Church was his one supreme aim." He believes that Gregory, whom he regards as the second founder of the Papacy, was of lofty character, judging from his Epistles, but he does not conceal the unfortunate side, which he evidently attributes to that Pope's enthusiastic, and at the same time practical, disposition.

The translation by Signora Villari is exceedingly well done, although there are the usual traces of peculiar phraseology which mark and mar translations. Of this we need only quote: "No such spectacle has ever been seen again." There are also a number of slips in orthography, as *Gepidi,* p. 34, and *Gepidæ* elsewhere; *Amalasantha,* p. 174, and *Amalasuntha,* p. 172. *James C. Egbert, Jr.*

III.

Seumas MacManus's "A Lad of the O'Friels."*

No man ever is so eloquent as when he utters the slogan of his clan, discourses of the soil which he and his forbears have tilled, the craft by which he earns his bread, or describes the scenes and persons associated with the impressionable period of his childhood days. Accordingly the literature that is apt to ring most true is that which is at once autochthonic and autobiographical in its sources of inspiration, where the local colouring, to use a detested modern phrase, is the essential colouring of the picture in which the chronicler employs romance, not as an end, but to illuminate the little happenings of life actual as he himself has lived it. In this lies the spell of *David Copperfield, Jane Eyre, The Window in Thrums;* of Burns's poetry and that of Wordsworth, indeed, of all work that is at once creative and personal, fancy crowning experience on its native heath. And in this quality lies whatever merit may be in this slen-

*A Lad of the O'Friels. By Seumas MacManus. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

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der, unambitious, but sincere and wholly pleasing tale.

Dinny O'Friel is a son of the finest peasantry on the face of God's green earth, as the great liberator, Dan O'Connell, styles his constituents. "A fun-lovin' young fella is the lad, and betimes not lackin' in imparance, nor backward when there's any darlin' fightin' on hand with his dearest friend the Vagabone (a graft of the divil to whom a baitin' comes as aisy as bread an' butter, God love him!)" Yet Dinny's happiest hour lies atween the day's work and the Rosary, as he crouches on the hearth, spellin' out his lessons while "the yalla firelight does be dancin' over the pages where the larnin' is!" But above and beyond the student bent he has the poet's soul. True, he finds himself unequal to helping Billy Brogan indite a love-letter to sweet Ellen Burns on the admired pattern of "Ye Muses Nine, With me combine," since poetry is something that can't be helped or hindered, like Shusie Maguire's flat feet! Still Nature whispers in his ear some of her most treasured secrets, as he lies on his back, whistling against a blackbird in the sun, in the voice of a mavis on the thorn, in the dhreary wind wailing in the whin bushes, or bending the heather and blackheads as he herds on the uplands of Glenboran.

Once the primal savage in the boy impels him to show off his skill at cockshot to the wee companion of his dhreams, the widow Pat's Nuala:

> A lark had lit on the ditchtop, scarce thirty yards away.
>
> "Wait till ye see how close I'll go, Nuala!"
>
> "Oh, Dinny, don't, don't!" she cried, grasping my arm. But laughing at her terror, I hurled the flint. It went unexpectedly straight to its mark and struck the broad back of the lark with a distinct thud that I hear as plainly yet as at that moment. Instantly the bird spread its wings and mounted the air singing with a plaintive sweetness, the most touching I had ever heard from bird. It reached a point about fifty feet aloft, hovered for one moment, then its notes suddenly ceasing, dropped to earth like a stone. With a mournful scream Nuala dashed over to where the bird had fallen. I reached the spot as soon. The lark was lying on its side among the heather, its little legs standing out stark, appealing, even in death.
>
> Little Nuala took it up in her two hands, kissed it passionately, and hugged it to her breast. "Dinny O'Friel, go away with ye!" The heart was crying in me! I watched Nuala till, with the bird still pressed to her bosom, she disappeared below the brow of the hill. Then I went back to the cornfield, where I threw myself down flat with my face buried in the brown grass, and sobbed, sobbed for that which I never can forget—the lark's last sad, sweet farewell to Glenboran!

Folklore is fact in Donegal, where one reckons the year from cuckoo to cuckoo! In Donegal one holds in high honour the robin redbreast, who, when the soldiers came in search of him, lay on every drop of blood that marked his track! But an outcast is the wren, and every one killed means a rib broken in the devil for the rude trick it once played on great "Sent Colmoille" a matter of two thousand years ago!

This review must not close without a mention of the wife to whose beloved memory Seumas MacManus dedicates it, Ethna, "Bright star, rose blossom, singing bird, who held the year at May!"

Marguerite Merington.

IV.

Mr. Bacheller's "Darrel of the Blessed Isles."*

Just what sort of process Mr. Bacheller employed in the construction of this book we do not profess to know with mathematical certainty; but we think that we can describe it pretty well from the internal evidence which the book itself affords. We fancy that for some time the author kept a sort of note-book, in which he jotted down stray incidents which seemed to him capable of being worked up in an interesting way; hints of character sketches; bits of conversation; apposite quotations, and sundry other literary odds and ends. Then, when he had accumulated enough of this inchoate material, he presumably set himself to work to see how he could string it all together on a thread of narrative. This

*Darrel of the Blessed Isles. By Irving Bacheller. Boston: The Lothrop Publishing Company.

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thread of narrative he managed to secure; but the things that he strung upon it still suggest the scrap-book and the rag-bag; for in many places they do not exhibit the *callida junctura,* which even a moderately good literary workman ought to effect, and the absence of which renders a book amateurish to a degree. Finally, to give a meretricious interest to the whole, Mr. Bacheller, after a foolish fashion which is now very much in vogue, introduces, without any particular reason, a strolling country boy, whose name, it appears, is James Abram Garfield; and in another place we get a glimpse of an actor declaiming in the backwoods, and discover that he is Edwin Forrest. It is all very *naïf* and far too easy.

The incidents narrated in *Darrel* are supposed to take place between 1835 and some time in the fifties, but the period doesn't matter very much. There is a talkative old tinker of clocks, and a mysterious foundling, who is the secondary hero of the book; and there are some rather good pictures of village life, and of the little world of the district school; and later there is a bank robbery, with some detective business; and sundry people coming and going without any particular reason; but at the last, the whole thing gets out of hand and Mr. Bacheller winds up in a dazed sort of way, leaving the reader, however, very much more stupefied.

It is not worth while to waste many words upon a book like this; only, as Mr. Bacheller has made some pretensions in the past to a knowledge of American life in the early part of the nineteenth century, we venture to point out one or two very obvious absurdities. In the first place, he represents Darrel, about the year 1835, covering the interior of his workshop with "chromos," which would have been somewhat difficult, inasmuch as that particular kind of lithograph was unknown until a good many years later. Likewise, he speaks of "dime novels" as existing at the same period, which is almost equally anachronistic. Most preposterous of all, we find the master of a district school, somewhere in the forties, haranguing his pupils on the subject of bees, and borrowing his harangue from Maurice Maeterlinck's well-known book, which appeared in 1899. Mr. Bacheller himself evidently felt that this was a little too much, so he put in a foot-note to explain the matter and to square himself with his readers. But the artistic effect is about the same as that which would be produced if an historical painter in depicting the famous meeting of Julius Cæsar and Ariovistus, should represent Cæsar as smoking a cigarette, and should then attach an apologetic label to the painting. Does not Mr. Bacheller know anything about bees himself, or if he doesn't could he not have invented something? In fact, artistically the effect would have been much better if he had bagged the whole thing from Maeterlinck, and had said nothing about it at all. One could more easily forgive him the plagiarism than the fatuity.

Mr. Howells once expressed the opinion that Mr. Bacheller's *Eben Holden* was "as pure as water, and as good as bread," and this dictum was widely circulated at the time by the publishers of the book in question. We used to wonder how it was that the Dean of American Letters came to express himself in this particular way about this particular book. Finally, however, a light dawned upon us, and we appreciated the delicate tact of the utterance. When Mr. Howells said that *Eben Holden* was as pure as water and as good as bread, he really meant that the persons who had to read *Eben Holden* were condemned to a diet of bread-and-water. Following modestly in his footsteps, we can conscientiously observe of *Darrel of the Blessed Isles,* that it is as "pure as water, and as mild as milk." Or, to express the same thing in another way, it is milk-and-water from the first page to the last.

H. T. P.

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LABOUCHÈRE AND LONDON "TRUTH"

When Henry Labouchère announced his intention of producing and editing a new periodical, which he called *Truth,* society smiled. People thought the union of the two names a paradox. They were mistaken, for they found they had to take into consideration a very different man from what they had expected. Up to this period, 1877, Labouchère had scarcely been taken seriously. Every one knew of his escapades, and there was rarely an amusing story lacking an author which was not immediately placed to his credit. Labouchère, however, was in earnest. Just before this period he had been the principal contributor to the *World,* then owned by Edmund Yates, supplying the weekly financial article. The paragraph age was just beginning. People were tired of long-winded editorials. They wanted short, snappy paragraphs. Edmund Yates was the first to feel the public pulse, and before many months had passed Labouchère had followed his example. The *World* would probably never have had the success it achieved had it not been for Labouchère's weekly strictures and criticisms on commercialism, a fact that Labouchère very shortly recognised. Telling Yates that he did not see the equity of doing all the work while the editor took in all the money, he left the *World* and started a similar publication, which actually paid from its first number. Such an unusual beginning was probably due to the fact that people knew that Labouchère could easily afford to carry on such a venture for an indefinite period. Besides which, they were only too glad to welcome such peculiar talent in a different field. Beyond and above this, Labouchère was sharp enough to engage the services of a *fidus Achates,* Horace Voules, who had served a varied apprenticeship with several literary ventures, and a peculiar one with Baron Grant on the *Echo,* the first halfpenny paper published in London. In the office besides Voules was a dapper young man, who was, so his master said, "the only gentleman in the place." Labouchère explained later why he kept this modified Beau Brummel. It is the law in England to have the name of the publisher and printer at the end of the paper, presumably to fix the responsibility of any delinquency in the shape of libel, etc. Not wishing the real name of his printer and publisher to be known, Labouchère had this young gentleman's name affixed to *Truth,* so that, as he cheerfully explained, if any trouble did arise this youth could go to prison! A story is told of Labouchère at the very beginning of his editorial career. A friend came in one day, and, seeing a quantity of books around, which had been sent in for review, offered to bet Labouchère that there was one book he had not got in the office. Labouchère inquired the name of the book, and his friend promptly answered, "A Bible." With a laugh, Labouchère offered to bet ten pounds that he had even that book. Turning the conversation in another direction, he furtively sent a note out into the clerk's office, telling the boy to go downstairs and ask the booksellers underneath for the loan of a Bible. Presently he returned to the subject of the bet, and, calling his assistant in, asked him whether he had a Bible in the office. The clerk produced the book, which Labouchère handed over to his friend, giving himself away, however, as he did so by saying *sotto voce* to the clerk: "I hope to goodness you didn't forget to cut the leaves!" The humour of the story lies in the fact that in those days, at all events, no Bible had ever been published with uncut leaves

When *Truth* first appeared it was popularly supposed that Labouchère wrote nearly the whole of the paper. This was not so, although he certainly did contribute a great deal more then than in these later days. The columns headed "Scrutator" were and are now written by his pen; so was the financial article, which has since been delegated to other writers, and so, too, were many of the paragraphs. Though libel suit followed libel suit, Labouchère made it his boast for years that he never lost a case. His greatest disappointment was, perhaps, when the jury could not agree on a verdict in the case of Levy Lawson *v.* Himself. Lawson was

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his deadly enemy, and of his enemies he often used to say that they never came to a good end. Of late years he has not been so successful in his litigation, which is not to be wondered at, when one considers how many scoundrels and swindles he has attempted to unmask. He confesses that he has often been in a quandary; for in the generality of cases his victims have left him in the lurch by going to gaol or the bankruptcy court, leaving him to pay the costs. Probably his expenses in defending the suits brought against him have exceeded sixty thousand pounds, while against this must be placed, besides his private income, a princely profit from the paper over which he presides.

Truth brought out qualities in Labouchère for which he never before had credit. He was known to have had a good education at Eton and Cambridge, and to be well off financially, and his vagaries in the Foreign Office and as a newspaper correspondent were common talk, but people were not prepared for such a fearless onslaught on all sorts and kinds of evils as Labouchère began. It is not generally known that this intensity of purpose was inherited; and yet, if Labouchère is to be believed, his father was just as strenuous in purpose. One illustration is supplied by the son, which the latter vouches for as true in every particular. It appears that John Labouchère, the father, was in his youth a clerk in the banking house of Williams, Deacon and Company. Once they wished to send some important papers to a rich client in Paris, and entrusted John Labouchère with the task of taking them and settling what matters pertained thereto. While transacting his business with the millionaire, the bank clerk employed his spare time in making violent love to the daughter of the house. His business being done, John Labouchère asked for a private interview with the old man, and there and then asked the hand of his daughter in marriage. The father was indignant. A mere bank clerk! It was absurd. "Well," said Labouchère's father, "supposing I was a partner in the bank, would that make any difference?" The answer was that most certainly it would. Back went John, and after being congratulated on the successful issue of his work, asked for an interview with the partners, at which he begged to be taken into partnership. The request was, of course, laughed at. Nothing daunted, Labouchère's father asked if it would make any difference if he was the son-in-law of the millionaire to whom he had been sent. The answer was similar to the one he had received in Paris; so somehow or other, though history does not say which he did first, Labouchère's father married the girl and became a partner in the banking firm.

Early in life Labouchère entered the diplomatic service, and his great boast has always been that he is the only man who has ever got the best of the English Foreign Office. To instance this he tells the following tale, which possibly has the elements of a certain amount of accuracy. He was always, he confesses, drawing or trying to draw some of his salary in advance, so on receiving instructions from the Foreign Office to go from where he was stationed, Paris, to St. Petersburg, he promptly wrote back for some money in advance. To this request he received no reply, and to all intents and purposes disappeared. For six weeks he was not to be found. Finally he was discovered to be at Homburg, and on being asked to explain, he replied that, as he had received no reply to his letter and having no money for his travelling expenses, he had started out to walk to St. Petersburg, and at the present moment had got as far as Homburg. This retort so staggered his superiors that they forgave him for the misdemeanour.

Still another story that he is fond of telling, and which is certainly characteristic of his *sang froid*, if nothing else, runs that, while he was attached to the British Embassy at Washington, an Englishman strode into the office in all his glory and demanded to see his country's representative. Labouchère explained that he was out, and offered his services in lieu. The visitor was indignant. He would have nothing to do with any understrapper. The word hurt Labouchère, who politely invited him to take a chair and wait. The man waited and waited till over an hour had gone by. Then he inquired when Lord Lyons, the ambassador, would be in. "I really don't know," said Labouchère. "He went to Europe this morning, and may not be back for three months!"

There are many, many more tales told

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of Labouchère, enough indeed to fill a volume: of how he posed as a doorkeeper of a travelling circus; how he joined a party of Chippewa Indians, with whom he roamed about for six months; of how he was mistaken for the Emperor of Mexico, and how he was actually, according to his own account, elected President of the French Republic by mistake during the Commune. There is, in fact, no yarn of amusing audacity which has not at some time or another been fathered upon the ubiquitous Labby.

His political career commenced somewhat paradoxically, when he was returned to Parliament from, of all places, the seat of royalty, Windsor. In a natural sequence he was unseated on petition, and again met a similar fate when he stood for Middlesex some years later. In 1880 he was elected for Northampton in conjunction with Charles Bradlaugh, and he has represented that constituency ever since. Be it said that Labouchère is consistent in his political views. He may be anti-everything, and chockful of persiflage, but he is always worth listening to, for, though he is oftentimes wrong-headed, he is always profoundly in earnest. When making his last cabinet, Gladstone sent for him, not with the intention of offering him a portfolio, but merely to hoodwink the public that some official position had been offered him, leaving him the task of saying that he had declined to accept it. Instead of allowing the public to be thus comfortably humbugged, Labouchère somewhat stupidly published the whole truth about the matter, thereby holding himself up to ridicule. He is feared, liked and detested in the House of Commons, but he has at all times to be reckoned with.

In private life Labouchère is the acme of geniality. Besides a mansion in London, he has a beautiful house on the Thames—once Pope's villa. The lawn runs down to the river, which elicited a remark from him in answer to a guest who had dilated on the beauty of the place: "Yes," said his host, "I have a lawn on the river in summer, and a river on the lawn in winter!" He smokes cigarettes incessantly, using a long holder so that the smoke may not get into his eyes while he is writing, and he is popularly supposed to be the only man alive who can keep a cigarette evenly burning during a high wind! He is utterly indifferent to private feeling as he is to public strictures, and, though popularly supposed to have been hand and glove with King Edward when the latter was Prince of Wales, he has presumably a deep contempt for royalty.

Apropos of this friendship, he was once asked what he called the Prince of Wales when he dined at Marlborough House. "Well," said Labby, "when the soup comes on I address him as 'Your Royal Highness.' The fish softens the reserve and I get a little chummier, and often as not I call him 'Wales,' while during the *entrées* and joints I get quite familiar and he becomes 'Eddie,' while he slaps me on the back and dubs me 'Labby'!"

Labouchère, in short, is a complete paradox. Rich, he despises the wealthy, clever without judgment, unsentimental yet wrong-headedly emotional, thoroughly in earnest, yet always regarded as a trifler. He used to give out that he had really no time to get married, and yet he espoused Miss Henrietta Hodson, an actress of some note in her day, and he has managed a theatre, from which he gained a good many amusing experiences without any monetary profit. He has played many parts, but has never achieved success in any particular one.

"Father," said a child, when Labouchère was standing for Northampton, "did God make Labby?"

"Yes, my dear," answered the smiling parent.

"What for, father?"

The question was not and probably never will be answered.

Ernest L. Hancock.

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THE SHADOW AND THE FLASH

When I look back, I realise what a peculiar friendship it was. First, there was Lloyd Inwood, tall, slender and finely knit, nervous and dark. And then Paul Tichlorne, tall, slender and finely knit, nervous and blond. Each was the replica of the other in everything except colour. Lloyd's eyes were black coals of fire; Paul's steel-blue jets of flame. Under stress of excitement, the blood coursed olive in the face of Lloyd, crimson in the face of Paul. But outside this matter of colouring they were as alike as two peas. Both were high-strung, prone to excessive tension and over-endurance, and they lived constantly at concert pitch.

But there was a trio involved in this remarkable friendship, and the third was short, and fat, and chunky, and lazy, and, loth to say, it was I. Paul and Lloyd seemed born to rivalry with each other, and I to be peacemaker between them. We grew up together, the three of us, and full often have I received the angry blows each intended for the other. They were always competing, striving to outdo each other, and when entered upon some such struggle there was no limit either to their endeavours or passions.

This intense spirit of rivalry obtained in their studies and their games. If Paul memorised one canto of "Marmion," Lloyd memorised two cantos, Paul came back with three, and Lloyd again with four, till each knew the whole poem by heart. I remember an incident that occurred at the swimming hole—an incident tragically significant of the life-struggle between them. The boys had a game of diving to the bottom of a ten-foot pool and holding on by submerged roots to see which could stay under the longest. Paul and Lloyd allowed themselves to be bantered into making the descent together. When I saw their faces, set and determined, disappear in the water as they sank swiftly down, I felt a foreboding of something dreadful. The moments sped, the ripples died away, the face of the pool grew placid and untroubled, and neither black nor golden head broke surface in quest of air. We above grew anxious. The longest record of the longest-winded boy had been exceeded, and still there was no sign. Air bubbles trickled slowly upward, showing that the breath had been expelled from their lungs, and after that the bubbles ceased to trickle upward. Each second became interminable, and, unable longer to endure the suspense, I plunged into the water.

I found them down at the bottom, clutching tight to the roots, their heads not a foot apart, their eyes wide open, each glaring fixedly at the other. They were suffering frightful torment, writhing and twisting in the pangs of voluntary suffocation; for neither would let go and acknowledge himself beaten. I tried to break Paul's hold on the root, but he resisted me fiercely. Then I lost my breath and came to the surface badly scared. I quickly explained the situation, and half a dozen of us went down and by main strength tore them loose. By the time we got them out, both were unconscious, and it was only after much barrel-rolling and rubbing and pounding that they finally came to their senses. They would have drowned there, had no one rescued them.

When Paul Tichlorne entered college, he let it be generally understood that he was going in for the social sciences. Lloyd Inwood, entering at the same time, elected to take the same course. But Paul had had it secretly in mind all the time to study the natural sciences, specialising on chemistry, and at the last moment he switched over. Though Lloyd had already arranged his year's work and attended the first lectures, he at once followed Paul's lead and went in for the natural sciences and especially for chemistry. Their rivalry soon became a noted thing throughout the university. Each was a spur to the other, and they went into chemistry deeper than did ever students before—so deep, in fact, that ere they took their sheepskins they could have stumped any chemistry or "cow college" professor in the institution, save "old" Moss, head of the department, and him even they puzzled and edified more than once. Lloyd's discovery of the

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"death bacillus" of the sea toad, and his experiments on it with potassium cyanide, sent his name and that of his university ringing round the world; nor was Paul a whit behind when he succeeded in producing laboratory colloids exhibiting amœba-like activities, and when he cast new light upon the processes of fertilisation through his startling experiments with simple sodium chlorides and magnesium solutions on low forms of marine life.

It was in their undergraduate days, however, in the midst of their profoundest plunges into the mysteries of organic chemistry, that Doris Van Benschoten entered into their lives. Lloyd met her first, but within twenty-four hours Paul saw to it that he also made her acquaintance. Of course, they fell in love with her, and she became the only thing in life worth living for. They wooed her with equal ardour and fire, and so intense became their struggle for her that half the student-body took to wagering wildly on the result. Even "old" Moss, one day, after an astounding demonstration in his private laboratory by Paul, was guilty to the extent of a month's salary of backing him to become the bridegroom of Doris Van Benschoten.

In the end she solved the problem in her own way, to everybody's satisfaction except Paul's and Lloyd's. Getting them together, she said that she really could not choose between them because she loved them both equally well; and that, unfortunately, since polyandry was not exactly permitted in the United States, she would be forced to forego the honour and happiness of marrying either of them. Each blamed the other for this lamentable outcome, and the bitterness between them grew more bitter.

But things came to a head soon enough. It was at my home, after they had taken their degrees and dropped out of the world's sight, that the beginning of the end came to pass. Both were men of means, with little inclination and no necessity for professional life. My friendship and their mutual animosity were the two things that linked them in any way together. While they were very often at my place, they made it a fastidious point to avoid each other on such visits, though it was inevitable, under the circumstances, that they should come upon each other occasionally.

On the day I have in recollection, Paul Tichlorne had been mooning all morning in my study over a current scientific review. This left me free to my own affairs, and I was out among my roses when Lloyd Inwood arrived. Clipping and pruning and tacking the climbers on the porch, with my mouth full of nails, and Lloyd following me about and lending a hand now and again, we fell to discussing the mythical race of invisible people, that strange and vagrant people the traditions of which have come down to us. Lloyd warmed to the talk in his nervous, jerky fashion, and was soon interrogating the physical properties and possibilities of invisibility. A perfectly black object, he contended, would elude and defy the acutest vision.

"Colour is a sensation," he was saying. "It has no objective reality. Without light, we can see neither colours nor objects themselves. All objects are black in the dark, and in the dark it is impossible to see them. If no light strikes upon them, then no light is flung back from them to the eye, and so we have no vision-evidence of their being."

"But we see black objects in daylight," I objected.

"Very true," he went on warmly. "And that is because they are not perfectly black. Were they perfectly black, absolutely black, as it were, we could not see them—ay, not in the blaze of a thousand suns could we see them! And so I say, with the right pigments, properly compounded, an absolutely black paint could be produced which would render invisible whatever it was applied to."

"It would be a remarkable discovery," I said non-committally, for the whole thing seemed too fantastical for aught but speculative purposes.

"Remarkable!" Lloyd slapped me on the shoulder. "I should say so! Why, old chap, to coat myself with such a paint would be to put the world at my feet. The secrets of kings and courts would be mine, the machinations of diplomats and politicians, the double-play of tricksters, the plans of trusts and corporations! I could keep my hand on the inner pulse of things and become the greatest power in the world! And I—"

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He broke off shortly, then added, "Well, I have begun my experiments, and I don't mind telling you that I'm right in line for it."

A sneering laugh from the doorway startled us. Paul Tichlorne was standing there, a smile of mockery on his lips.

"You forget, my dear Lloyd," he said.

"Forgot what?"

"You forget," Paul went on—"ah, you forget the shadow."

I saw Lloyd's face drop, but he answered sneeringly. "I can carry a sunshade, you know." Then he turned suddenly and fiercely upon him. "Look here, Paul, you'll keep out of this if you know what's good for you."

A rupture seemed imminent, but Paul laughed good-naturedly. "I wouldn't lay fingers on your dirty pigments. Succeed beyond your most sanguine expectations, yet you will always fetch up against the shadow. You can't get away from it. Now I shall go on the very opposite tack. In the very nature of my proposition the shadow will be eliminated—"

"Transparency!" ejaculated Lloyd instantly. "But it can't be achieved."

"Oh, no; of course not." And Paul shrugged his shoulders and strolled off down the briar-rose path.

This was the beginning of it. Both men attacked the problem with all the tremendous energy for which they were noted, and with a rancour and bitterness which made me tremble for the success of either. Each trusted me to the utmost, and in the long weeks of experimentation that followed I was made a party to both sides, listening to their theorisings and witnessing their demonstrations. Never, by word or sign, did I convey to either the slightest hint of the other's progress, and they respected me for the seal I put upon my lips.

Lloyd Inwood, after prolonged and unintermittent application, when the tension upon his mind and body became too great to bear, had a strange way of obtaining relief. He attended prize fights. It was at one of these brutal exhibitions, whither he had dragged me in order to tell his latest results, that his theory received striking confirmation.

"Do you see that red-whiskered man?" he asked, pointing across the ring to the fifth tier of seats on the opposite side. "And do you see the next man to him, the one in the white hat? Well, there is quite a gap between them, is there not?"

"Certainly," I answered. "They are a seat apart. The gap is the unoccupied seat."

He leaned over to me and spoke seriously. "Between the red-whiskered man and the white-hatted man sits Ben Wasson. You have heard me speak of him. He is the cleverest pugilist of his weight in the country. He is also a Caribbean negro, full-blooded, and the blackest in the United States. He has on a black overcoat buttoned up. I saw him when he came in and took that seat. As soon as he sat down he disappeared. Watch closely; he may smile."

I was for crossing over to verify Lloyd's statement, but he restrained me. "Wait," he said.

I waited and watched, till the red-whiskered man turned his head as though addressing the unoccupied seat; and then, in that empty space, I saw the rolling whites of a pair of eyes and the white double-crescent of two rows of teeth, and for the instant I could make out a negro's face. But with the passing of the smile his visibility passed, and the chair seemed vacant as before.

"Were he perfectly black, you could sit alongside him and not see him," Lloyd said; and I confess the illustration was apt enough to make me well-nigh convinced.

I visited Lloyd's laboratory a number of times after that, and found him always deep in his search after the absolute black. His experiments covered all sorts of pigments, such as lamp-blacks, tars, carbonised vegetable matters, soots of oils and fats and the various carbonised animal substances.

"White light is composed of the seven primary colours," he argued to me. "But it is itself, of itself, invisible. Only by being reflected from objects does it and the objects become visible. But only that portion of it that is reflected becomes visible. For instance, here is a blue tobacco-box. The white light strikes against it, and, with one exception, all its component colours—violet, indigo, green, yellow, orange and red—are absorbed. The one exception is *blue*. It is not absorbed but reflected. Wherefore the tobacco-box gives us a sensation of blueness. We do not see the other colours because they are

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absorbed. We see only the blue. For the same reason grass is *green*. The green waves of white light are thrown upon our eyes."

"When we paint our houses we do not apply colour to them," he said at another time. "What we do is to apply certain substances which have the property of absorbing from white light all the colours except those which we would have our houses appear. When a substance reflects all the colours to the eye, it seems to us white. When it absorbs all the colours, it is black. But, as I said before, we have as yet no perfect black. *All* the colours are not absorbed. The perfect black, guarding against high lights, will be utterly and absolutely invisible. Look at that, for example."

He pointed to the palette lying on his work-table. Different shades of black pigments were brushed on it. One, in particular, I could hardly see. It gave my eyes a blurring sensation, and I rubbed them and looked again.

"That," he said impressively, "is the blackest black you or any mortal man ever looked upon. But just you wait, and I'll have a black so black that no mortal man will be able to look upon it—*and see it!*"

On the other hand, I used to find Paul Tichlorne plunged as deeply into the study of light polarisation, diffraction and interference, single and double refraction, and all manner of strange organic compounds.

"Transparency: a state or quality of body which permits all rays of light to pass through," he defined for me. "That is what I am seeking. Lloyd blunders up against the shadow with his perfect opaqueness. But I escape it. A transparent body casts no shadow; neither does it reflect light-waves—that is, the perfectly transparent does not. So, avoiding high lights, not only will such a body cast no shadow, but since it reflects no light it will also be invisible."

We were standing by the window at another time. Paul was engaged in polishing a number of lenses, which were ranged along the sill. Suddenly, after a pause in the conversation, he said, "Oh! I've dropped a lense. Stick your head out, old man, and see where it went to."

Out I started to thrust my head, but a sharp blow on the forehead caused me to recoil. I rubbed my bruised brow and gazed with reproachful inquiry at Paul, who was laughing in gleeful, boyish fashion.

"Well?" he said.

"Well?" I echoed.

"Why don't you investigate?" he demanded. And investigate I did. Before thrusting out my head, my senses, automatically active, had told me there was nothing there, that nothing intervened between me and out-of-doors, that the aperture of the window-opening was utterly empty. I stretched forth my hand and felt a hard object, smooth and cool and flat, which my touch, out of its experience, told me to be glass. I looked again, but could see positively nothing.

"White quartzose sand," Paul rattled off, "sodic carbonate, slaked lime, cullet, manganese peroxide—there you have it, the finest French plate glass, made by the great St. Gobain Company, who made the finest plate glass in the world, and this is the finest piece they ever made. It cost a king's ransom. But look at it! You can't see it! You don't know it's there till you run your head against it!

"Eh, old boy! That's merely an object lesson—certain elements, in themselves opaque, yet so compounded as to give a resultant body which is transparent. But that is a matter of inorganic chemistry, you say. Very true. But I dare to assert, standing here on my two feet, that in the organic I can duplicate whatever occurs in the inorganic."

"Here!" He held a test-tube between me and the light, and I noted the cloudy or muddy liquid it contained. He emptied the contents of another test-tube into it, and almost instantly it became clear and sparkling.

"Or here!" With quick, nervous movements among his array of test tubes, he turned a white solution to a wine colour, and a light yellow solution to a dark brown. He dropped a piece of litmus paper, the *rocella tinctoria*, into an acid, when it changed instantly to red, and on floating it in an alkali it turned as quickly to blue.

"The litmus paper is still the litmus paper," he enunciated in the formal manner of the lecturer. "I have not changed it into something else. Then what did I do? I merely changed the arrangement of its molecules. Where, at first, it absorbed all colours from the light but red,

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its molecular structure was so changed that it absorbed red and all colours except blue. And so it goes, *ad infinitum.* Now, what I propose to do is this." He paused for a space. "I propose to seek —ay, and to find—the proper reagents, which, acting upon the living organism, will bring about molecular changes analogous to those you have just witnessed. But these reagents, which I shall find, and for that matter, upon which I already have my hands, will not turn the living body to blue or red or black, but they will turn it to transparency. All light will pass through it. It will be invisible. It will cast no shadow."

A few weeks later I went hunting with Paul. He had been promising me for some time that I should have the pleasure of shooting over a wonderful dog—the most wonderful dog, in fact, that ever man shot over, so he averred, and continued to aver till my curiosity was at fever pitch. But on the morning in question I was disappointed, for there was no dog in evidence.

"Don't see him about," Paul remarked unconcernedly, and we set off across the fields.

I could not imagine, at the time, what was ailing me, but I had a feeling of some impending and deadly illness. My nerves were all awry, and, from the astounding tricks they played me, my senses seemed to have run riot. Strange sounds disturbed me. At times I heard the swish-swish of grass being shoved aside, and once the patter of feet across a patch of stony ground.

"Did you hear anything, Paul?" I asked once.

But he shook his head and thrust his feet steadily forward.

While climbing a fence, I heard the low, eager whine of a dog, apparently from within a couple of feet of me; but on looking about me I saw nothing.

I dropped to the ground, limp and trembling.

"Paul," I said, "we had better return to the house. I am afraid I am going to be sick."

"Nonsense, old man," he answered. "The sunshine has gone to your head like wine. You'll be all right. It's famous weather."

But, passing along a narrow path through a clump of cottonwoods, some object brushed against my legs and I stumbled and nearly fell. I looked with sudden anxiety at Paul.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Tripping over your own feet?"

I kept my tongue between my teeth and plodded on, though sore perplexed and thoroughly satisfied that some acute and mysterious malady had attacked my nerves. So far my eyes had escaped, but, when we got to the open fields again, even my vision went back on me. Strange flashes of vari-coloured, rainbow light began to appear and disappear on the path before me. Still, I managed to keep myself in hand, till the vari-coloured lights persisted for a space of fully twenty seconds, dancing and flashing in continuous play. Then I sat down, weak and shaky.

"It's all up with me," I gasped, covering my eyes with my hands. "It has attacked my eyes. Paul, take me home."

But Paul laughed long and loud. "What did I tell you?—the most wonderful dog, eh? Well, what do you think?"

He turned partly from me and began to whistle. I heard the patter of feet, the panting of a heated animal, and the unmistakable yelp of a dog. Then Paul stooped down and apparently fondled the empty air.

"Here! Give me your fist."

And he rubbed my hand over the cold nose and jowls of a dog. A dog it certainly was, with the shape and the smooth short coat of a pointer.

Suffice to say, I speedily recovered my spirits and control. Paul put a collar about the animal's neck and tied his handkerchief to its tail. And then was vouchsafed us the remarkable sight of an empty collar and a waving handkerchief cavorting over the fields. It was something to see that collar and handkerchief pin a bevy of quail in a clump of locusts and remain rigid and immovable till we had flushed the birds.

Now and again the dog emitted the vari-colored light flashes I have mentioned. The one thing, Paul explained, which he had not anticipated and which he doubted could be overcome.

"They're a large family," he said, "these sun dogs, wind dogs, rainbows, halos, and parhelia. They are produced by refraction of light from mineral and ice crystals, from mist, rain, spray, and no end of things; and I am afraid they are

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the penalty I must pay for transparency. I escaped Lloyd's shadow only to fetch up against the rainbow flash."

A couple of days later, before the entrance to Paul's laboratory, I encountered a terrible stench. So overpowering was it that it was easy to discover the source —a mass of putrescent matter on the doorstep which in general outlines resembled a dog.

Paul was startled when he investigated my find. It was his invisible dog, or rather, what had been his invisible dog, for it was now plainly visible. It had been playing about but a few minutes before in all health and strength. Closer examination revealed that the skull had been crushed by some heavy blow. While it was strange that the animal should have been killed, the inexplicable thing was that it should so quickly decay.

"The reagents I injected into its system were harmless," Paul explained. "Yet they were powerful, and it appears that when death comes they force practically instantaneous disintegration. Remarkable! Most remarkable! Well, the only thing is to not die. They do not harm so long as one lives. But I do wonder who smashed in that dog's head."

Light, however, was thrown upon this when a frightened housemaid brought the news that Gaffer Bedshaw had that very morning, not more than an hour back, gone violently insane, and was strapped down at home, in the huntsman's lodge, where he raved of a battle with a ferocious and gigantic beast which he had encountered in the Tichlorne pasture. He claimed that the thing, whatever it was, was invisible, that with his own eyes he had seen that it was invisible; wherefore his tearful wife and daughters shook their heads, and wherefore he but waxed the more violent and the gardener and the coachman tightened the straps by another hole.

Nor, while Paul Tichlorne was thus successfully mastering the problem of invisibility, was Lloyd Inwood a whit behind. I went over in answer to a message of his to come and see how he was getting on. Now his laboratory occupied an isolated situation in the midst of his vast grounds. It was built in a pleasant little glade, surrounded on all sides by a dense forest growth, and was to be gained by way of a winding and erratic path. But I had travelled that path so often as to know every foot of it, and conceive my surprise, when I came upon the glade and found no laboratory. The quaint shed structure with its red sandstone chimney was not. Nor did it look as if it ever had been. There were no signs of ruin, no debris, nothing.

I started to walk across what had once been its site. "This," I said to myself, "should be where the step went up to the door," and barely were the words out of my mouth when I stubbed my toe on some obstacle, pitched forward, and butted my head into something that *felt* very much like a door. I reached out my hand. It *was* a door. I found the knob and turned it. And at once, as the door swung inward on its hinges, the whole interior of the laboratory impinged upon my vision. Greeting Lloyd, I closed the door and backed up the path a few paces. I could see nothing of the building. Returning and opening the door, at once all the furniture and every detail of the interior was visible. It was indeed startling, the sudden transition from void to light and form and colour.

"What do you think of it, eh?" Lloyd asked, wringing my hand. "I slapped a couple of coats of absolute black on the outside yesterday afternoon to see how it worked. How's your head? You bumped it pretty solidly, I imagine."

"Never mind that," he interrupted my congratulations. "I've something better for you to do."

While he talked he began to strip, and when he stood naked before me he thrust a pot and brush into my hand and said, "Here, give me a coat of this."

It was an oily, shellac-like stuff, which spread quickly and easily over the skin and dried immediately.

"Merely preliminary and precautionary," he explained when I had finished; "but now for the real stuff."

I picked up another pot he indicated, and glanced inside, but could see nothing.

"It's empty," I said.

"Stick your finger in it."

I obeyed, and was aware of a sensation of cool moistness. On withdrawing my hand I glanced at the forefinger, the one I had immersed, but it had disappeared. I moved it, and knew from the alternate tension and relaxation of the muscles that I moved it, but it defied my sense of sight.

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To all appearances I had been shorn of a finger; nor could I get any visual impression of it till I extended it under the skylight and saw its shadow plainly blotted on the floor.

Lloyd chuckled. "Now spread it on, and keep your eyes open."

I dipped the brush into the seemingly empty pot, and gave him a long stroke across his chest. With the passage of the brush the living flesh disappeared from beneath. I covered his right leg, and he was as a one-legged man defying all laws of gravitation. And so, stroke by stroke, member by member, I painted Lloyd Inwood into nothingness. It was a creepy experience, and I was glad when naught remained in sight but his burning black eyes, poised apparently unsupported in mid air.

"I have a refined and harmless solution for them," he said. "A fine spray with an air-brush, and presto! I am not."

This deftly accomplished, he said, "Now I shall move about, and do you tell me what sensations you experience."

"In the first place, I cannot see you," I said, and I could hear his gleeful laugh from the midst of the emptiness. "Of course," I continued, "you cannot escape your shadow, but that was to be expected. When you pass between my eye and an object, the object disappears, but so unusual and incomprehensible is its disappearance that it seems to me as though my eyes had blurred. When you move rapidly I experience a bewildering succession of blurs. The blurring sensation makes my eyes ache and my brain tired."

"Have you any other warnings of my presence?" he asked.

"No, and yes," I answered. "When you are near me I have feelings similar to those produced by dank warehouses, gloomy crypts, and deep mines. And as sailors feel the loom of the land on dark nights, so I think I feel the loom of your body. But it is all very vague and intangible."

Long we talked, that last morning in his laboratory; and when I turned to go, he put his unseen hand in mine with nervous grip, and said, "Now I shall conquer the world!" And I could not dare to tell him of Paul Tichlorne's equal success.

At home I found a note from Paul, asking me to come up immediately, and it was high noon when I came spinning up the driveway on my wheel. Paul called me from the tennis court, and I dismounted and went over. But the court was empty. As I stood there, gaping open-mouthed, a tennis ball struck me on the arm, and as I turned about, another whizzed past my ear. For aught I could see of my assailant, they came whirling at me from out of space, and right well was I peppered with them. But when the balls already flung at me began to come back for a second whack, I realised the situation. Seizing a racquet and keeping my eyes open, I quickly saw a rainbow flash appearing and disappearing and darting over the ground. I took out after it, and when I had laid the racquet upon it for a half-dozen stout blows, Paul's voice rang out:

"Enough! Enough! Oh! Ouch! Stop! You're landing on my naked skin, you know! Ow! O-w-w! I'll be good! I'll be good! I only wanted you to see my metamorphosis," he said ruefully, and I imagined he was rubbing his hurts.

A few minutes later we were playing tennis—a handicap on my part, for I could have no knowledge of his position save when all the angles between himself, the sun and me were in proper conjunction. Then he flashed, and only then. But the flashes were more brilliant than the rainbow—purest blue, most delicate violet, brightest yellow, and all the intermediary shades, with the scintillant brilliancy of the diamond, dazzling, blinding, iridescent!

But in the midst of our play I felt a sudden cold chill, reminding me of deep mines and gloomy crypts, such a chill as I had experienced that very morning. The next moment, close to the net, I saw a ball rebound in mid-air and empty space, and at the same instant, a score of feet away, Paul Tichlorne emitted a rainbow flash. It could not be he from whom the ball had rebounded, and with sickening dread I realised that Lloyd Inwood had come upon the scene. To make sure, I looked for his shadow, and there it was, a shapeless blotch the girth of his body (the sun was overhead) moving along the ground. I remembered his threat, and felt sure that all the long years of rivalry were about to culminate in hideous battle.

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I cried a warning to Paul and heard a snarl, as of a wild beast, and an answering snarl. I saw the dark blotch move swiftly across the court, and a brilliant burst of vari-coloured light moving with equal swiftness to meet it; and then shadow and flash came together and there was the sound of unseen blows. The net went down before my frightened eyes. I sprang toward the fighters, crying:

"For God's sake!"

But their locked bodies smote against my knees and I was overthrown.

"You keep out of this, old man!" I heard the voice of Lloyd Inwood from out of the emptiness. And then Paul's voice crying, "Yes, we've had enough of peacemaking! This settles it for good and all!"

From the sound of their voices I knew they had separated. I could not locate Paul, and so approached the shadow that represented Lloyd. But from the other side came a stunning blow on the point of my jaw, and I heard Paul scream angrily, "Now will you keep away?"

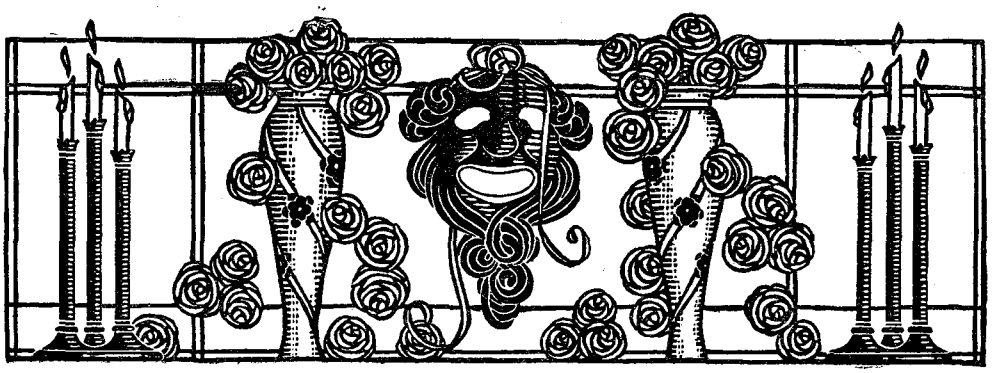
Then they came together again, the impact of their blows, their groans and gasps, and the swift flashings and shadow-movings telling plainly of the deadliness of the struggle.

I shouted for help, and Gaffer Bedshaw came running into the court. I could see, as he approached, that he was looking at me strangely, but he collided with the combatants and was hurled end over end to the ground. With one despairing shriek and a cry of O Lord, I've got 'em!" he sprang to his feet and tore madly out of the court.

I could do nothing, so I sat up, fascinated and powerless, and watched the struggle. The noonday sun beat down with dazzling brightness on the naked tennis court. And it *was* naked. All I could see was the blotch of shadow and the rainbow flashes, the dust rising from the invisible feet, the earth tearing up from beneath the straining foot-grips, and the wire screen bulge once or twice as their bodies hurled against it. That was all, and after a time even that ceased. There were no more flashes, and the shadow had become stationary; and I remembered their set boyish faces as they clung to the roots in the deep coolness of the pool.

They found me an hour afterward. Some inkling of what had happened got to the servants and they quitted the Tichlorne service in a body. Gaffer Bedshaw never recovered from the second shock he received, and is confined in a madhouse, hopelessly incurable. The secrets of their marvellous discoveries died with Paul and Lloyd, both laboratories being destroyed by grief-stricken relatives. As for myself, I no longer care for chemical research, and science is a tabooed topic in my household. I have returned to my roses. Nature's colours are good enough for me.

Jack London.



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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

One rather unexpected result of Miss Carolyn Wells's gift to THE BOOKMAN has been the departure of the Junior Editor for England. He read so many detective stories that nothing would suit him but that he must go off and pay a personal visit to Conan Doyle. So at present he is sojourning at Hindhead, Surrey. The Senior Editor would have liked to go; but such things do not seem to come his way. What troubles us most is the thought that the Junior Editor will be quite intolerable when he returns; because whenever we get into a controversy with him on a Sherlockian question, he will assume a superior air and settle the matter by saying: "Well, Conan Doyle says so-and-so." We shall know that he is improvising; but as we can't prove it, we shall have to subside and be meek—and we don't like to be meek.

After all, his absence is conducive to a certain tranquillity that for a time is not displeasing. The office is very still. We can sit there by the hour without hearing the rattle of the golf-sticks, or the strains of "Old Nassau," rendered in a voice that is cautiously feeling for the right key and not always getting it. He will not be gone long, however, because he will be anxious to get back so as to give us points. The day of his return will be one of especial interest. Just as his favourite hero, Tartarin, on returning from Algiers to Tarascon, was accompanied at a distance by his faithful camel, so we are sure, will the Junior Editor, when he walks down the gang-plank, be followed closely by a gigantic hound.

I.

Speaking of golf-sticks, reminds us that we have received the following letter, which we print in full:

Will you kindly tell me what "golf-sticks" are, to which you refer in the May Letter-Box? Is a "golf-stick" related in any way to a base-ball racquet, a row-boat paddle, a canoe oar, or a hockey club?

Admiring your efforts in behalf of a careful and exact use of technical, or semi-technical words and phrases, by amateur writers, I feel confident that my appeal for information will seem to you a justifiable one. I am,

Truly yours,

A. BRASSEY FOOZLE.

MUSSELBURGH-ON-THE-HACKENSACK.

This note is obviously permeated by a delicate infusion of irony. The writer insinuates that it is not technically correct to speak of "golf-sticks." Now we know nothing about golf. In fact, we loathe the game. But the Junior Editor says "golf-sticks," and we would back him on a question of golf against the universe. He may not be, in the most esoteric subtleties, a real Sherlockian, but when it comes to golf—well!

II.

Miss Frances Weston Carruth answers one question, which was propounded by an esteemed correspondent in the last Letter-Box.

To the Editor of The Letter-Box.

DEAR SIR: Seeing in your department a request for an explanation of the title of Judge Grant's novel, *Unleavened Bread*, I beg to state that an answer to the query will be found in an article on "Washington in Fiction," published in THE BOOKMAN of last July, in which I gave part of a letter written by Judge Grant to me on the subject. With your permission I will again quote it:

"Regarding the title *Unleavened Bread*, it occurred to me as a suitable characterisation of a personality which was without the inspiration of leaven, and hence was flat, hard and half-baked. But it appears that leaven, in the strict Biblical sense—the leaven of the

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Pharisees—is an evil quality, and that the fermentation produced by it is an evil process, which is a totally opposite interpretation to the every-day use of 'unleavened,' as meaning something which has not risen. 'A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump' suggests the yeast of righteousness and new life, but to those who regard 'unleavened' as a condition from which evil is absent, my use of the title has occasioned perplexity."

III.

At this season of the year we always relax our editorial severity a little and that is why we print the following letter in commendation of ourselves. The writer evidently likes to give his own personality full expression.

My Dear Sir: What a man of taste you are! Allow me to back you up. Precisely! Exactly! In your reply to a correspondent in the May Bookman, with regard to "A List of the Worst Ten Books," with the happy qualification "whose authors might have been expected to do better," our reading has not included the whole ten, but as your judgment strikes us as being so appropriate to four of them, it must be so with all. It is amazing that the author of *Vanity Fair* and *The Newcomes* should have been willing to acknowledge *The Adventures of Philip!* That the greatest female writer of all the ages, after putting the world under everlasting obligation for *Middlemarch* and *Adam Bede*, should write *Daniel Deronda! Lothair!* Well, the bare idea of its being a legacy from a great English statesman! Was there ever such trash to go into a library, even of Peter the Great—"big books on bottom, little books on top." *The Scottish Chiefs!* Literature, it must be remembered, was younger then. It has been a source of pleasure to countless thousands of little minds. Be not too hard upon it.

IV.

Here is a letter which requires careful consideration:

The Bookman's Letter-Box.

Still again—though I trust not finally—Sherlock Holmes. (Surely you can blame no one for keeping that subject to the fore!) "The great detective" is quite apparently a quack of quacks, deserving to rank as a minor satellite of Cagliostro's; his creator stumbles perpetually, falling often. For proof, select any one of Holmes's adventures or memoirs at random — say "The Reigate Puzzle." Of course, you recall how the fragment of a note furnished Sherlock his principal clue. He discovered that the two Cunninghams constructed this note, each writing a word in alternation, so as to avoid the missive's identification. Yet—O absurd improbability!—neither made the slightest effort to disguise his own hand. Had they been the ordinarily intelligent beings Doyle sought to make them, it is manifest that they must have written—the old man in imitation of Alec—as differently from usual as possible—which would have rendered Holmes's "wonderful deductions" impossible. I suppose even the merest tyro can do something toward forgery. Of course, that one man wrote all his words first might still show, but it is doubtful if the stronger and weaker (elder and younger) could now be determined; and it is certain that a blood-relationship between the writers could not now be deduced from the fact that "both used Greek *e's.*" Isn't it perfectly evident that, explaining, Holmes realised the childishness of his efforts at this point, and, as in the case of the nervous attack which prevented Inspector Forrest's revealing the clue to the criminals a few hours before, he hastily sought to gloss over the foozle he had made, by modestly remarking that "there were twenty-three other deductions which would be of more interest to experts than to you"—plainly, a not creditable bit of charlatanism?

Sol Stice.

This is a bit of very specious special pleading. The writer has ignored the following facts: (1) That the Cunninghams were not experts in crime, but amateurs; (2) that they supposed that only the murdered man would ever see the letter, for Alec expected to recover it from the dead body; (3) that Holmes did not depend entirely upon the evidence of the letter, since he had detected the Cunninghams in two distinct lies—one relating to the alleged struggle, and the other relating to the place where the alleged murderer had made his escape; and (4) that Holmes was aware of the singular and apparently fruitless burglary which had been committed in the house of the person toward whom the Cunninghams felt

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a bitter animosity. In view of these facts, our correspondent's strictures upon Sherlock Holmes seem to be utterly unwarranted.

V.

We have been greatly interested by receiving a letter from Mr. E. C. Litsey, the author of *The Love Story of Abner Stone*, but best known as the man who slew a cat in order to procure stationery. This is what Mr. Litsey has to say:

I note with interest the inquiry of your correspondent from Canandaigua, New York, and your clever comments in answer thereto, as printed in the Letter-Box of the current Bookman.

That the Messrs. Barnes and Co. disseminated such a report about me was no fault of theirs, I beg to say. When about to publish my book, *The Love Story of Abner Stone*, they asked for some information concerning my life, which might prove of interest to the public. As my life had been exceedingly uneventful there was very little to tell. This cat-story, which has evoked your sympathy and jarred upon your tender nerves, is, I beg you to believe, true! I actually murdered a cat for the princely sum of ten cents! You say you are fond of cats; so am I. When I was eleven years old I slept with one one night.

I am sorry that I cannot disprove this story, to which you object so strongly, for I am candid enough to confess that I should be very glad to see my story reviewed in The Bookman; as for myself, I am glad that it was the cat and not the old lady, for she happened to be my best beloved aunt. With kind regards, believe me,

Very truly yours,
Edwin Carlile Litsey.

P. S.—I wonder if Dr. Doyle ever murdered a cat?

In the silent interspaces of the night we have mused much upon this matter of Mr. Litsey, his honoured aunt, and the martyred cat. Under the circumstances, no one, surely, would have expected Mr. Litsey to terminate his aunt's existence; but our point was, not that he should destroy his aunt, but that he should spare the cat. We hope that Mr. Litsey is a good man; but there is a certain hard exultation running through his letter which makes us very doubtful. Indeed, we think that the whole guilt of the transaction (which we are averse to mentioning again) attaches to Mr. Litsey alone. His aunt, of course, instigated the deed which he perpetrated, but in default of definite information, we shall assume that she was afflicted with ælurophobia.

We consider the question about Dr. Doyle to be irrelevant and frivolous.

ON A PORTRAIT OF "R. L. S." THE INVALID

Was't this poor dun, thin, sombre, tattered bird
Once made so merry down Earth's every dale?
Not by his coat, then, but the songs we heard,
Let us remember now the Nightingale!

Arthur Stringer.

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON*

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. His father, William, was a Unitarian clergyman of some literary attainments, and on both sides the boy's ancestors represented the best blood and training New England could furnish. William Emerson died early, however, and Ralph Waldo's bringing up devolved on an excellent mother and on an aunt, Mary Moody Emerson, a strong, high-minded character. There was a large family of children and little money to support them, yet New England thrift prevailed, and but for weak constitutions it seems likely that there would have been three notable Emersons instead of one. Edward Bliss Emerson and Charles Chauncey Emerson both died early, but left behind fragmentary writings of promise; Ralph Waldo Emerson after graduation seemed also destined to go into a decline, but a visit to the South checked the disease. He had previously led the life of a rather subdued boy, had done some reading, written a little verse, passed through school and Harvard College without conspicuous success, and studied for the Unitarian ministry. The teaching of Everett and Ticknor had doubtless impressed him, but while he showed an open mind with respect to new literary influences, it is plain that on the whole he was slightly melancholy, rather formal, independent — anything but glowing and transcendental. Cool and disengaged he was destined to remain, although the idealism shown in his early fondness for Plato was to render him sufficiently sympathetic with transcendentalism to make him a sort of intellectual clearing-house for all the enthusiasts connected with the movement. He was from the beginning not sympathetic enough with Unitarianism to make his long continuance in its ministry a possibility.

A little schoolmastering preceded the Southern journey, and some lounging, partly due to his health, followed it. Then he became associate, and shortly full pastor of the Second Church in Boston. Here he served conscientiously, but not brilliantly, until 1832, when, conceiving that the use of the elements in the communion should be discarded, he severed his connection with his congregation. There were other reasons for his feeling out of place in the ministry, and the reader of his farewell sermon will scarcely be inclined to accuse him of insolence toward offices usually deemed sacred, since his professed lack of interest in these was but part and parcel of the mental disengagement that had marked him from his youth. Like a true idealist, he was not merely content to remain in a half-way house, but was resolute, so far as he could, to forget its existence. Yet being nothing of an agitator, he broke gently with Christianity, a fact the less surprising when we learn that early in 1832 he lost his wife, to whom he had been married for three years. Disheartened and in poor health, he resolved to try a change of scene, and the following winter sailed for Malta.

The journal he kept throws much light upon his character and is especially interesting in view of his later depreciation of the advantages derived from foreign travel. He displayed no such receptivity toward the charms of Europe as Allston, Irving and Cooper had done. He was less colonial and more self-centred than they—or better, he was more centred on his own ideas. He was, however, desirous of meeting a few men whose writings had impressed him—chief among them Carlyle, with whom he formed one of the most beautiful friendships recorded in the annals of literature. He displayed his Americanism in the thorough fearlessness and partial narrowness of his judgments —none of the famous men he met were of the first class—all were deficient "in insight into religious truth." In other words, he encountered no "sage" such as he himself was developing into, and he was disappointed. In October, 1833, he was back in New England, which was soon to have a surfeit of every kind of insight.

After a little preaching he settled down

*From Chapter XIII of Professor Trent's forthcoming "A History of American Literature, 1607-1865," in Edmund Gosse's Literatures of the World Series; to be published on or about June 1, 1903. Printed here with the kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton and Company.

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in Concord, destined to be his permanent home, and supplemented his fixed income by lecturing, choosing at first scientific topics. The choice was fortunate, since the study it occasioned supplied him later with abundant illustrations well suited to the period of his activity and to the practical audiences it was his lot to address. To the same cause, also, he doubtless owed in part the enthusiasm of many of his early readers, such as John Tyndall. Another choice was more fortunate still, that of Miss Lidian Jackson for his second wife, with whom he lived in sympathetic happiness from 1835 until his death, April 27, 1882.

No minute account of his uneventful life is needed. After he made manners and morals his chief themes his reputation as a lecturer grew steadily, and the enthusiasm he began to excite in the younger generation, despite his faults of delivery, may be somewhat understood from the glowing pages of Lowell. In 1836 he gave the first really conclusive evidence of his genius as seer, interpreter of the external world, and writer of eloquent prose by publishing his small volume, entitled *Nature*—a transcendental rhapsody which rises in parts almost to the level of great poetry, a fact that sufficiently accounts for the bewilderment with which it was at first received. The same year he wrote his patriotic hymn for the anniversary of the battle of Concord and proved that he had not been mistaken in previously writing of himself as a poet. He also edited *Sartor Resartus* and two years later Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, incurring no small trouble and financial loss, but securing for himself in return a sympathetic introduction to the British public.

He was now the centre of the transcendentalist movement—a centre attracting Alcott and Margaret Fuller and Thoreau, to name no others, but possessed of a certain repulsive power to keep them, and every one else, at a convenient distance. Whether Emerson understood the temperament that kept him comparatively isolated may be questioned; that no one else understood or understands it may be asserted with some confidence. He was no Dante, no Milton, no Swift. He was a homely, shrewd Yankee who not only attended to his private affairs but was also an exemplary citizen. He could shock even Unitarian clergymen by his Divinity School address, but he had prudence enough to stand aside from the controversial battle that ensued. He felt no call to abandon his comfortable home at Concord and join the Brook Farmers. Although he supported the cause of anti-slavery with effectiveness, he could scarcely at any time have been mistaken for a crusader. Thus he was continually displaying a kind of this-worldliness that separates him sharply from the great lonely spirits of the race. Nor can one feel satisfied that his aloofness was due to the presence of some elfin quality in his character. He was no changeling, typical American and New Englander as he was, even to his fondness for matutinal pies. Yet the central fact endures that, however much the transcendentalists hovered about him, however much his lectures and essays made him a mentor to his times and brought him close to the hearts of enthusiasts of both sexes, however much in his mellow old age his fellow-countrymen of East, North, and West, delighted to honour him, and however gracefully he received their homage, Emerson remaind a being apart, a denizen of another sphere. To call him an idealist does not explain the phenomenon, nor to call him a mystic. Probably all one can do is to leave him as one finds him—a quaint, engaging figure who has taken up his abode on the confines of the seen and the unseen, who now walks a short space into the beyond, then turns and paces toward us with a smiling face and with entrancing announcements on his lips, but forestalls our questioning and retreats across the mystic border, only to return again and retreat again *ad infinitum*.

The Emerson of 1840 to 1860 was, however, no such elusive personality to his followers as he seems to some of us today. He was a stimulator, and it is as a stimulator that he still appeals to thousands who are passing through stages of mental and spiritual culture similar to those experienced by Emersonians during the decades specified. How deeply he affected his disciples may be judged from a well-known sonnet by Matthew Arnold. The *Essays* that drew forth this tribute were published in two series in 1841 and 1844 respectively. They confirmed the reputation that had been steadily growing since the delivery of the Phi Beta Kappa

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address of 1837 on "The American Scholar"—generally regarded as the new world's Declaration of Independence in respect to the things of the mind. In 1847, Emerson collected his scattered poems from *The Dial* and other periodicals. The next year he made a second visit to England, delivering, among other lectures, the successful course on *Representative Men,* which appeared as a volume in 1850, a year after other notable lectures, such as "Man the Reformer," had been published in a volume of *Miscellanies.* The *English Traits,* which summed up his shrewd, subtle, often rash and mistaken, but always interesting, impressions of the mother-country and its inhabitants, did not appear until 1856. He had, in the meantime, continued to lecture and had taken more interest in politics—even to the extent of making campaign speeches. His *Conduct of Life,* published in 1860, was, however, scarcely at first blush the sort of pronunciamento needed at the outbreak of a civil war. Its lecture-sermons on "Fate," "Wealth," "Culture," "Worship," and such apparently general and harmless topics were, nevertheless, not unimportant contributions to the literature of freedom, since they inculcated as no other American's writings did, although not so inspiringly, perhaps, as the *Essays* had done, that patriotic idealism without which the people at large could not have saved their republic. It is worth noting that the whole first edition of this book was sold in two days, which, in view of the turmoil of the times, is more significant to the historian than that Emerson should have puzzled the readers of the newly established *Atlantic Monthly* with his mystical poem "Brahma."

During the war he delivered a few addresses and at its close issued a new collection of his poems. Other poems, such as "Terminus" and "May Day," were written soon after, and a course of semi-philosophical lectures was delivered at Harvard which gave a title to a posthumous volume, *Natural History of Intellect* (1893). Two volumes of lecture-essays, *Society and Solitude* (1870) and *Letters and Social Aims* (1875), completed the tale of his chief contributions to literature, although he did edit a *Parnassus* of British and American poetry, revise his own poems, and deliver an important address or two, such as the searchingly critical "Fortune of the Republic," which still deserves to be pondered. On the whole his old age was one of graceful decline. The destruction of his house by fire in 1872 led his friends to make him a generous gift of money, which enabled him to take a third journey to Europe. He returned to receive the enthusiastic welcome of his townsmen, but their sympathy could not check the gradual aphasia and weakening of the memory that rendered his closing years pathetic. At last, however, his Ariel spirit was free to leave the body that had so long clogged it.

It would be idle to claim that the man Emerson has been adequately sketched above. His serenity, benignity, urbanity, have not been emphasised. Too little attention has been paid to his consistent and inspiring optimism and to his complimentary critical insight, his ability to analyse calmly and thoroughly the faults and foibles of his age and country. His fine patriotism, his flavour of the soil, his profound sympathy with nature and all that is elemental in humanity—these and many other features of his genius have but been hinted at in the vaguest way. Yet if the man and his career have been so unsatisfactorily treated, what can be said in less space of the philosopher, the poet, the moralist, the seer—in short, the writer whom his fervent admirers place at the head of all American men of letters?

Fortunately, there is no need in a history of literature to discuss a philosopher at great length and in a more or less technical fashion, and just as fortunately there is no certainty that Emerson was, strictly speaking, a philosopher at all. It is hard to perceive how his *Natural History of Intellect,* where, if anywhere, he was called upon to reason systematically instead of presenting his hearers or readers with a number of his own intuitions and with comments upon these, differs markedly from any of the desultory lectures he was in the habit of piecing together out of the jottings of his portfolio. It is true that he defended his own want of system, and equally true that some sort of system is deduced from his writings by thoroughgoing Emersonians. He believed that philosophy would one day be taught by poets, and did his best to hasten the day. But his idealism, which was in part stimulated by contem-

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poraneous discoveries in science, does not on the whole appeal to the practical, positivistic frame of mind superinduced by those discoveries, and it is too insubstantial and cold to satisfy such souls as have rebelled against the dominance of materialistic conceptions of the universe. Like the Unitarians he superseded, he himself has been deserted for more transcendental founders or exponents of cults. To be sure, in the sense that Marcus Aurelius may be called a philosopher, Emerson may probably be called one; yet it seems best to rank them both with the moralists, the great ethical stimulators.

But if we refuse the author of the essays on "The Over-Soul" and "Circles" the title of philosopher, shall we not follow his own lead and call him frankly a great poet, basing the title both on these and similar essays and on the somewhat scanty, but still important, body of his compositions in authentic poetic form. Here again the true Emersonian is ready with an affirmative answer. There are many cultivated Americans to whom Emerson's poems seem truly great, if not the greatest produced by any of their countrymen. Others equally cultivated maintain, however, that many of his poems are only versified versions of his essays, and declare that save in rare passages he is deficient in passion, in sensuousness, in simplicity, and cramped in his use of the metrical and other technical resources of the true poet. The fact that save for a few perfect pieces, such as the clear-cut "Rhodora" and the impressive "Days," and a slightly larger number of passages, stanzas, and lines, Emerson as a poet has not made his way with English-speaking people outside the Northern and Western States, lends great support to the arguments of his unenthusiastic critics. It can scarcely be denied, furthermore, that poems like "The Dæmonic Love" deal with subjects unfitted for concrete treatment, that true poetic glow and flow are almost entirely absent from Emerson's verses, and that his ever-recurring and often faulty octosyllabic couplets soon become wearisome. That he is at times irritatingly obscure or else uncomfortably profound, that he is given to diffuseness, that he is rarely capable of sustaining himself at a high level of execution, can almost be demonstrated. Worse still, he is prone to jargon, to bathos, to lapses of taste. Witness the following lines from "May Day."

> As we thaw frozen flesh with snow,
> So spring will not her time forerun,
> Mix polar night with tropic glow,
> Nor cloy us with unshaded sun,
> Nor wanton skip with Bacchic dance,
> But she has the temperance
> Of the gods, whereof she is one—

But the author of these lines, which with different handling might have been worthy of their substance, is also the poet who gave us the well-known

> He builded better than he knew;
> The conscious stone to beauty grew.

And the less known

> The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
> And every wave is charmed.

He is the fearless poet of "The Problem" and "Good-bye, Proud World;" he is the marvellously subtle interpreter of nature as evidenced by "Woodnotes" and "Monadnock;" he is the tender elegist of the "Dirge" and "Threnody;" he is the wise, mellowed seer of "Terminus." Not only is his volume of verses full of the raw materials of poetry; it contains enough genuinely fine poems and passages in varying styles to lift its author above the category of the minor poets. It is uncritical to rank him with the great British poets, with Shelley or Tennyson, for example, or, as an artist, with his own compatriot, Longfellow, who had a far wider knowledge and a surer command of the technical resources of verse. But to Americans, at least, Emerson is an important poet, whose best work seems likely to gain rather than to lose in value.

What now shall be said of Emerson's prose? Was Matthew Arnold right when, as an experienced critic calmly judging the favourite author of his youth, he denied that the *Essays,* the lectures, and *English Traits* formed a body of prose of sufficient merit to entitle Emerson to be ranked as a great man of letters? It seems as if the time had come for Emerson's countrymen frankly to accept this verdict. Because of deficiencies both of style and of substance Emerson does not belong to the small class of the great masters of prose. His style, despite the fact that *Nature* and many of the essays contain pages of eloquent prose almost equal in power and beauty to noble

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poetry, was nearly always that of the lecturer or preacher rather than that of the writer. He too frequently lost the note of distinction and was content if he satisfied his far from exigent audiences. In diction, to be sure, he was a conscious and consummate master, and it need scarcely be said that few writers have surpassed him in the ability to compose a pregnant sentence. But, as is generally admitted and as is shown by his practice of piecing his notes together, he was rarely able to evolve a paragraph, much more a whole essay, in a masterly or even in a workmanlike fashion. It may be granted that critics have overemphasised his lack of coherence, that there is more logical unity in his essays than appears on first reading, that *English Traits* and the later volumes are far from being mere strings of "Orphic Sayings;" but the fact seems to remain that the prose style of Emerson from first to last lacks the firmness, the compass, the precision, the flexibility, the individuality, we demand of the prose writers whom we denominate masters.

In substance also he seems to be less great than he appeared to his contemporaries. This is partly due, paradoxically enough, to his own greatness. He has so leavened the thought of America with his fine idealism, his splendid belief in the capacity and the sacred rights and duties of the individual, his fearless democratic radicalism, that the latter-day reader receives as a matter of course utterances that thrilled the bosoms of youthful Americans two generations ago. The inspired seer is often in danger of seeming to be only a charming, somewhat impractical old gentleman. This attitude is obviously unjust to Emerson, and, to be candid, is probably seldom assumed by any sound-minded, sound-hearted reader of such nobly stimulating essays as those on "Self-Reliance" and "Spiritual Laws," or of the excellent, if less lofty, papers that make up *The Conduct of Life*, or of the homely discourse on "Civilisation," in which, almost without warning, we are suddenly given the injunction—"Hitch your wagon to a star." But despite the continued sale of his works, despite popular votes that place him well to the front of American authors, it may fairly be held that not a few modern readers hold somewhat aloof from Emerson both because of their familiarity with his leading ideas and because of his defects of substance. He is a great inciter to plain living and high thinking, but he is no longer an undisputed oracle on such subjects as "History," "Art," and the like, however charmingly and suggestively he may write about them. It is impossible not to perceive the discursiveness and the rashness of generalisation displayed in *English Traits*. His defective sense of literary values, his excessive use of the speaker's privilege to plunder all the provinces of human culture, his relentless exploitation of his happy talent for discovering and presenting apt and telling illustrations, his irritating unwillingness to admit a pessimistic argument within the range of his mental vision, his almost fatal bias for stating half-truths only—these limitations of his genius detract sufficiently from the substantial value of his work to make it probable, if not certain, that his place is not with the world's masters of thought. On the other hand, it is equally true to maintain that no one can better gauge books and men when he understands them, that no one can range the fields of scholarship with more grace and divine right, that no one has better comprehended or employed the art of illustration, that no one can face unpleasant facts more bravely than Emerson when he thinks fit, or can more effectively express the scorn or reproach they deserve.

Yet whatever we may think of Emerson as philosopher, poet, or man of letters, it would be unjust to deny that he is a great writer in one very high and special sense. Among all Anglo-Saxons there appears to be no one that stands higher than he as an ethical inspirer or stimulator. In standing and character he cannot be ranked with Marcus Aurelius; probably he should not be ranked with the great emperor as a writer, being seemingly less simply and pathetically noble, although in other respects more richly endowed—but it is in the company of Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus that some of us are constrained to place him, and we feel that he would have wished no higher station. For such a station implies that he was not merely a writer whom lovers of all that is nobly ideal in human conduct will not willingly let die, but himself a man who lived up to his ideals—a man worthy during his life to be a pattern to his fellows, and after it a priceless heritage to posterity.

W. P. Trent.

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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

American Book Company:

Brief Greek Syntax. By Louis Bevier, Jr., Ph.D.

This little book contains the essentials of Greek syntax formulated simply and clearly, and will give the student a grasp of the fundamental principles. All statements of principles are illustrated by quotations from Xenophon, from Homer and from prose writers in general. The book is intended mainly for use in preparatory schools, but can well be used for review in the freshman class in college.

The Spanish in the Southwest. By Rosa V. Winterburn.

From the simplicity of the Indians, through the biographies of the Spanish explorers and the indolence of their occupation, this little supplementary reader carries one down to the American occupation of California. The book is a story of history, a collection of stories so selected and arranged as to present historical characteristics and tendencies. This is one of the series of Eclectic School Readings.

Child Literature. By Mae Henion Simms.

This is the latest addition to the series of Eclectic School Readings, and is intended for First Reader grades. Its distinctive feature consists in its method of presenting attractive nursery rhymes and stories, popular poems and Bible stories, simplified and told in short, easy words.

The American Standard Bookkeeping. High School Edition. By C. C. Curtise.

This text-book has been shaped by many years' experience of the author as teacher and accountant. It embodies advanced pedagogic principles which have been thoroughly tested and worked out in the classroom.

Appleton and Company:

The Stirrup Cup. By J. Aubrey Tyson.

A story dealing with the early life of Aaron Burr, his first courtship and marriage. The book is the third in a series which the publishers call "Novelettes de Luxe," the other two being Mrs. Poultney Bigelow's *While Charlie Was Away* and Elisa Armstrong Bengough's *The Talk of the Town.* The books are attractively bound and printed.

The Care and Feeding of Children. By L. Emmett Holt, M.D., LL.D.

A catechism for the use of mothers and children's nurses by the Professor of Diseases of Children in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. This little book is now in its third edition, the first edition appearing in 1894.

Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea. With Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary. By Arthur H. Palmer.

The author, professor in Yale University, says in his preface: "To make easy and enjoyable the *early* reading of the poem for its own sake is the aim of this edition. It leaves to later study the details of the great author's life and poetic development, and does not endeavor through the poem to teach the history of the German language or of German literature.

A History of Modern Europe. By Merrick Whitcomb.

A volume belonging to the series of Twentieth Century Text-Books by the Professor of History in the University of Cincinnati. The book is illustrated.

More Letters of Charles Darwin. Two volumes.

A record of Darwin's work in a series of hitherto unpublished letters. Francis Darwin, Fellow of Christ's College, and A. C. Seward, Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, are the editors. A review of this book will be found elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN.

Baker and Taylor Company:

With the Trees. By Maud Going.

A nature book, by the author of *With the Wild Flowers,* and *Field, Forest and Wayside Flowers.*

Bandar Log Press:

Poker Rubáiyát. By Kirk La Shelle.

A first book of a new publishing company. Mr. La Shelle, who is an enthusiastic poker player, has parodied Fitzgerald's version of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyam. The illustrations are in colour, and are somewhat unique.

Barnes and Company:

The Real Benedict Arnold. By Charles Burr Todd.

Mr. Todd, author of *The True Aaron Burr* and other books of an historical nature, has endeavoured to give an unbiassed and concise biography of Benedict Arnold. In writing the book the author has, for the most part, gone to the original sources for material, and

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he has personally visited many of the scenes described.

Life's Common Way. By Annie Eliot Trumbull.

A novel in which is told the story of a modern woman's development in New England society. Miss Trumbull has written several other books dealing with various phases of life in New England.

Brentano's:

The Certainty of a Future Life in Mars. Being the Posthumous Papers of Bradford Torrey Dodd. Edited by L. P. Gratacap.

The singular history of a man in whom the editor of this little volume seems to have implicit faith. In his preface the editor says: "The book was written by Bradford Torrey Dodd, who died at Christ Church, New Zealand, January, 1895, after a lingering illness in which consumption developed, which was attributed to the exposure he had experienced in receiving some of the wireless messages his singular history details. I was not acquainted with Mr. Dodd, but some information, acquired since the reception of his manuscript, has completely satisfied me that, however interpreted, Mr. Dodd did not intend in it the perpetration of a hoax."

Crowell and Company:

Love's Labour Lost. "First Folio" Edition. Edited, with Notes, Introduction, Glossary, Lists of Variorum Readings and Selected Criticism, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

This is the second volume in the "First Folio" edition of Shakespeare, the first being *A Midsommer Night's Dreame.*

Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe. By James A. Harrison. Two volumes.

Professor Harrison, in his Introduction, says: "The biography is justified by recently discovered letters and facts which substantiate many things and disprove many others. Through inquiry and correspondence with Poe's still surviving contemporaries, new light has been thrown on the poet's early and middle life. Many important articles, moreover, have appeared in the periodical press in the last decade, and their substance has been utilised in this volume." Volume I. is devoted to the Life, and Volume II. to the Letters, of Poe.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Resurrection. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Mrs. Louise Maude.

Because of the successful dramatisation of this book, the publishers have brought out a "Players' Edition," which is illustrated with scenes from the play as it has been given in New York by Blanche Walsh and Joseph Haworth.

The Rise of Ruderick Clowd. By Josiah Flynt.

A story of the "under world," with which Mr. Flynt is particularly at home in his books. Ruderick was born without a name; from the schools of the street he drifted into the Reform School, and from there he entered the ranks of the professional crook. Some mention of Mr. Flynt, with a caricature of him, appeared in THE BOOKMAN'S Chronicle and Comment for May.

The Story of an East Side Family. By Lillian W. Betts.

Mrs. Betts traces the evolution of an East Side family of New York who begin life in a single room furnished with a table and several soap boxes. They gradually rise in the world until the man becomes the foreman of a factory and the woman becomes a leader in her own neighbourhood. Mrs. Betts is also the author of *The Leaven in a Great City.*

Love's Old Sweet Song. A Sheaf of Latter-Day Love Lyrics Garnered from Numerous Fields. With a Critical Introduction. By George H. Ellwanger, M.A.

In this anthology Mr. Ellwanger has included many of the poems contained in the two volumes entitled *Love's Demesne,* now out of print. Some of the poets whose works appear in this collection are Alfred Austin, Robert Bridges, Robert Browning, H. C. Bunner, Bliss Carman, Madison Cawein, Austin Dobson, George H. and W. D. Ellwanger, Edmund Gosse, Richard Le Gallienne, Clinton Scollard, James Whitcomb Riley, W. B. Yeats and John Greenleaf Whittier.

Poems. By Marie Van Vorst.

Miss Van Vorst's first book of poems, which she dedicates to the memory of her brother, John Van Vorst. The volume is illustrated, and is attractively bound and printed.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

More Money for the Public Schools. By Charles W. Eliot.

In this little volume President Eliot of Harvard University sums up the benefits and shortcomings of public education, and he explains in detail what should be done for the improvement of our public schools. Last autumn President Eliot delivered a series of three lectures on this subject in Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Hampshire.

The Conquering of Kate. By "J. P. M."

J. P. Mowbray is the name under which Mr. Wheeler (better known as "Nym Crinkle") wrote *A Journey to Nature, Tangled up in Beulah Land* and *The Making of a Country Home.*

"J. P. M.'s" last book is a love story, which he intended should be "a romance of a passing phase of American life."

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The Nature-Study Idea. By Professor L. H. Bailey.

Professor Bailey gives a suggestive study of the new movement, originated in the public schools, to put the child into sympathy with Nature and his environment, to the end that he may be stronger and more resourceful. The book is divided into three parts: "What Nature-Study Is," "The Interpretation of Nature," "Some Practical Inquiries and Some Ways of Answering Them."

More Baskets and How to Make Them. By Mary White.

The success of Miss White's first volume, *How to Make Baskets,* has led to this companion volume, which gives instruction in more advanced basket-making.

Eaton and Mains:

On the Mountain Division. By Kirk Parson.

A simple tale, which the author says is a true one. He further says that every important railroad incident narrated has come within the bounds of his personal knowledge.

Federal Book Company:

Captain Kettle, K.C.B. By Cutcliffe Hyne.

A continuation of the very popular *Adventures of Capt. Kettle* by the same author.

Fox, Duffield and Company:

Everyman. A Moral Play.

This is the first book to be published by the above firm. As every one knows, *Everyman* is the "Morality Play" which has caused so much genuine praise during the past season. The play was first published by John Scott (or Skot) in London, about 1529. Other editions of the play appeared during the sixteenth century. Within the last two years the Elizabethan Stage Society of London has revived the play, and it has been given many times in England and in America.

Funk and Wagnalls:

Washington. Its Sights and Insights. By Harriet Earhart Monroe.

Mrs. Monroe, who is a public lecturer, has written a book in which she describes the architecture of the government buildings, and depicts the work that is carried on within. The volume is illustrated.

Blind Children. By Israel Zangwill.

A book of poems by the well-known Jewish writer. A quatrain called "Terror in Darkness" attracted our especial attention:

"I feel the breath of midnight
As of some uncouth creature, panting quick
At tension for a spring, awaiting which
I live but in the pulses of my heart."

This book, we believe, is the result of some years of work.

Grafton Press:

Confessions of a Chorus Girl. By Madge Merton.

A glance at the title of this book is sufficient to judge of the nature of its contents.

Republics Versus Woman. By Mrs. Woolsey.

In this book Mrs. Woolsey contrasts the treatment accorded to woman in "aristocracies with that meted out to her in democracies."

Harper Brothers:

Wee Macgreegor. By J. J. Bell.

A humorous story, plentifully sprinkled with Scotch dialect, which was received enthusiastically by the British public before its appearance in this country. Wee Macgreegor is a little Scottish boy, the pet of his parents. A portrait of Mr. Bell appeared in the Chronicle and Comment of the May BOOKMAN.

The Triumph of Life. By William Farquhar Payson.

A novel of modern American life. Enoch Lloyd, a young writer, is tempted to write for money after he has met with failure in the matter of his first story. Two opposing influences are brought to bear upon him, the good woman and the bad woman, and when these influences are worked out by an author they usually prove sufficient material for a novel.

The Bishop. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

The adventures of a pioneer bishop who worked among the men of Western camps and forts. The author says that most of the incidents are literally true, and that the bishop himself, long since dead, was a real character.

Marjorie. By Justin Huntly McCarthy.

A novel by the author of *If I Were King.* The story is a romantic one, and deals with a piratically inclined expedition, which started to establish a colony in the West Indies. The book is illustrated, and it is dedicated to Anthony Hope.

The Kaiser's Speeches. Translated and Edited with Annotations, by Wolf von Schierbrand.

These speeches form a character portrait of Emperor William II. The volume, which is a large one, contains all of the important speeches, especially those which touch upon American affairs and topics of interest to Americans. This translation is based upon a compilation made by A. Oscar Klaussmann, although it was found necessary to include material in the present vol-

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ume which was not found in that compilation.

How to Keep Household Accounts. By Charles Waldo Haskins.

The author of this little handbook is the late Dean and Professor of Auditing and of the History of Accountancy in the School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance of New York University. The object of the book is to save housekeepers time and money by showing them how to keep their accounts in an easy manner. Mr. Haskins is indeed a brave man to attempt to teach women how to keep their accounts, as this is a difficult as well as a delicate task.

Pearl Island. By Andrew Caster.

A story for boys, which boys ought to like. The publishers advertise it as a book of the "Robinson Crusoe" kind, and this is sufficient of itself. Two boys are wrecked on an island in the Indian Ocean, where they have thrilling adventures with Malay pirates, sharks, serpents, and tigers, and where they find treasures of pearls to compensate for the other drawbacks. The book is illustrated by Florence Scovel Shinn.

People You Know. By George Ade.

A new book of fables, and the people you know are "The Attenuated Attorney Who Rang in the Associate Counsel," "The Man Who Had a True Friend to Steer Him Along," "The Patient Toiler Who Got it in the Usual Place," "The Samaritan Who Got Paralysis of the Helping Hand," "The Girl Who Took Notes and Got Wise," and a number of others equally well known. Mr. John T. McCutcheon and others are the illustrators.

Hinds and Noble:

A Broader Elementary Education. By J. P. Gordy, Ph.D., LL.D.

The author of this text book, Professor of the History of Education in the School of Pedagogy, New York University, aims to show what the elementary school must do if it is to stop treating its pupils as beings who are to learn things with a view merely to the practical side of life. The author himself thinks that the serious study of his book by a young and immature student, "ought to result in the greatest single service that professional training can render—the substitution of the rational for the traditional attitude toward education."

Lane:

Elizabeth's Children.

While it is well known that Elinor Glyn is the author of *The Visits of Elizabeth,* and, therefore, author of the present book, her name is not used on the title page. Elizabeth, it will be remembered, married a Frenchman whom she met on one of her "visits." The children of this marriage are the *raison d'être* for this book. They inherit the love of visiting from their frivolous mother, and while staying with Hugh at his country place the events in the story take place.

Contrasts. By Florence Henniker.

A collection of short stories by the author of *In Scarlet and Grey.* Most of the stories have appeared in English periodicals, so that they are quite fresh to American readers. The Honourable Mrs. Henniker is a London society woman, and a daughter of Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes, who later became Lord Houghton.

A New Portrait of Shakespeare. By John Corbin.

The aim of this book is to show that the so-called Droeshout Original is probably a fabrication, and that the Ely Palace painting is a life portrait of Shakespeare. Mr. Corbin is dramatic critic for the New York *Times,* and author of *An American at Oxford.*

New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Annotated by Thomas Carlyle and edited by Alexander Carlyle, with an Introduction by Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. Two volumes.

A review of this work appears in the present number of THE BOOKMAN and a photograph of Mrs. Carlyle is reproduced. The volumes are handsomely bound in red and generously illustrated.

The Tramp's Handbook. By Harry Roberts.

Mr. Roberts defends vagabondia, and he gives considerable information which should be of assistance to the persons who tramp the highways and byways. It is not very likely, however, that the actual tramp will have an opportunity to peruse his book. "It is a little primer for those who wish to minimise their needs, to waste as little of their lives as may be in the money-making pursuits of the factory and the market-place, and so to have the maximum of time for the pleasures of real living and independent growth."

Between the Lights. By Alice Herbert.

A small volume of poems by a new writer of verse. We quote the dedication:

"To one who will not read my book;
Whom neither song can reach, nor any tears;
I dedicate it, with a farewell look
Back through long, bitter, dim, forsaken years."

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that most of the verses are in the same melancholy strain.

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Tommy Wideawake. By H. H. Bashford.

Tommy is not an ordinary boy, and it takes four bachelors and one widower to look after him. It is one of these men who tells the story of Tommy's boyhood days, and he tells it with much feeling. Mr. Bashford is a new author and has already been classed with Kenneth Grahame.

The American Advance. A Study in Territorial Expansion. By Edmund J. Carpenter.

One can judge of the character of this book by glancing at the following chapter headings: The Louisiana Purchase, Cession of the Floridas, The Annexation of Texas, The Mexican Cession, Oregon, The Gadsden Purchase, Alaska, Hawaii, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines.

Walks in New England. By Charles Goodrich Whiting.

A book to appeal to lovers of nature. The illustrations in the volume are from photographs taken on the walks, which were responsible for the author's notes.

Shakespeare and the Rival Poet. Displaying Shakespeare as a Satirist and Proving the Identity of the Patron and the Rival of the Sonnets. By Arthur Acheson.

In this volume, Mr. Acheson attempts to prove that the rivalry which existed between Shakespeare and some unnamed poet, so sharply continued throughout such plays as *Love's Labour Lost, Troilus and Cressida,* etc., in reality existed between the Bard of Avon and George Chapman, the poet and playwright.

Mr. Acheson has appended a reprint of a number of poems of Mr. Chapman for the convenience of the reader.

Macmillan Company:

Ronald Carnaquay. By Bradley Gilman.

It is rather unusual to see the commercial side of the church brought into a novel. Mr. Gilman, a clergyman himself, has written this novel with a serious purpose. Ronald Carnaquay is a commercial clergyman, and in building his story about the personality of this man, the author has aimed at portraying some of the hard facts and unhappy conditions of modern church-life. The book should appeal to the class of readers who are tired of the frivolous and the foolish and who find enjoyment in the reading of a good, clean story.

The Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. The Yellowplush Papers, Etc., Edited by Walter Jerrold. With Illustrations by Charles E. Brock.

A new volume in the Dent Edition of Thackeray.

Heroes of the Norselands. Their Stories Retold by Katherine F. Boult. With Nine Illustrations by T. H. Robinson.

An imported book belonging to the series entitled The Temple Classics. The stories are written for young people.

Evalina, or, The History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World. By Frances Burney. Two volumes.

These volumes also belong to the Temple Classic Series. The first edition of this work appeared in 1778. Frances Burney was born in 1752 and died in 1840.

The Water Fowl Family. By Leonard C. Sanford, L. B. Bishop, and T. S. Van Dyke.

A new volume in the American Sportsman's Library, edited by Caspar Whitney. Dr. Sanford is a practical sportsman, and he has handled the subject from the sportsmen-naturalist point of view. Mr. Van Dyke, whose name is well known with the sportsmen of the East as well as of the West, gives an interesting chapter on the varieties of wild fowl of the Pacific Coast.

Old Squire. By B. K. Benson.

A romance of a black Virginian by the author of *Who Goes There, A Friend with the Countersign,* and *Bayard's Courier.* The book does not attempt to defend slavery, but to do justice to slaves, and where the book departs from history, characters are affected rather than events. Like Mr. Benson's previous books, the present story belongs to the Civil War period.

Roderick Taliaferro. By G. C. Cook.

A novel of the days of Maximilian's Empire, which contains a good love story. The book has received much favourable comment, and it is already in its second edition.

The Impeachment and Trial of Andrew Johnson. By David Miller Dewitt.

The author of this story has had the benefit of examining, among other private papers, a series of scrap-books compiled by Colonel William G. Moore, one of the private secretaries of President Johnson, from documents and newspapers of the day.

Studies in Contemporary Biography. By James Bryce.

This volume, by the author of *The American Commonwealth,* contains a collection of interesting articles, some of which have appeared in the English journals. Among persons with whom Mr. Bryce has been personally acquainted and of whom he writes may be found the names of Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, J. R. Green, E. A. Freeman, T. A. Green, W. Robertson Smith, Lord Iddesleigh, Robert Lowe, C. S. Farnell, Lord Cairns, Sir George Jessel, Cardinal Manning, Archbishop Tait, Bishop Fraser, Dean Stanley, Lord Acton, Henry Sidgwick, Anthony Trollope.

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Athletics and Out-Door Sports for Women. Edited by Lucille E. Hill.

Each subject in this volume is treated separately by a special writer. The editor is director of Physical Training in Wellesley College. Among the subjects illustrated are Physical Training at Home, Gymnasium Work, Dancing, Swimming, Skating, Rowing, Golf, Lawn Tennis, Field Hockey, Basket-Ball, Equestrianism, Fencing, Bowling, and Track Athletics.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

The Voice in the Desert. By Pauline Bradford Mackie.

The setting of this story is in a little Spanish mission town, where the hero is settled as an Episcopal clergyman. The spirit of the desert affects the husband and wife quite differently, and under this peculiar influence they gradually drift apart. The author, who is the wife of Herbert Müller Hopkins, has written a number of other novels, among them being *The Washingtonians*, which appeared about two years ago.

Flower-o'-the-Corn. By S. R. Crockett.

A little town in the south of France forms the background of this story. The plot deals with a group of Calvinists, who have been sent from Belgium into Southern France. Mr. Crockett must be kept pretty busy, as a new novel by him is anything but a novelty.

Golden Fleece. By David Graham Phillips.

Mr. Phillips is one of the younger American writers who has already made a name for himself. His two previous books, *The Great God Success* and *The Woman Who Ventures*, were pretty good modern stories. In the present book, Mr. Phillips has taken for his theme the adventures of a fortune-hunting earl who visits this country.

The Joyous Heart. By Viola Roseboro.

A woman's story full of love and sentiment and all the things that some women like. The scene is laid in the South, during the War of the Rebellion.

Deep Sea Vagabonds. By Albert Sonnichsen, Able Seaman.

To some readers there is nothing quite like a good sea story, and to these readers the above book should make a strong appeal. The narrator of the yarn began his experience on the deep by joining the British ship *Pitcairn*, which, in 1896, arrived in the harbour of San Francisco with a cargo of coal from Australia.

The Better Way. By Charles Wagner.

A new book, similar in character to *The Simple Life*. Its title in the French edition is *L'Ami*. Mary Louise Hendee is the translator.

Darby O'Gill and the Good People. By Herminie Templeton.

"This history sets forth," to quote from the foreword, "the only true account of the adventures of a daring Tipperary man named Darby O'Gill among the Fairies of Sleive-na-mon." The adventures were related to the author by a car-driver who goes between Kilcuny and Ballinderg, Ireland.

American Industrial Problems. By W. R. Lawson.

Mr. Lawson, in his Introduction, says: "A studious endeavour will be made here to give full credit to the Americans for every good quality of their industrial system. Their workmen, their managers, their organisers, their financiers, their banks, their railroads, their tariff-makers, and their speculators will be all treated sympathetically." The book is an imported one.

Charles di Tocca. A Tragedy. By Gale Young Rice.

A tragedy in blank verse, the action of which takes place in the fifteenth century.

Neely:

At the Heart of Old Pelée. By Paul Chambliss.

A "trashy" novel with the scenes laid in New York and in Mont Pelée. A glance at the illustrations in the book is sufficient to prevent almost any one from caring to go farther.

The Twin Seven-Shooters. By Charles F. Manderson.

A story of some seven shooters, which played their part in the Civil War. Mr. Neely has given the book, an illustrated one, a glaring blue cover.

New Amsterdam Book Company:

A Book of Curious Facts of General Interest, Relating to Almost Everything Under the Sun. Compiled by Don Lemon. Edited by Henry Williams.

A little book with a short paragraph on all sorts of subjects, and which is advertised as "a perfect mine of nuggets for table-talk." There is a good deal of information in these paragraphs.

Ogilvie Publishing Company:

Mr. Claghorn's Daughter. By Hilary Trent.

A novel of religious controversy.

Putnam's Sons:

Notes From Nature's Lyre. By Howard Beck Reed.

In spite of the title, this volume contains nothing but poetry, with the exception of the Introduction, which is a

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short essay on Nature. The poems are divided, classified under the following headings: "Seasons," "Scattered Petals," "Sonnets," "From the Kettle on the Crane," "Jots for Little Tots," and "Trifles."

Christopher Columbus. His Life, His Work, His Remains. As Revealed by Original Printed and Manuscript Records. Together with an Essay on Peter Martyr of Anghera and Bartolomé de las Casas, the First Historians of America. By John Boyd Thacher. Volume I.

This work is to appear in three volumes. It is Mr. Thacher's contention that he has secured for his volumes certain important and distinctive material which has never before come into print. The illustrations include reproduction of documents, permission for the reproduction of which has not hitherto been granted.

Contemporary France. By Gabriel Hanotaux. Volume I.

A very important book written by an ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs and treating of France from 1870 to 1900. It will be reviewed next month.

Revell Company:

The Turk and His Lost Provinces. Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia. By William Eleroy Curtis.

The purpose of this book is to give English readers a few facts about the several "buffer states" of the Balkan Peninsula. It is the result of a journey which the author made through that peninsula as correspondent of the Chicago *Times-Herald.*

Those who are reading the despatches in the daily papers concerning the disturbances in Bulgaria and Macedonia and other parts of Turkey, will find interest in reading the book. It is a timely volume and the only one, we understand, in the English language which gives an account of the conditions that exist in Bulgaria, Macedonia, and other Balkan states. Some of Mr. Curtis's prophecies have already come true.

Scott-Thaw Company:

Discourses of Keidansky. By Bernard G. Richards.

Many of the papers contained herein have already appeared in the Boston *Transcript.* Keidansky is a Yiddish writer and speaker, "a young radical of the Ghetto," of whom his friend, Mr. Richards, writes enthusiastically. The discourses are on such subjects as these: "The Badness of a Good Man," "The Goodness of a Bad Man," "The Tragedy of Humour," "The Immorality of Principles," "The Exile of the Earnest," "Why Social Reformers Should Be Abolished," "The Purpose of Immoral Plays."

Scribner:

Middle-Aged Love Stories. By Josephine Daskam.

In her new book of short stories, Miss Daskam has taken the middle-aged person as her theme, for the time being discarding the children, who have made her so popular. These middle-aged persons have young hearts and desires, and Miss Daskam writes sympathetically of them. The book contains a photograph of the author.

Trees, Shrubs, and Vines of the Northeastern United States. By H. E. Parkhurst.

An illustrated volume which fully describes the characteristic landscape features of trees and shrubs for identification by the non-botanical reader. The book also contains an account of the principal foreign hardy trees, shrubs, and vines cultivated in our country, and found in Central Park, New York.

The Adventures of Harry Revel. By A. T. Quiller-Couch.

A story of plot and mystery, the scene of which is laid on the coast of England many years ago. The story is told in the first person.

No Hero. By E. W. Hornung.

An entertaining and well-written story of a man who may be no hero himself, but who knows how to tell his story of the young Eton boy in such a way as to make it exceedingly interesting. Catherine, the egotist, is a clever characterisation. The scene is laid in Switzerland.

Our Northern Shrubs. By Harriet L. Keeler.

Miss Keeler's purpose in writing this book was to supply a guide to our Northern shrubs, by the aid of which any shrub may be identified and its habits learned. The book is planned upon the same line as the author's *Native Trees.*

The Modern Obstacle. By Alice Duer Miller.

The obstacle in this case is the lack of money, and around this question of money the author has written a modern love story. The characters move in smart society, and they talk epigrammatically.

The Roman Road. By "Zack."

This book contains three stories: "The Roman Road," a story of an English manor-house and its inmates; "The Balance," which touches upon life in a somewhat unusual way; and "Thoughty," a story of the youth of two boys. Zack made her reputation with *Life and is Life,* and since then she has written a number of other books.

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Silver, Burdett and Company:

Historical Readings. By Edward S. Ellis, A.M.

In these "readings" Mr. Ellis has given the young people of the United States a unique patriotic reader. The Star Spangled Banner is the theme, and the story of its evolution and its conquests should arouse the patriotism of the reader.

Hans the Eskimo. By Christiana Scandlin.

These stories of Eskimo home life are told in a simple manner, the object being to bring the lives of the little children of the North nearer to the children of the South. The adventures of Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic explorer, are also a part of the book.

Taylor and Company:

Thyra Varrick. By Amelia E. Barr.

A love story by Mrs. Barr, who has the happy faculty of turning out novels with wonderful rapidity.

Wessels Company:

Flowers of the Dust. By John Oxenham.

A story of love and war, which is meeting with considerable success. A photograph of Mr. Oxenham, with some notes about him, appear in the Chronicle and Comment of the present number of THE BOOKMAN.

Whittaker:

Until Seventy Times Seven.

A story of the "Sunday-School" type, published anonymously.

Wieners. "At the Sign of the Lark."

Angelo, the Musician. By Harriet Bartnett.

A novel, in which the author tells the story of one Angelo, a news-waif, who afterward becomes a composer and director. His struggles, his disappointments, his triumphs, and his early death form a part of a story in which the scenes shift from San Francisco to Europe and then back to this country.

BOSTON.

Badger:

Sonnets and Lyrics. By Katrina Trask.

A new edition of a book of verse which first came out in 1894. The poems are divided under the following headings: Sonnets, Lyrics, Contrasts, Point of View.

Semanoud. By H. Talbot Kummer.

A book of poems by the daughter of Major Arnold Kummer of Baltimore. This is Miss Kummer's first book of verse.

Summer Songs in Idleness. By Katherine H. McDonald.

Another volume of verse by a woman poet.

Indian Summer. By James Courtney Challiss.

Mr. Challiss is a Western poet, living in Hiawatha, Kansas. Besides writing poetry for the various magazines, he is the representative of an insurance company. We believe that this is Mr. Challiss's first published book of verse.

Ditson Company:

Twenty Original Piano Compositions. Franz Liszt. Edited by August Spanuth.

Fifty Songs by Robert Franz. Edited by William Foster Apthorp. For High Voice.

The above volumes belong to The Musicians Library, a series which has been planned to include all the masterpieces of song and piano music, edited by living men of authority.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Flower Beautiful. By Clarence Moores Weed.

A richly illustrated volume on the subject of the decorative use of flowers. The author has treated the subject seriously as a branch of art, and applies the principles of art to govern its practice.

Cap'n Simeon's Store. By George S. Wasson.

The title of this book is taken from the favourite haunt of the ancient sea-captains, who sit around "Cap'n Simeon's" fire and spin yarns. The "store" is "down Gloucester way," and it is this locality which Mr. Wasson has chosen for his story of the fishermen. THE BOOKMAN published a photograph of Mr. Wasson in the April number.

True Bird Stories. By Olive Thorne Miller.

There are thirty-four stories in this collection. Mrs. Miller has been for a long time a student of birds, and she has written several books on this subject. The book contains ten full-page illustrations, with a frontispiece in colour.

The Complete Alexander Pope. Cambridge Edition.

The latest volume in the Cambridge Edition of the Poets, edited by Bliss Perry. The present volume is edited, with a biographical sketch and notes, by Henry W. Boynton. The poems are arranged in chronological order, and translations from Homer are included.

Little, Brown and Company:

Truth Dexter. By Sidney McCall.

A new edition of a novel which appeared about two years ago and which has not been lost sight of at any time since its first appearance. A review of this book appeared in THE BOOKMAN

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for June, 1901. The identity of "Sidney McCall" remains a mystery, as the publishers decline to reveal the real name of the author. *Truth Dexter* is a novel worth reading.

A Rose of Normandy. By W. P. A. Wilson.

An historical romance of France and Canada in the reign of Louis XIV. The story is full of action and incident, as such stories must necessarily be, and the leading characters—Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle, and Henri de Tonti—suffer many hardships before the story is brought to a close.

Barbara. A Woman of the West. By John H. Whitson.

An American novel, the scenes of which are laid in a Western ranch, Cripple Creek, and the city of San Diego. Barbara, the heroine, is the wife of a man who leaves her in a mysterious manner. The story deals principally with what her life is without the support and protection of her husband. The author is a woman.

Birds of the United States and Canada. By Thomas Nuttall. New, Revised, and Annotated Edition by Montague Chamberlain.

A new edition complete in one volume of a popular book on the birds of the Northern and Eastern States. The book contains one hundred and ten illustrations in colour.

The Spoils of Empire. By Francis Newton Thorpe.

A romance of Mexico in the time of Montezuma. The passion of Juan Estroval, a follower of Cortez, for a daughter of Montezuma is the theme of the love story.

Lothrop Company:

Darrel of the Blessed Isles. By Irving Bacheller.

Mr. Bacheller's latest novel is reviewed elsewhere in these pages, and to this review the reader may be referred for our opinion of the book.

Page and Company:

The Mystery of Murray Davenport. By Robert Neilson Stephens.

Mr. Stephens has foresworn the historical romance and has written a story of New York of the present day. Mr. Stephens, it will be remembered, is the author of *An Enemy to the King*, written at a time when that sort of book had not been done to death. The present book deals with the personality of a dual nature.

A Daughter of Thespis. By John D. Barry.

A story of the sort of actress who does not usually figure in novels; for Evelyn Johnson, the heroine, is neither brilliant, ambitious, nor naughty. A piece of genuine realism.

Pilgrim Press:

Phillips Brooks. As His Friends Knew Him.

The articles in this volume appeared in *The Congregationalist and Christian World* for January, this issue being devoted to the commemoration of Bishop Brooks, who died ten years ago.

Turner and Company:

Memories and Portraits. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

In the present edition there has been substituted for the essay entitled "The Manse" one of the first efforts of Stevenson as an author, "The Philosophy of Umbrellas." This was written in collaboration with James Walter Ferrier, who was one of the four editors of the *Edinburgh University Magazine*, and the friend of whom Stevenson writes in the third part of "Old Mortality." The book contains a sketch of Stevenson by J. W. Alexander, as well as other illustrations.

PHILADELPHIA.

Lippincott Company:

The Untilled Field. By George Moore.

A volume of short stories by a writer who has won for himself much literary fame and whose work appeals to discriminating readers. Mr. Moore gives a picture of the state of Ireland, "the untilled field," and he portrays the dramatic exile of the tillers of the soil.

At the Time Appointed. By A. Maynard Barbour.

A new mystery story by the author of *That Mainwaring Affair*, which has passed through eight editions. Two editions of the present book were sold before its publication. Until recently Mrs. Barbour lived in Montana.

Saunders and Company:

The Care of the Baby. A Manual for Mothers and Nurses. By J. P. Crozer Griffith, M.D.

This book contains practical directions for the management of infancy and childhood in health and in disease. The book is in its third edition, which proves that its value has been appreciated.

Practical Points in Nursing. By Emily A. M. Stoney.

A book for the use of nurses in private practice. It has an appendix, con-

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taining rules for feeding the sick, recipes for invalid foods and beverages; weights and measures; dose list; and a full glossary of medical terms and nursing treatment. This book is also in its third edition.

CHICAGO.

Book Supply Company:

That Printer of Udell's. By Harold Bell Wright.

A story of the Middle West, in which the opening scene is laid in the Moonshiner's district of Arkansas.

Callaghan and Company:

John Marshall. Life, Character, and Judicial Services. Compiled and Edited with an Introduction by John F. Dillon. Three volumes.

February 4, 1901, was the centennial anniversary of John Marshall's inauguration as Chief Justice of the United States, and this date was fittingly celebrated in many of the States. These massive volumes contain the addresses delivered by some of the most eloquent men of the present day, as well as some of the famous orations of Binney, Story, and others. The volumes are profusely illustrated, and Judge Dillon has written a lengthy introduction.

Donohue and Company:

John Paul Jones. By Charles Walter Brown.

The purpose of this book is to deal principally with the incidents in the life of Paul Jones in so far as they have helped to make the naval history of our country.

Laird and Lee:

The Danger Line. By Lawrence L. Lynch.

This is a sensational mystery story, embellished with crude illustrations.

This is a handbook for stationary, locomotive, and marine engineers, firemen, electricians, motormen, and machinists.

McClurg and Company:

The Ward of King Canute. By Ottilie A. Liljencrantz.

A romance of the Danish Conquest, by the author of *The Thrall of Leif the Lucky*. The coloured illustrations are a special feature of the present novel. Troy and Margaret West Kinney have been working five months on these illustrations. The pictures are worked up in oil, then reproduced by the three-colour process.

The Souls of Black Folk. By Q. E. Burghardt du Bois.

A collection of essays and sketches, in which the author shows the "strange meaning of being black here in the dawning of the twentieth century." In two of the chapters, Mr. du Bois studies the struggles of the millions of black peasantry, and in another he has sought to make clear the present relations of the sons of master and man. The renewed interest which has lately been awakened in the black man will doubtless help the sale of such a book as this.

The Reflections of a Lonely Man. By "A. C. M."

The "lonely man," who prefers to remain anonymous, reflects upon such subjects as these: The Vantage Ground of Loneliness, Books, Doctors, Idealism, Language, and Government, The Search for Satisfaction, and The Release from Pain.

Stone and Company:

Brewster's Millions. By Richard Greaves.

Mr. Greaves is a new writer, and this is his first novel. It is a modern story, with a New York setting. There are some amusing characters in the book, among them one Swearengen Jones, who openly declares his preference for Butte, Montana, where they have "real sky-scrapers and they are not built of brick. They are two or three miles high and they have gold in 'em. There is real grass in the lowlands and we have valleys that make Central Park look like a half an inch of nothing."

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between April and May, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

NEW YORK CITY.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Southerners. Brady. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co). $1.50.
3. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

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4. Pearl Maiden. Haggard. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Substitute. Harben. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Virginia Girl in the Civil War. Avery. (Appleton.) $1.50.
   The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Trail of Grand Seigneur. Lyman. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) $1.50.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Richard Rosny. Gray. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Golden Fleece. Phillips. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
3. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

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LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Southerners. Brady. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Master of Appleby. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Poole-Stuart Co.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Briggs.) $1.00.
3. Dr. Bryson. Spearman. (Tyrrell.) $1.25; paper, 75 cents.
4. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Harper.) $1.00; paper, 25 cents.
5. Richard Rosny. Gray. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Master Warlock. Eggleston. (Montreal News Co.) $1.25; paper, 75 cents.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
6. Bird Life. Chapman. (Appleton.) $2.00.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) 50 cents.
4. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. John Percyfield. Henderson. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Story of My Life. Keller. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50 net.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. The Trail of the Grand Seigneur. Lyman. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Turquoise Cup. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Comedy of Conscience. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
3. The Socialist and the Prince. Older. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. For a Maiden Brave. Hotchkiss. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Poole-Stuart Co.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Briggs.) $1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Morang.) $1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (McCleod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. A Garden of Lies. Forman. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
6. Journeys End. Forman. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Our Northern Shrubs. Keeler. (Scribner.) $2.00.
4. The Story of My Life. Keller. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. No Hero. Hornung. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. Winter India. Scidmore. (Scribner.) $2.00.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives 10
" "	2d	"	"		8
" "	3d	"	"		7
" "	4th	"	"		6
" "	5th	"	"		5
" "	6th	"	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Lady's Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50	244
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00	215
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	129
4. The Pit Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50	104
5. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25	58
6. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50	37

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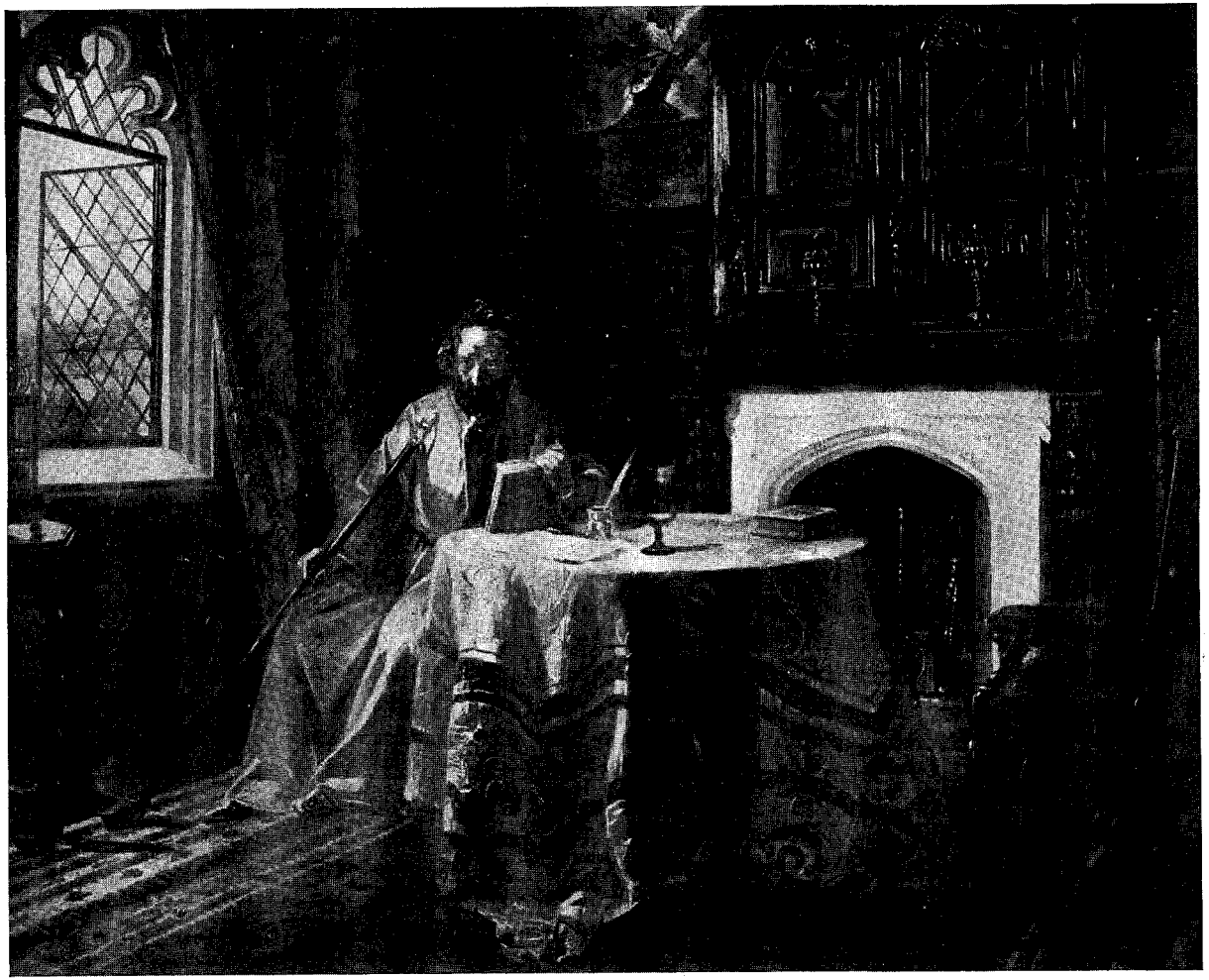

EDWARD BULWER. LORD LYTTON.

From a painting by E. M. Ward, R.A.

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